

THE
CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

OCTOBER, 1852.

ART. I.—1. *A Voyage to Iceland.* By MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.
London: Bentley.

2. *A Woman's Journey Round the World.* Illustrated London
Library.

It is not possible to read many books of travels, without falling into a course of reflection on the various qualities necessary to make a good traveller, which mankind in general are without, or possess in a very limited degree; and if our cogitations are pursued far enough, arriving at the conclusion, that many of these qualities are of an order and strength so different from what are needed by stayers at home, that we must consider travelling a providential calling, inasmuch as these gifts would be nothing short of a hindrance and a snare if not allowed their appropriate exercise. The powers and faculties which constitute an efficient traveller might, from misdirection, be wearying, or even repelling in our home friends and intimate acquaintance. There is so manifest a fitness between the man and his work, that we can wish him no other destiny, nor ourselves a closer familiarity. The more he is suited for his vocation, the less we desire to see him in any other. In fact, the man whose home is the world, has no other home, either in visible space, or in the heart of man.

To review some of these qualities. Unflagging energy is noble, but often a snare to its possessor without a wide enough field for its exertions; ceaseless curiosity, a praiseworthy instinct so long as there are objects worthy to engage it; health, courage and endurance are excellent gifts if not brought into ostentatious comparison with feebler powers; indifference to personal ease and the conveniences of life, respectable, unless they make some domestic hearth uncomfortable. Again; toleration of the world's variety of habits and customs is amiable if it does not jar with the stricter rules of an organized society, and an expansive feeling of

benevolence fills us with admiration, till we are made alive to its tendency to check strong individual attachments. It is needless to pursue the catalogue of wayfaring virtues which, in any disproportionate development, point out some of our fellows, either as pioneers of civilization leading their less adventurous brothers to fresh fields and pastures new; or as links to draw together, for the benefit of all, nations and people whom prejudice and restrictions have hitherto held apart; or simply as faithful portrayers of those wonders and beauties of God's creation from which we are furthest removed, and to which personal access is denied us. And here the points of similarity, amid the essential differences of their avocations, suggest an analogy between the office of the traveller and the poet, so far as they are teachers and benefactors of their race. Both are sustained and led on by an irresistible impulse: the poet must speak or die; the man who thirsts to know and see all this earth has to show, alike feels it the end and purpose of his existence, and holds life itself well spent in the search.

'I cannot rest from travel, I will drink
Life to the lees. * *

For my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the happy isles.'

Both have for their object the vast field of man and nature, and are absorbed by these interests to the exclusion or neglect of personal and private ones. To each they must be the main pursuit of life; and both are separated by peculiar gifts and powers for their work. But here start the innumerable points of difference: for first, Imagination, all essential to the poet, the one indispensable gift, is so far from a necessity to the traveller, that the possession of it would at once check his own progress, and weaken our trust in him. If he could vividly picture the unseen to his mind, the passion for seeing with the actual vision would lose its intensity; if we could detect in him a free play of fancy, we should mistrust his reports to us.

'The light that never was by sea or land'

should not and does not illuminate his landscape. It is his merit, as it is his nature, to see things precisely as they are. No prejudices must warp his judgment, no associations interfere with the duty of impartial comparison. The poet is nobly prejudiced; his country, his birth-place, his home have an inalienable claim on his best love and warmest admiration; their characteristics influence all his ideas of beauty. The traveller's

unchartered freedom leaves him always at liberty to weigh and compare, to give up all he has seen for what he may see, to yield the palm to the new, over the most cherished past scene. And so far as he betrays a preference to his own country, as such, over any other that he visits, because it is his own, he loses his right to our confidence; or of his country's customs, as such, to others, which the course of his wanderings brings him amongst, we have to withdraw our implicit faith. But we yield ourselves up to the poet to be taught by him, to admire what he admires, to love what he loves, to be influenced by his prejudices, to share his associations. For we know that Nature waits upon him, that she reveals to him her secrets, that he possesses the key of her deepest meanings and most hidden sympathies, and therefore, though he has seen but one corner of her illimitable field, one grain of her great harvest, we feel that he is yet possessed of a higher truth concerning all, than our mere senses can attain to: and thus aided, easily, because with congenial labour, he gains his knowledge, while the traveller toils in the sweat of his brow, and in toiling, though he sees great things, loses the delicacy of his perceptions, and impairs the fineness of his instincts.

Their uses to ourselves too are different. The one sets before us as plainly and accurately as he can whatever is prominent, distinguished, or wonderful in the world,—all that most readily attracts attention, and takes the most forcible hold on the memory, and which, being remote, or at least beyond our reach, can only be known through his report. The use of the poet, on the contrary, is to awaken our too readily dulled perceptions to the beauty which lies around us in simple forms and most familiar combinations; which we are in danger of disregarding, because they are always before us, but which are the depositories—whether we search into them or not—of all our purest associations, as being the source of those first thoughts of wonder, love, and admiration that visited our childhood. He puts us in a frame to recal these recollections; he connects our past and present, and thus dignifies and exalts both; and through him the sweet sounds that greet us every day, instead of falling on deaf ears, are to us the ‘music of Paradise, for the heart listens;’ the fields that our eyes have rested on since they had power to rejoice in the sunshine, can excite in us moments of more intense emotion than all the magnificence of unfamiliar scenes, till for us too

‘Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.’

The instinct of travelling is opposed to all this. A large-hearted man, though spending his life in an eager search for the new and wonderful, can, perhaps, by an effort, bring himself to some comprehension of a state of feeling so contrary to his individual experience; but the traveller *per se* has rather a contempt for such misplaced enthusiasm, and is prone to think it a narrow home-bound weakness. Who can weep over a corn-field with its waving gold, and its band of reapers, who has witnessed nature in her greater works of terror, glory and beauty, her towering rocks, her endless forests, her illimitable plains, and sunset amongst the mountains? To borrow an illustration from the work before us:—All the world has been struck and moved by the true patriotism of the Holsteiners—by the heroic efforts and sacrifices that as a nation they have made for their country and its independence. It is truly delightful to find that this noble enthusiasm extends to the very soil of their native land,—that its very simple and homely beauties have charms for them beyond the splendours of all other countries,—that they see it in the bright hues of love, not in a spirit of cold comparison. But our traveller can feel none of this; so we find in her simply a contemptuous surprise:—

‘No other object worthy of note is seen, but a monastery, where several Dukes of Holstein are buried, and a few insignificant lakes, such as Bernsholmer, Einfelder, and Schulhofer. I should have overlooked entirely a little stream called the Eider, had not some of my fellow-passengers laid great stress upon its beauties. I have never found among the inhabitants of the most celebrated countries more enthusiasm for what was truly grand and wonderful, than this people appeared to feel for nothing at all. One very respectable woman in particular, my neighbour during the journey, was indefatigable in her praises of her Fatherland; to her the dwarfish woods seemed a magnificent park, and the vacant flat was a boundless prospect, over which her delighted eyes were never tired of wandering. I silently wished her joy of this powerful imagination, but could not breathe any of her animation into my own cold feelings.’—*Voyage to Iceland*, p. 29.

Again, in her visit to the Vatne, the Elysium of Iceland. The Icelanders are said, happily for them, to possess a passionate love for their country, which enables them to endure evils which we should think insupportable. They have scenes of desolate grandeur enough, but a lake sleeping in a green meadow is a rarity; it furnishes them with ideas, which would otherwise be lost to them, of serenity and repose, and connects them too with that distant more genial world which they read of. No wonder, then, that they make much of it, that they love it for all that it suggests, as well as for what it is. But Madame Pfeiffer had seen many a fairer lake, so she cannot even attempt to feel with them:—

‘In half an hour we reached a valley, in the centre of which lay rather a pleasant meadow, with what might be considered in Iceland a very respectable farm-house, near a little lake. I did not venture to ask if this were the celebrated Vatne, and the romantic prospect I had been led to expect, for my inquiring would have sounded rather too ironical; and notwithstanding my astonishment when Mr. Von H—— insisted on all the charms of the scene, I enthusiastically agreed with him, and declared I had never seen a lovelier view, or a larger lake. We halted at this spot, and while the rest of the party spread themselves over the meadow, and preparations were going on for our sociable meal, I employed the time by endeavouring to satisfy my spirit of inquiry.’—P. 103.

But it is not fair to our authoress to dwell first upon what she is not, when there is so much to tell of what she is. Madame Ida Pfeiffer is a traveller in the fullest sense of the word. All the natural qualities which point men out for this vocation she has in such a preeminent degree, that we scarcely regret her total deficiency in many of the acquired ones. It only shows the more forcibly the strength of the original bias and the power of that irresistible impulse which leads some men, through any sacrifice and danger, to see for themselves, and to describe to others their own impressions and adventures. Her well-known work,—‘*A Woman's Journey Round the World*,’ though detailing events subsequent to those which form the subject of our article, has yet been so much longer before the English reader, that the period has passed for any lengthened notice; nor indeed was it necessary to call attention to a book so full of interest, and that of so very popular a character. But we must dwell for a moment on some of the leading traits of character which this volume brings to light. We have hitherto been accustomed to consider women incapable of the extremes of fatigue and bodily exertion. There are a number of feats of travel which it is supposed impossible for a woman to perform; which she has neither strength, nor courage, nor inclination for. The attractions at once, and the infirmities of her sex, seem to point her out rather to fulfil the part of Desdemona than Othello,—to drink in tales about the Anthropophagi, rather than to go in search of them. But Madame Pfeiffer is of another mind altogether, and as far as her individual example goes, has proved the utter fallacy of these suppositions. Inspired by one absorbing passion, there is nothing that she hears a report of but she longs to know it more fully, and no adventure that she undertakes that she has not sense and spirit to carry through. Her energy is not one step behind her curiosity. She has shown that she deliberately holds any new country, any natural wonder, well worth the risk of dying to see; and has proved at the same time that with such a temper of mind, her sex instead of a hindrance is a help, that—(though we are far from wishing the experiment repeated)—women are in a certain sense better

fitted to penetrate into new scenes than men. They excite less suspicion and a gentler and more amiable class of feelings. Women are tolerated, helped on, pitied and even welcomed where men might meet a very different treatment; if, that is, they possess Madame Pfeiffer's precise list of qualifications, and are of mature age and without personal attractions; with no wealth to be robbed of, and no particular delicacy to be shocked; with a boundless toleration, and owning no object but amusement; and with ten times the health, strength, vigour, patience, endurance, coolness, and readiness of any ordinary man. Those who bear in mind some of Madame Pfeiffer's achievements will not consider this any overstatement, and we must say there is such an air of truth and accuracy, and so little tendency to exaggeration in her style, that we must believe her account of her own doings, though they rest on her sole authority.

In the pursuit of her journey she travelled from Bagdad to Mossul, a distance of 300 miles, without guide or companions, in a native caravan, with no other comforts or conveniences than the poorest Arab of the party, and without other food than bread and cucumbers; with no shelter from the intense heat by day in this, one of the hottest countries of the world, and travelling all night in danger of robbers; and this for fourteen days without once changing her dress; and at the end, after much needed ablutions, finding her health unimpaired and her appetite inexhaustible. On another occasion, on economical grounds, motives which from necessity continually influenced her, she took a passage alone in a Chinese junk from Victoria to Canton, a thing unheard of, and from which she was earnestly dissuaded. But as she expresses it, 'I looked at the priming of my pistols, and embarked very tranquilly.' In her first acquaintance with savages at Rio Janeiro she passes the night in an Indian hut, conversing in signs, and eating whatever they bring her to eat. She walks through the whole length of Tahiti alone, with a tattooed Tahitian guide, gets him to make a fire with barbarian skill, and with half-dried clothes sleeps without shelter on a bed of leaves in the primæval forest. But we might multiply examples without end. Dangers which the claims of religion, or love, or faith, or patriotism, have now and then stirred up others to risk, the pure love of seeing, simple curiosity, the desire to change her place, have been motive enough for her to venture upon. While a storm was raging in the Atlantic, she caused herself to be tied to the binnacle of the vessel, to allow the waves to break over her, 'in order to absorb as much of the spectacle as possible.' When journeying alone with a wild Arab guide through a pass which she had been warned to be full of dangers, the peculiar and beautiful tints in

the rocks occupied her attention so much that she had no time for fear. In Tahiti, having heard of the native skill in making temporary boats at a few minutes' warning, she did not hesitate to trust herself to one, constructed by her guide of a few plantain branches tied together, in order to cross a lake to which he led her, and to allow herself to be propelled by him across, he swimming and she seated in the almost sinking bark. She runs the imminent risk of being stoned for the sake of seeing a Chinese garden, and very nearly incurs the same fate in her curiosity to see the manufacturing of tea. For the sight of a European woman excited such symptoms of dangerous animosity in the 600 workpeople of the establishment, that her conductor had earnestly to entreat her to forego the full inspection she had intended, and be content with a slight survey; and in consequence of this, 'she could only manage to observe that the 'leaves of the plant are thrown for a few seconds into boiling 'water, and then placed' &c. &c. In India, she is greatly delighted to receive an invitation to a tiger hunt, and though she owns to some alarms when a tiger on whom a shot had taken effect rushed maddened towards her, she kept herself so calm that none of the gentlemen had any knowledge of what was going on in her mind. And this curiosity is as indiscriminate as it is insatiable. She is almost as anxious to taste a new dish as to see a high mountain or a fine ruin. It leads her to inspect the dead-houses on the banks of the Hoogly, and the horrors by the side of the Ganges. She regrets that she has never been so lucky as to meet with dried grasshoppers as a favourite native dish. No prejudice prevents her giving an impartial and often a favourable judgment on the flavour of snakes and reptiles. This freedom from prejudice enabled her to carry out her rule of diet without so much discomfort as she would otherwise have endured.

'My rule in travelling is to exclude every kind of superfluity. Wherever I am certain to find people living, I take no eatables with me, for I can content myself with whatever they live upon. If I do not relish their food, it is a sign that I have not any real hunger, and I then fast till it becomes so great that any kind of dish is acceptable.'—*A Woman's Journey Round the World*, p. 250.

A rule which she can adhere to even when she herself witnesses the preparation of the meal; and some of her details of Arab cookery are anything but inviting. And as nothing is too revolting, so nothing is too dry or technical to excite her interest; she considers herself indemnified for a provoking delay by which she was detained five days in Valparaiso, by the opportunity it afforded her of inspecting some fine collections of mussel shells and insects. But while this instinct never sleeps, it by no means obscures her judgment: her palate, for instance, never forgets

delightful European flavours, her organ of smell, though severely tried, never loses its disgust at evil odours, nor does reserve lead her to keep these things in the background. The drawbacks to the pleasures of attending a Tahitian funeral are dwelt upon; the revolting details of a Hindoo burning are hinted at; dirt and smell, and bad company, none pass without mention in straightforward and not very refined language. But whatever has to be endured she endures coolly and patiently; nothing very much puts her out but being cheated. After having walked through Canton with a Chinese guide, and thereby excited the wonder of her European friend, who thought she could not have escaped alive, (for the Chinese are an exception to the general friendly feeling towards women,) she says, 'I certainly had remarked 'on my way from the vessel to the factory, that both old and 'young turned back and looked after me, and that they hooted 'and pointed at me with their fingers; the people ran out of 'their booths and gradually formed a crowd at my heels. I had, 'however, no alternative but to keep my countenance; I walked, 'therefore, calmly on;' and we may add, was by no means too flurried to make her usual train of observations by the way.

Having to perform her long journeyings with an incredibly small sum for her expenses, Madame Pfeiffer is keenly alive to the virtue of generosity, and even more so to the contrary vices of grasping and covetousness wherever she meets with them, and as her only mode of judging of these qualities is so far as she is personally affected by them, some amusing touches are the result. She is never more indignant, we are sorry to say, than with the overcharging and really shameful cheating, as it seems, which she met with in an English steamer, from Canton to Singapore; our sympathies go with her, as she details the badness and the dearness of the fare, which was the harder, as they would not allow her to go third class, as she had wished, but forced her to incur the expense of a second cabin. We fear this incident will permanently prejudice her ideas of the English character, as on the other hand, she is often led into comparisons highly favourable of Mussulmans and Hindoos over Christians, because of the superior ideas of hospitality often to be found in semi-barbarous tribes. She is disgusted with her Tahitian guide for the insolence of his charge of a pound a day (which of course she did not pay), though her history of this pedestrian tour might well drive such things out of her thoughts, or even make any charge not unreasonable. For in the course of it she forded a river sixty-two times. She received several severe wounds in her hands and feet, and had frequently to be dragged by main force by her guide, besides other minor hardships. The vulgar proverb of 'cheap and nasty' does not hold with her, for

in fact, nothing can be really nasty that is cheap, and she finds a pleasure in detecting the failures which attended any more expensive modes of progress she might be forced to adopt.

In religion even this economic principle comes in. She had no objection on one occasion 'to afford a Bonze the gratification' of offering a lighted taper to his idol, and was only hindered from doing so by what she considered the injudicious zeal of the American Missionary, who attended her and told her it was idolatry; but she is really concerned at the quantity of oil unnecessarily consumed in China in keeping night lamps burning before their domestic altars, and it is not unlikely that the scale of expense on which the Missionaries wherever she went lived, according to her ideas of expense and luxury, may have inclined her to form the unfavourable view she has expressed of the extent and success of their labours. She would regard the profuse distribution of tracts and Bibles as a great outlay, and has quite a thrifty sympathy for liberal givers at home, whose money she thinks so recklessly laid out. We feel, indeed, that a person travelling in her manner and with her object, and not knowing the language of any country through which she passed, cannot and ought not to be regarded at all in matters which are beyond the reach of eyesight and superficial observation. Her proposal that Missionaries should always marry *native* wives wherever they are, as then neither wife nor child will be incommoded by the climate, proves her blunted perceptions on such subjects. But though incapable of discussing or understanding the religious bearings of any question, she is good authority on many moral points which show themselves more on the surface, especially on national manners towards dependents and inferiors, from which much may be inferred. She observes that the Chinese delight in tormenting animals, that the Hindoos are humane, that the English are bullying to the natives over whom they rule; the Arabs indulgent to their children, and in their turn obedient and dutiful to their parents; that the Tahitians in their transition, half savage state, have little feeling of any kind towards any person; that the Russians in their official capacity are, towards foreigners, the most rude and bearish of all Christian people. Here, however, prejudice probably steps in to give point to her impressions, but in every case, whether in trifles or matters of importance, she gives her own observations, what she has seen or been herself concerned in. The reader may believe her facts without being bound to her inferences or conclusions. She is proud of the independence of her judgment, of never being misled to undue praise by books or travellers' reports, of never indulging in second-hand enthusiasm, though she has the habit common with

persons who pique themselves on this quality, of as it were enhancing the candour of the actual opinion, by enlarging on the docility and differential state of mind previous to forming it, and professing to be wound up to a pitch of enthusiasm by representations hitherto implicitly received, but which fade at once before a judgment trained to bow before the majesty of truth. The following passage from the preface puts Madame Pfeiffer's powers in a just light, and here she really shows a just estimate of her claims to attention, allowing for a very natural expression of modesty.

'I have been called in many public journals a professed tourist, but I am sorry to say that I have no title to the appellation in its usual sense. On the one hand I possess too little wit or humour to render my writings amusing; and on the other, too little knowledge to judge rightly of what I have gone through. The only gift to which I can lay claim is that of narrating in a simple manner the different scenes in which I have played a part, and the different objects I have beheld; if I ever pronounce an opinion, I do so merely on my own personal experience.'—*Ibid.* Pref. p. ix.

It is time now to turn to the narrative of her voyage to Iceland, which, as we have said, preceded her larger undertaking in order of time, though it is latest known to the English reader, and which gave her such just confidence in her strength and other powers as led her to project it. Her first essay in travel had been what would once have been termed, a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. She speaks of having long dwelt in the inexpressible happiness of treading the soil which had been hallowed by the presence of her Saviour, but the perusal of her later works leads us to suspect that the natural impulse must have been at least as powerful as the religious one in instigating her to the unusual effort; and here we will say, that a perusal of two of her works leaves us still in doubt as to the 'denomination' of Christians to which she belongs. Though a Viennese, she shows herself too ready with all the weak points of the system, and of too sceptical a spirit towards some of its chief pretensions, to be a Roman Catholic, and yet the terms towards Protestants and Lutherans which drop from her pen are sometimes of so critical and external a character as to deter us from placing her at once in their ranks. However, the conclusion to be arrived at from what she does say is, that these are among the questions which she holds to be of very little moment. In her preface she thus describes the leading passion of her life in its dawning:—

'From my earliest childhood I have had an intense longing to go forth into the wide world. I could never meet a travelling carriage without stopping to watch it as it passed out of my sight, envying the very postilion who had accompanied it, as I thought during the whole long journey.

.. 'When I was a little girl of ten or twelve years old, no reading was so

attractive to me as books of travels; and ceasing to envy the postilions, I could not but repine at the happiness of every great navigator or discoverer, who could explore the yet unrevealed secrets of the natural world.

'Tears often rose to my eyes if, after climbing a hill, I found others towering up beyond my reach, and I could not see what lay concealed behind them. I travelled a great deal with my parents, and also with my husband after I was married, and it was not till my two boys were of an age to be sent to school that I remained stationary on their account.'—*Voyage to Iceland, Pref. p. vi.*

She then speaks of her first journey alone to Palestine, and concludes, after one of those little disclaimers against vanity which she often expresses, and which inevitably suggest some truth in the implied charge, with her reasons for selecting Iceland as her second theatre of adventure:—

'Iceland was a country where I hoped to behold nature under an aspect entirely new or peculiar. I feel so supernaturally happy, and draw so close to my Maker while gazing upon such scenes, that no difficulties or fatigues can discourage me from seeking so great a reward.

'Should death surprise me in any of my wanderings, I shall meet it with calmness, thanking God from my inmost heart for the blessed happy hours I have spent in admiring the wonders of His creation.'—*Ibid. Pref. p. viii.*

There is something sufficiently strange to the unadventurous part of the community in the strong attraction that the north possesses over many minds, and which is well figured in the very emblem of attraction, the loadstone, finding its home there. But coldness and desolation are in themselves inspiring from the exercise they give to powers which sleep in ease and comfort, so that in addition to her hope of seeing in Iceland 'a country 'peculiarly unblessed by nature, to which nothing similar is to be 'found on earth, what would fill her with new and unutterable 'astonishment,' this good lady, who knew of what tough materials she was made, probably had an unconscious longing to pitch her strength against the elements, and to prove what she could do.

She set out then from Vienna in 1845, and after some little time spent in Copenhagen, sailed for Iceland in the May of that year, and after eleven days, during which she was the victim of sea sickness, like any other mortal, reached Havenfiord, the haven of her hopes, some eight miles from Reikjavick, the real capital of Iceland, though in our school days we used to give Skalholt this name. In the preparations for her voyage for Copenhagen, and during her subsequent residence, she owed much to the attention of M. Knudson, a Danish gentleman, in deservedly high favour with travellers, and apparently the good genius of Iceland: for not only does Madame Pfeiffer profess herself indebted to him as the source of whatever kindness she received in the island, but we find a similar honourable mention of him by Mr. Barrow, who made the same expedition in 1834.

But while the desolation, the grandeur, the beauty of Iceland more than equalled Madame Pfeiffer's hopes, its lava streams, its burning mountains, its boiling springs,—the great battle between hot and cold which is for ever going on there,—she unquestionably considers the world to have been misled by the romantic descriptions which it has received from time to time of its hospitable gentry, its learned body of clergy, its cultivated peasantry. The fancy picture of the island which Fouqué has drawn, waving with tall forests of elms and pines, amid which rise lofty stone castles, the homes of heroes, is hardly more removed from the present reality of wooden mansions and turf roofed hovels, and dwarfed and rare foliage, than are those pastoral descriptions of calm learned leisure, dignifying privation and even poverty, and universally diffused knowledge,—implying to our ears a refined civilization,—from the actual existing state of things which her book unfolds; a cold and narrow-minded higher class, a populace living in squalid dirt, a body of clergy compelled to eke out their scanty stipends by toiling like any common labourer in the parish, and shoeing all the horses beside. There is no doubt, however, that Madame Pfeiffer was somewhat prejudiced by her first start in Iceland society. It is clear that the only class of travellers that have hitherto visited Iceland have come accredited not only with letters through which they may expect to receive hospitality, but with the power in their turn of offering some equivalent. The French officers can give gay balls in their frigate, the Englishman in his yacht a lively breakfast; the naturalist comes with funds from his government, and dispenses money right and left for specimens. Poor Madame Pfeiffer came alone, necessitated to live in the cheapest and most frugal manner, and incapable of making any other return than what is after all the most valuable one that can be given, late news and fresh intelligence from foreign lands. The ladies of Iceland were either ignorant or insensible to these attractions. Madame Pfeiffer was not likely to come charged with the latest fashions, and we can imagine her appearance not imposing; they probably thought her an oddity, with whom it would be safest to have nothing to do, and in spite of good letters of introduction she was neglected. She therefore not unnaturally sets down the Icelanders as a selfish people, who will do nothing without the hope of return, and thus relates and accounts for her isolation on first taking up her quarters at Reikjavick. After describing the cold mode in which the lady of the *Stiftsamt-mann* (for such is the title of the governor) received her, she adds:—

‘The minor functionaries all trod dutifully in the steps of their superior, and I did not receive any visits or invitations, although I frequently

heard of the parties of pleasure, dinners, and evening entertainments, which were going on in the place. If I had not known how to occupy myself more profitably, time would have hung very heavily on my hands. It never seemed to occur to any of these ladies that I was a stranger, alone, and entirely debarred from all educated society. Of course, being no longer young, I felt I had no claims on the attention of the gentlemen: and the privation did not cost me much regret. If the women were wanting in consideration, I could not expect to find it in the men.

I pondered on the cause of this behaviour, till I discovered its social spring in the selfishness which is a striking characteristic of the people. As soon as I arrived in Reikjavick, diligent inquiries were made from all quarters, if I were rich, if I should entertain much company, or if there were anything to be gained by waiting upon me. Persons of large fortune, or great naturalists, are the only travellers who have a chance of being received well in Iceland.—*Ibid.* p. 74.

We give this passage, that our readers may be on their guard; for nothing so unfits a person for candid judgment as any sense of personal slight; and we think that in money matters Madame Pfeiffer is rather suspicious, and ready to cast national imputations on insufficient grounds. She makes much, for instance, of the lower class besieging her with specimens of lava, insects, or other poor rarities of their soil and climate, and asking unreasonable sums for them, as if this humble form of imposition were not common to human nature everywhere to be found, wherever collectors are willing to exchange current coin for objects of such mere conventional value that the ignorant may well be excused for thinking them all equally worthless, and the connoisseur as a person with more money than wit, and, therefore, a natural prey. We are not justifying this state of feeling: we only say it is universal, and what no country ought to be judged by.

Madame Pfeiffer criticises the gait and deportment of Icelandic ladies as characterised by a stiff second-hand coldness and hauteur which they have not real dignity to make natural. This demeanour is not unsuited to the aspect and architecture of their capital, which amongst pieces of formality and wooden stiffness must stand unrivalled. We judge not only from description, but from the sketches with which travellers furnish us. Except the church, there are but two stone buildings in the place. One was built for a prison, but crimes are so rare in Iceland, that the Stiftsamtmann has taken possession of it for his palace; the other is appropriately occupied by the bishop. The merchants' dwellings are all of wood, and consist of only one story. These stand side by side, with the separate uncomfortable distinctness of houses out of a toy-box, an effect which is probably inevitable where Nature has not vigour to take the works of man into her own keeping to adapt and adorn them, but has almost more than she can do in concealing the

ravages of her own wild freaks of desolating fury. Some houses have gardens attached to them; but few climates in the world are so unfavourable to horticulture; and a dish of potatoes, cabbages, or turnips, costs incredible pains in the rearing. Our countryman Mr. Barrow speaks tenderly of the pains a genuine garden-lover will take even under such adverse circumstances, and with so forbidding a climate. Success is always a relative thing; and it is possible even in Iceland to be proud of a garden.

'Radishes and turnip-radishes, mustard and cress, seemed to thrive the best in the governor's garden; but he bestowed much care and labour on his little piece of ground, and often took great pleasure in pointing out to me the healthy state and vigour of three or four plants of the mountain-ash, which (after I forget how many years' growth) had attained to the height of about four feet, and on the possession of which he prided himself not a little, assuring me that they were the largest, and, in fact, the only plants that deserved the name of trees within the distance of many miles round Reikjavick.'—*Barrow's Visit to Iceland*, p. 107.

Just such herbage and such gardens we may suppose the inhabitants of the moon to possess—if that the moon has inhabitants and gardens at all. There is something in the description of Iceland altogether that must remind those familiar with the maps of the moon which astronomers give us, of that rent and torn and convulsed little world, with its white peaks and dark hollows, and tracts between answering closely enough to the black lava-streams which give to Iceland its separate distinctive character, and make so strong an impression on the traveller.

In this country nature certainly should take precedence of man. We must, therefore, give our readers some of Madame Pfeiffer's descriptions of the scenes she had gone so far to witness, which are novel and striking enough. Before landing, she says:—

'My first impressions of the coast of Iceland were very different from the descriptions I had read in books. I had fancied a barren, desolate waste, without a bush or tree; and I saw grass-covered hillocks, copses, and even, as I thought, patches of dwarfish woods; but as we approached, and I could distinguish the different objects more plainly, the hillocks were changed into human habitations, with small doors and windows; and the groups of trees proved to be great lava-masses, from ten to fifteen feet high, entirely overgrown with grass and moss. Everything was new and surprising to me: I could hardly wait to land.'—*Voyage to Iceland*, p. 57.

A few hours enabled her to make a closer survey:—

'Havenford is surrounded by a most beautiful and picturesque field of lava, which at first swells to a gentle eminence, then sinks again, and finally stretches, in one wide plain, to the neighbouring hills. The different masses, black and bare, arise, in the most varied shapes, to the height of ten or fifteen feet, and assume the figures of walls, pillars, grottoes, and

excavations, over which large level pieces will often make a natural bridge, the whole formed by blocks of congealed lava, which in some places are covered to their summit with grass and moss, presenting that delusive appearance of stunted trees which I saw from the ship. The horses, sheep, and cows, scramble about in these fields, industriously seeking out every green spot; and I myself was never weary of scrambling. I could not sufficiently admire and wonder at this fearfully beautiful picture of desolation. *** The view is bounded on one side by several ranges of high mountains, among which the jokals (glaciers) were conspicuous, still covered far down their sides with the winter's snows; and on the other it is open to the sea. At a little distance, I was impressed with the belief that many of the valleys and hillocks were covered with verdure, and I thought I saw several beautiful meadows; but, upon a closer investigation, I ascertained that they were marshes, containing hundreds and hundreds of little eminences, not unlike molehills, or small grave-mounds, overgrown with grass and moss. From one spot I could overlook a wide circuit of eight or ten (German) miles (equivalent to thirty-six to forty-five English miles) without being able to perceive a single tree, or bush, or field, or village. All was lifeless. We passed a few scattered cottages, but we rarely heard the chirp of a bird, and still more rarely a friendly salutation from a human voice. We were completely surrounded with streams of lava, or bogs and swamps; not a spot was to be seen in that whole space which could have been turned up by the plough.—*Ibid.* p. 67.

This scene equally strikes all travellers; nor does science seem able to account for the strange forms of these lava-fields, awful in their fantastic shapeless masses.

Madame Pfeiffer made Reikjavick her head-quarters, from whence she made various excursions after her own hardy independent fashion: indeed, the roads do not allow of much luxury of conveyance. There is not a carriage of any description, not even a wheelbarrow in the island, nor anywhere a road which could be traversed by them. Horses are universal: everybody rides; and these hardy, sure-footed creatures, which do their masters such good service, actually live out of doors all the winter; needing little more from man through this long and severe season than his assistance in removing the snow from the moss on which they chiefly subsist. They will not eat hay, but contrive just to keep themselves alive through the cold on this poor wintry fare, assisted by such offal from the fish as even an Iceland kitchen finds no use for, and when the grass grows once more, get up their strength and looks in a wonderfully short time, and are ready for work. One of her first excursions to the sulphur-springs, on which she set out on the 4th of June, brings her across a vast lava-stream:—

‘About a mile beyond Havenfiord, I saw, for the first time, some birches which were not more than two feet, or two feet and a half high, however. I also remarked some whortleberry-bushes; and a number of little butterflies, all the same size, and apparently of the same species, were fluttering around the plants and shrubs. The manifold shapes and figures into which the lava was thrown, constantly struck me with renewed astonishment;

and, short as this journey was—for I reached Krisuvick with ease in ten hours,—I found the scenery indescribably beautiful, and could never tire of gazing and admiring, as I slowly rode along, unmindful of the rain and cold, suffering my horse to pick his way at his own pace, and frequently losing my guide in consequence. One of the most remarkable currents of lava lay in a wide and long valley, where it appeared as if by enchantment, covering the whole centre with a broad stream half a mile in length. As there was no mountain in the neighbourhood from whence it could possibly have flowed, it must have concealed some immeasurable crater. The stream did not merely consist of isolated blocks and stones, but of high masses of porous rock, ten or twelve feet high, frequently riven in places a foot wide.

‘In another valley, of still greater dimensions, being several miles in circumference, I saw a wavy stream, which could only be compared to a sea of stone; from its centre arose a high black hill, presenting a fine contrast to the light grey masses around it; and there I concluded, of course, that the lava had originated. But, upon examination, I found that it was smooth and clean on all sides, and its summit, in the shape of a sugar-loaf, completely closed, as was also the case with the other mountains about this valley; so that I looked in vain for any trace of a crater.’—*Ibid.* p. 115.

The road through these and similar scenes was so bad, that it was often necessary to dismount, and crawl on hands and knees through crevices, and on reaching the boiling springs (for Iceland is full of these phenomena), the soil constantly gave way, allowing her and her guide to sink above the ankles in steaming mud. Our space, however, will not allow us to linger amongst the minor wonders of the island: we must content ourselves with giving her impressions of the Great Geiser and Mount Hecla, probably the principal motives of her hazardous journey. At the first she spent three nights and two days of solitary watching,—for such we may call it, though occasionally visited by her guide. She had looked forward with excited awe to this occasion, and had told her friends, before leaving her home, that, if her courage failed her anywhere in Iceland, it would be in spending the night solitarily at the Geiser. A French *savant*, after his visit to this wonderful column of water, generously left behind him a tent for the convenience of future travellers; and here Madame Pfeiffer took up her abode, under more comfortable circumstances than her nights were sometimes passed.

The Geiser, it may be useful to explain to some of our readers, stands in a valley, or plain, of boiling fountains, of about twelve acres. So soon as the traveller turns the sharp angle of a range of hills that encloses it, he finds himself in the midst of smoke and steam. Nature's steam-engines are at work. Every step brings him amongst boiling springs and bogs of heated mud. The ground trembles under his feet; and from beneath are heard mutterings and rumblings like distant thunder. In the midst of smaller jets of steam and water, in various combination, rises the mound of the great Geiser, distin-

guished by its superior size and louder subterranean rumblings; at the top of which is the basin of the fountain, some four feet deep, and with a diameter of about fifty feet, and in its centre, forming a gigantic tunnel, a pipe or tube descends, up which the boiling water rises, and the eruptions burst forth. (See Barrow's *Iceland*, p. 177.) This tube, or caldron, together with the basin, in the intervals of the explosions are filled with boiling water, as clear as crystal. The explosions are capricious in their performances, and have to be waited for, giving the traveller leisure to make what scientific observations he is capable of in the period of anxious expectation. Madame Pfeiffer began her watch at night, not without some of the apprehensions natural to her sex, as well as peculiar to the situation:—

‘The tent was put in order for me by eleven o’clock, when all took their leave, and I was left alone. For fear of missing an explosion, it is customary to watch during the whole night. An occasional vigil would present no great difficulty to many travellers; but for me it was a serious undertaking. However, there was no remedy; for an Iceland peasant is not to be depended upon, and few of them would be roused by an outbreak of Hecla itself.

‘I sat beneath my tent, or in front of it, listening with stretched attention for the signs I had been told to expect. Towards midnight—the hour of spirits—I heard a few dull sounds, like those of a distant cannon, and rushing from my tent, I waited for the subterranean rumblings and the tremblings and splitting of the earth, which, according to the books I had read, were the forerunners of an eruption. I could hardly defend myself from a paroxysm of fear: it is no slight thing to be alone at midnight in such a scene. * * The low rumblings were repeated thirteen times at very short intervals, the basin overflowed after each noise, and nearly emptied itself of its waters, the sound appearing to proceed from their violent ebullition rather than from any subterranean commotion. In a minute and a half the shock was over. The waters no longer overflowed the basin and caldron, which remained nearly full; and, disappointed in every respect, I returned to my tent.’—*Ibid.* p. 173.

Nothing further occurred during the next day and following night, during which she occupied her leisure in investigating the various wonders of the scene—the Strokker, a boiling fountain, leaping and bubbling with extraordinary violence, sharing the fame of the Geiser, but not reaching to the same height, and two springs close together, to her mind among the most beautiful in the world, from their wonderful clearness, and a sort of supernatural play of colours in them, independent of the sunshine.

‘At last, after waiting till the second day of my sojourn at the Geiser, the long-desired explosion took place, on the 27th of June, at half-past nine in the evening. * * I have really no words to do justice to this magnificent spectacle, which once to behold in a lifetime is enough. It infinitely surpassed all my expectations. The waters were spouted with great power and volume; column rising above column, as if each were bent on outstripping the others. After I had recovered in some degree from my first

astonishment, I looked round at the tent—how small, how diminutive it seemed compared to those pillars of water! and yet it was nearly twenty feet high. It was lying rather lower, it is true, than the basin of the Geiser; but tent might have been piled on tent,—yes, by my reckoning, which may not have been perfectly accurate, however,—five or six, one above the other, would not have reached the elevation of these jets, the largest of which I think I can affirm, without any exaggeration, to have risen at least to the height of a hundred feet, and to have been three or four feet in diameter.—*Ibid.* p. 177.

We have no space for the observations which follow, though all details of such a phenomenon are interesting. The following is her conclusion, in which she combats all the excited histories of this wonder, and takes occasion to warn her readers against travellers' tales generally:—

‘During the three nights and two days which I spent in the immediate vicinity of these wonderful springs, I watched with the closest attention for every minute particular of their outbreaks, of which I saw five in all; and I must declare, that the descriptions of the Geiser which I had read in various books are by no means correct; as I never, for instance, heard any greater uproar than what I have already mentioned in the course of my narrative, and never felt the least symptom of an earthquake, although during one of the explosions I even put my ear to the ground.

‘It is really singular how blindly some people will repeat what they hear, and how others again will permit their excited fancies to see and hear what does not actually occur; while not a few travellers will not scruple to add even a downright falsehood to the tale. I met at the house of Mr. Moller the apothecary, of Reikjavick, an officer of the French frigate, who asserted, as an instance of what I mean, that “he had ridden directly into the crater of Mount Vesuvius.” Doubtless he was far from suspecting there was any one in the company likely to contradict him. But nothing provokes me so much as a deliberate invention of this nature, and I could not help asking him how he could possibly have accomplished such a feat; for I had also been to Vesuvius, and was probably as reckless of danger as he was, but I had been compelled to leave my donkey when I reached the top of the mountain, and advance into the crater on foot. At this he was a little embarrassed, and explained himself, saying, “he only meant us to understand he had ridden *nearly* into the crater;” and yet I would wager that he had told the same story many a time, and ended by believing it himself.’—*Ibid.* p. 181.

Madame Pfeiffer has not, we really think, any tendency to this error; even in her most excited moments common sense is on the watch; as in her extempore expedient for measuring the fountain by the tent, by which she arrives at precisely the proper conclusion, as we learn from the list of guesses given by different travellers, and varying from the impossible supposition of 360 feet to the understatement of 90. Except in their estimate of the character and moral condition of the inhabitants, the accounts of Madame Pfeiffer and our countryman tally curiously well. In one point she may boast a superiority, which her sex constitutes a real triumph. Mr. Barrow, in spite of a natural longing to ascend Hecla, yielded to the general dissuasion, and

relinquished his design; Madame Pfeiffer accomplished hers, and, all things considered, makes very little fuss about the fatigue and danger of doing so. We are far from saying that Mr. Barrow's was not the wiser decision; but this must not deprive the enterprising German lady of her due credit.

'After all,' (says Mr. Barrow,) 'there is no great wisdom, perhaps, in courting both toil and danger, by climbing up a mountain buried in snow, where nothing is to be seen. The people in the neighbourhood, it seems, discourage every one from attempting it. When the French doctor made the attempt, he was told that it was the entrance into the infernal regions, and that the devil was busily employed in handing down the souls of all those who fall in battle. Sir Joseph Banks was told that the mountain was guarded by a number of strange black birds, resembling crows; and with beaks of iron, they would receive in a very ungracious manner any one who might presume to infringe upon their territory. Sir Joseph found the mountain surrounded, as the Frenchman says, for two leagues, with scoræ, pumice-stone, cinders, and ashes. On reaching the summit, which was calculated from the state of the barometer to be five thousand feet, the cold was extremely severe, and the party had their clothes covered with ice in such a manner, that, to use his own expression, "clothes resembled buckram." As there was nothing to see, there was no object to induce them to prolong their stay. Sir George Mackenzie climbed up amidst fog and ashes; got to the top, where he found a small crater filled with snow; looked round when the sky cleared up a little, and then came down again. All things considered, therefore, I may perhaps console myself for my disappointment with the reflection, that I have lost but little pleasure, and escaped much fatigue; but still it would have been something to say, "I have been to the summit of Hecla."'"—*Barrow*, p. 197.

Madame Pfeiffer's difficulties came in a more characteristic form. She was assailed, not through her imagination, but her purse—the claims of which she always regards; knowing it in fact to be the only substitute in these times for the seven-leagued boots and other conveniences with which our childhood was familiar. The guide who was to lead her through, and himself to share all these disagreeables and dangers, asked her the 'outrageous sum of five dollars, and two marks,' which, put into English, is just eleven shillings and sixpence, for this formidable day's work for himself and his horse. 'What could I do?' asks this most thrifty of wonder seekers; 'there was no other guide to be had, and he knew it well, so I was obliged to accede to 'his terms.' So having passed the night in what she calls a noathsome hole, sleeping on a chest shorter than herself, and close to a half-putrid fish drying in the smoke—for such are the comforts of an Iceland hut, enhanced in this case by finding herself an object of curiosity to all the inhabitants of the hamlet, who crowded in through the open door to superintend her repose—she was ready betimes to begin her journey:—

'It was a beautiful warm morning, and we galloped gaily over the meadows and the adjacent sand plains. This fine weather was considered a very favourable omen by my guide, who told me that M. Geimard, the French naturalist already mentioned, had been delayed three days by a

storm before he could ascend the mountain: this was nine years ago, and no one had made the attempt since that time. A Danish prince (who was in the island with Mr. Barrow), who travelled through Iceland a few years since, had been here indeed, but for some unexplained reason he had left the place without undertaking to visit Hecla. The road led at first, as I have already said, through rich fields, and then across the patches of black sand, which are surrounded on all sides by streams, hills, and hillocks of lava, whose fearful masses gradually approach each other, and frequently afford no other passage than a narrow passage, where we scrambled over the blocks and piles with scarcely a spot to rest our feet. The lava rolled around and behind us, and it was necessary to be constantly on the watch to prevent ourselves from stumbling, or to avoid coming in contact with the rolling rocks. But the danger was even greater in the gorges filled with snow, already softened by the heat of the season; where we frequently broke through, or what was worse, slid backwards at every step almost as far as we had advanced. I do not believe there is another mountain in the world whose ascent offers as many difficulties as this one.

'After a toilsome struggle of three hours and a half, we reached the place where it was necessary to leave the horses behind; which I should have done long before, as I felt compassion for the poor animals, if my Hecla guide would have allowed it; but he maintained that there were still spots where we might need them, and advised me moreover to ride as long as possible, in order to reserve my strength for what was still before me. And he was right; I hardly think I could have completed the whole distance on foot, for when I thought I had attained the last peak, I still found streams and hillocks between me and my goal, which seemed constantly more remote than ever. My guide assured me that he had never led any one so far on horseback, and I really believe it. The walking was already horrible, but to ride was fearful.

From every height new scenes of the most melancholy desolation appeared in sight; the whole prospect was rigid and inanimate, and burnt black lava was spread around us wherever we looked. It was not without a painful sensation that I gazed about me, and saw nothing but the immeasurable chaos of this stony desert.

'We had still three heights to climb; they were the last, but also the most perilous. The road led abruptly over the rocks by which the whole summit of the mountain was covered; I had more falls than I could count, and frequently tore my hands on the sharp points of lava. It was, to be sure, a terrible expedition.

'The dazzling whiteness of the snow was almost blinding, contrasted with the shining black lava alongside of it. When I had to cross a field of snow, I did not venture to look at the lava, for I had tried it once, and could hardly see in consequence. I was snow-blind. At last the summit was attained, after two more hours of laborious climbing, and I stood upon the highest peak of Hecla; but I looked in vain for a crater—there was no trace of any to be found; at which I was all the more astonished, as I had read minute accounts of it in several books of travels.'—*Voyage to Iceland*, p. 197.

She pursues her search for a crater in vain, and finds rents and chinks instead, from whence she supposes the streams of lava to have flowed. For a while the prospect is obscured by clouds, and by a snow-storm whitening the dark lava around her.

'Gradually the clear and inimitable blue of the heavens reappeared, and the sun once more rejoiced us with his presence. I remained on the top of the mountain till the clouds had opened in the distance, and afforded a welcome and extensive view, which I fear my pen is much too feeble to

describe. I despair of conveying to my reader a distinct idea of the immense waste which lay displayed before me, with its accumulated masses of lava and its peculiar appearance of lifeless desolation. I seemed to stand in the midst of an exhausted fire. The blocks were piled in heaps above each other, till they formed high hills; the valleys were choked by vast streams of rock, whose height and breadth I was not able to distinguish, although the course of the last eruption could plainly be distinguished among them.

'I was surrounded by the most dreadful ravines, caves, streams, hills and valleys; I could hardly understand how I had reached this point, and was seized with a feeling of horror at the thought which forced itself upon me, that perhaps I might never be able to find my way out of this terrible labyrinth of ruin.

'There, on the highest peak of Hecla, I could look down far and wide upon the uninhabited land, the image of a torpid nature, passionless, inanimate—and yet sublime; an image which once seen can never be forgotten, and the remembrance of which will prove an ample compensation for all the toils and difficulties I had endured. A whole world of glaciers, mountains of lava, fields of snow and ice, rivers and miniature lakes, were included in that magnificent prospect; and the foot of man had never ventured within those regions of gloom and solitude. * * * I thank my God that He has allowed me to see this chaos of His creation.'—*Ibid.* p. 200.

Our authoress in this case has succeeded in conveying a picture—an awful scene is well described. Hecla, when she saw it, had had no eruption for eighty years, and was regarded as an exhausted volcano; five months after, it broke out with greater fury than ever.

What space remains to us we must now bestow on the observations Madame Pfeiffer was able to make, on the habits and manners of the people, during her stay in the island, which extended from the middle of May to the end of July. We have said that she considers the reports on these points, hitherto given by travellers, to be romantic and too favourably coloured. Some of their chief faults, which might pass unnoticed or only guessed at by wealthier travellers, who carry their own conveniences with them, and provide themselves with tents for their accommodation at night, she was in a condition to see and judge of, living more amongst them than others would venture to do. She can thus pronounce very decidedly on the extreme, enormous dirt of the lower orders in Iceland, and again on their indolent, unpunctual, and as she thinks, selfish habits. Whatever stood in the way of her own plans would be likely to be severely viewed; but on both points Mr. Barrow also speaks. While he can only hope and charitably suppose that the interior of an Iceland hut may be better and a less intolerable lodging than the outside promises, Madame Pfeiffer from personal experience can pronounce the worst anticipations to be far more than realized.

'Icelandic huts are small and low, built of lava blocks filled in with earth, the whole sodded over with grass, and they might easily be mistaken

for natural elevations on the ground, if the wooden chimneys, the low doors, and almost imperceptible windows, did not betray that they were tenanted by human beings; a dark and narrow passage, not more than four feet high, leads on one hand to the dwelling-room, and on the other to the store-room, where the provisions are kept, and which is used in winter to stable the cows and sheep. The fireplace is generally at the end of this passage, which is purposely built low, in order to exclude the cold. The walls and floors of these huts are not boarded; the dwelling-rooms are barely large enough to sleep in, and perhaps to turn round; the whole furniture consists of the bedsteads, and with a very scanty supply of bedding, a small table, a few chests; the latter are used for seats as well as the beds. Poles are fastened in the walls, to which clothes, shoes and stockings, and other things of that kind are suspended; and a little shelf, with a few books on it, is generally found in each hut. No stoves are needed in these crowded rooms, which are sufficiently heated by the warmth of their numerous inmates.

'There are also poles in the fireplaces to hang up the wet clothing and dry the fish. The smoke often spreads itself over the room, and finds its way very slowly out of the air-holes. There is no wood for fuel in the whole island. The rich import it from Norway and Denmark, and the poor burn turf, to which they then add fish-bones or fat, and a most offensive smoke proceeds from the disgusting offal.

'On entering one of these hovels it is impossible to say which is the worst, the suffocating smoke of the passage, or the stifling air of the inner room. * * * I am persuaded that the horrible eruptions which are so common among the Icelanders, are more to be attributed to their unparalleled filthiness, than to the climate or their peculiar food.'—*Ibid.* p. 65.

These observations were made on first landing, but her subsequent experience only confirms the first impression.

'In my distant travels throughout the country, I found the huts of the peasantry everywhere equally dirty and miserable. Of course I do not mean to say there were no exceptions, for even here a few rich peasants can well afford to live in greater comfort, according to their means and inclinations. But to my notion we should judge of the habits of a people by the mass, and not by the few, as many travellers are in the habit of doing, and very rare indeed were the examples of cleanliness which I saw.'—*Ibid.* p. 66.

We will spare our readers more detailed allusions to this national characteristic, in which our authoress's pages abound. The parsonages of the Clergy seem built, with few exceptions, on the same model as the huts of their parishioners, and subject to the same evils, though generally in a modified degree. Still no traveller who can get the church for his night's lodgings will undertake the discomforts of a night spent at the priest's house. The Churches are the *Inns* of Iceland, and may be reckoned on for this purpose. Madame Pfeiffer is shocked at the desecration, but necessity makes her rejoice that it outlasts her time. We must give a sketch of one of these buildings, the first she slept in, and more comfortable than others where she also passed the night, except that she was not yet inured to the publicity of the thing.

'The churches in this country are not merely reserved for religious purposes; they are also used to store away the provisions, tools, and

clothing; and are generally appropriated as night quarters for the traveller. I doubt if so great a desecration of a sacred building would be permitted even among the most uncivilized nations. It is true that I was assured the practice was about to be forbidden; but it ought never to have been allowed, and I am by no means certain it will be discontinued in future, for wherever I went, the church was always at my service at night, and I was sure to find it half full of fish, tallow, and every other ill-savoured thing.

“The church at Krisuvick is twenty feet long and ten feet wide, and it was very far from being in a condition to accommodate me on my arrival; but saddles, stockings, dresses, hats, and implements of every description were hastily thrown into a corner; blankets were produced, with two or three beautiful soft pillows, and my bed was made on the chest which contained the priestly garments and altar cloths. When this was done, I would gladly have shut myself in to prepare my evening meal, and write a few lines in my journal before I lay down to rest; but such a thing was not to be thought of; all the inhabitants came in a body to look at me, and I was soon surrounded by young and old, who streamed into the church, and hemmed me in on all sides. Unpleasant as was their staring, I was obliged to submit to it, for it would have been impossible to drive away the crowd without giving great offence; I therefore unpacked my little valise, and prepared to boil my coffee in public. Upon this, my spectators all put their heads together, and seemed lost in astonishment when I lighted the spirits of wine, following every movement with their eyes. My frugal supper ended, I found their perseverance had not flagged in the least; being determined to put it to the proof, I took out my journal and began to write. For a few moments they watched me in silence, when they all suddenly exclaimed: “She is writing, she is writing!” but they still made no sign towards leaving me, and remained perfectly motionless, every eye fixed upon me for a full hour; yes, I believe I might have been sitting there still without having been able to write them out of my presence, if it had not been too much to endure; at last I managed to dismiss my audience by giving them to understand that I wished to go to sleep.”—*Ibid.* p. 123.

Madame Pfeiffer gives us to understand that it is by no means pleasant spending the night alone in a church surrounded by a burying ground, and has more nervous feelings on the occasion than we should have given her credit for; however, it was only for the first time, and then probably because the cold and a storm of wind kept her awake. On another occasion, a clergyman whom she describes as a very well-informed, well-read man, entertained her, together with his wife and children, with a comfortable meal in the church, which was previously adorned with the clothing of himself and his family suspended from the altar-rails. Mr. Barrow gives a curious description of the Church of Thingvalla, where he and his party slept on their journey. To judge by his accompanying sketch, it must rank amongst the humblest Christian temples in the world, though he describes others in still more discreditable disorder. In approaching the village they had not been able to discover a human habitation, till some grass-covered elevations proved to be the dwellings of the inhabitants, one of which, larger than

the rest, was the church; there they asked leave to pass the night. It was full of stores, barrels of fish and the like; so that with their own travelling equipage, the aisle was nearly impassable. Its proportions were much the same as those of the church at Krisuvick; the altar consisted of a 'wooden chest or cupboard,' over which was a 'miserable' painting of the Lord's Supper; two small panes of glass let in light at the east end, and on the beams of the roof rested old Bibles, Psalters and MS. in dust and confusion. The party found their rest on the floor between the altar and the wall. The clergyman who allowed this was 'unremitting in his attentions,' and very civil and friendly, and so far a scholar, that he could converse in Latin with Mr. Barrow.

The religion of the island we need not say is Lutheran, with some departures, Madame Pfeiffer says, from the order of the service of that communion in her own country. The churches seem well attended considering the scattered nature of the parishes. Nor do we hear of any differences or divisions amongst them; the 300 clergy and their bishop are agreed, and their flocks, as far as we can gather, submit to their rule. But this unanimity loses much of its force and value when we contemplate the mode of life of the clergy, the necessary secularity of their pursuits, and the relation in which they stand to the people, 'labouring among them,' not so much in the ecclesiastical sense, as literally with their own hands for their maintenance. There is something, it cannot be denied, sordid in the existence described; their poverty has nothing poetical in it, nor perhaps can it have in a country so little blessed by nature. Clerical benefices in Iceland do not average above 10*l.* a-year, some of them are stated to be only 4*l.* The clergyman, to exist at all, has to spend his time as the peasants do, to toil in his scanty glebe in a labourer's dress, to add to his gains by the most incongruous employment—for the clergy are the acknowledged blacksmiths of the island, and each parsonage is furnished with a smithy;—to live in houses which hardly admit of comfort or cleanliness, and on fare which seems to unite every term of disparagement; meagre, unnutritious, sour, coarse, rancid. Such evils, acquiesced in rather than struggled against, speak for themselves, against the accounts of high mental cultivation with which readers were once amused. Jeremy Taylor says truly, that the student cannot live on the 'sossets and gobbets' of the peasant. Refinement in habits of living is necessary for the development of the intellect. Some reading no doubt there is in Iceland, and some learning, but its amount is only surprising from its existing in scenes where in our own country we should look only for brute ignorance—it would not be counted as *learning* in more civilized communities. And the

instances which are brought forward of high mental cultivation in juxtaposition with this sordid existence, only prove what we say. Much is made, for instance, of the fact, that the island possesses a printing press, and one '*triumph*' which is quoted, (and we do not dispute the term,) of intellect over pinching poverty, is the case of Jonas Thorlakson, a parish priest, who translated 'Pope's Essay on Man,' and the 'Paradise Lost,' into Icelandic verse, for which our own Literary Fund, hearing of his poverty, and anxious to show its sense of his labours, raised a small subscription sufficient to secure the affluence of his last days.

The peasants of Iceland too have a character for learning, and with some reason, for all can read, and it is said that a clergyman can refuse the rite of marriage to those who cannot. In their long winters, reading is said to be one of their amusements, and some of the peasants are so far scholars as to understand a little Latin, and books may often be seen in their wretched huts. But these acquirements promote neither ingenuity nor enterprise, nor any desire for comfort or cleanliness. They are remarked on as peculiarly without invention, and content with, or rather as doggedly attached to, the most awkward and inconvenient customs and contrivances. Both our travellers complain, for instance, of their mode of loading their horses. They seem to have no means really of keeping things on the animal's back. The whole burden is perpetually slipping off, and precious time is being lost all day long in lifting it on again, till the next loss of balance brings all down again. Our methodical alert adventuress is sensibly alive to these provocations. She points out swamps that they ought to drain, fields they ought to cultivate, and improvements of all sorts—such, for instance, as the use of chairs and tables, which are yet unknown luxuries in a peasant's hut,—which a little industry could effect; and 'having considered the Icelanders as the 'laziest people in existence, from the first moment of her arrival 'in the country,' she gives a little anecdote connected with one of the principal roads in the island to confirm her view.

'The moor where we stopped to rest was separated from the lava fields by a ditch, over which a bridge was formed by a few stones heaped together, but so carelessly that the horses could hardly advance without stepping into some of the holes, and they resisted so long before they could be made to venture across, that we were obliged to alight and lead them over.

'We had just passed this place, and established ourselves in the meadow, when a caravan of fifteen horses loaded with boards and dried fish came along. These animals remarked the danger of the bridge, and could only be driven over it by repeated blows of the whip. There was abundance of stone not twenty paces from the spot, but sooner than turn out of their way even for that short distance, these indolent creatures would rather cudgel

their horses, and let them run the risk of breaking their legs. I felt so much compassion for the poor animals who would have to cross the bridge in future, that as soon as the other party was out of sight, I devoted part of my hours of repose to collecting some large stones, with which I filled up the holes, a labour which was easily accomplished in fifteen minutes.'—*Ibid.* p. 138.

However, the mention of these horses reminds us of one ingenious expedient, which must we think be native to Iceland, and which ought in justice to be recorded. Mr. Barrow tells us :

'The Icelanders have a most curious custom and a most effectual one of preventing horses from straying, which I believe is peculiar to this island. Two gentlemen, for instance, are riding together without attendants, and wishing to alight for the purpose of visiting some object at a distance from the road, they tie the head of one horse to the tail of another, and the head of this to the tail of the former. In this state it is utterly impossible they can move on either backwards or forwards, one pulling one way and the other the other; and therefore, if disposed to move at all, it will only be in a circle, and even then there must be an agreement to turn their heads the same way.'—*Barrow's Iceland*, p. 252.

Is it a fabulous amplification of this practice, which we have been told of elsewhere, or a legitimate development of it,—that the congregation of an Iceland church secure their horses by tying them head to tail in a large ring round the building, about which they trot in an endless circlet till the returning worshippers release them?

But though Madame Pfeiffer declaims against their indolence and unpunctuality, anathematizes their dirt, depreciates their learning, suffers from their rude curiosity, and shows up their love of money—'no money, no Icelfander,'—she yet does allow them some genuine sterling good qualities. They are all well and comfortably clad, there are no beggars among them, and she pronounces them absolutely trustworthy; she could leave her things lying about for hours, and never missed the least thing. It would, she says, be perfectly safe to sleep there without bolts and bars, and crimes are of such rare occurrence, that as we have said, the prison has been put to other uses. This immunity, we are sorry to see from Mr. Barrow's statistics, does not however extend to sins against what is most commonly understood by *morality*, and while he commends their sobriety, Madame Pfeiffer speaks of drunkenness as the national vice; but this difference may be accounted for by brandy having been of late years very much cheaper, as well as by her own want of experience in the habits of northern nations, where ardent spirits are always drunk in a much larger proportion than in the south.

It is not fair to our authoress to conclude without some mention of the extraordinary hardships through which she worked her way to an acquaintance with this wild and cheerless,

though beautiful country; so cheerless indeed to all but its own children, that we owe some apology to these, for having dwelt upon their alleged national failings at all, when we consider how few of what we regard as the pleasures and blessings of life they possess, and how contented is their existence in scenes and a climate full, to more fortunate men, of intolerable privations. Madame Pfeiffer did not indeed prove what an Iceland *winter* is, but its best season is a bad one to live in, especially exposed as she was to all its vicissitudes by day and night, if we can apply, as she says, that term to their short summer twilight. After describing a halt, necessary from the exhausted state of the horses, in an open field in a pouring rain, where she had no alternative but to walk, weary as she was, or sit down on the wet ground, she says:—

‘I think I may flatter myself that I was born to be a traveller; I never take cold from any degree of exposure; in this whole tour I had not a single warm meal, nor any substantial food. I slept every night on chests or benches, rode fifty-five miles (about 247 English miles) in six days, besides scrambling about in the Grotto of Surthellix; and in spite of all these privations and hardships I returned to Reikjavick in perfect health and spirits.’—*Voyage to Iceland*, p. 165.

In giving advice to travellers in general, she speaks of what economy obliged her to endure, especially the necessity of riding ‘incredible’ distances to obtain any shelter for the night. Also her distaste for Iceland cookery, and the disregard of cleanliness with which it was managed,—for she is not in this volume quite as independent of such considerations as experience afterwards made her,—confined her sometimes for ten days at a time to bread and cheese. The dangers of the way were often really alarming; where, for example, the path led over fields of snow far from any human habitation, ready to crack under the horses’ feet and to precipitate the rider into inextricable depths; or where swollen rivers had to be forded, and the horses, in terror at the torrent around them, could scarcely be brought to obey the rein. Our readers, however, are acquainted with Madame Pfeiffer’s spirit; we have only to show them that Iceland afforded a good education for her, more varied adventures. And every danger passed, with her, was in truth and in more senses than one, a danger over, as she explains in re-fording the torrent which had the first time really alarmed her.

‘When I rode up the Rangaa, I crossed it a second time without the least alarm, although I had no longer a protector [a kind village priest who had guided her before] by my side. Such is our nature; dangers once passed have no longer the power to terrify us; we meet them with scarcely a thought, and are only surprised to remember how much uneasiness we may have suffered at first.’—*Ibid.* p. 204.

This is doubtless a true saying as well as a good rule, but it needs a brave spirit to adventure upon known dangers a second and a third time, till custom has power to exercise its sure control over the mind. In saying our farewell to this singular woman, we must wish her good success in her present undertaking, one in which she is engaged while we write, and which we should describe as more formidable as well as more useful than any previous journey, but that it is feared that want of means will prevent her carrying out her full design, which is no other than to penetrate into the interior of Africa, and bring to light some of the secrets of that hidden and mysterious land; trusting that a constitution that had borne the cold of Iceland and the heat of Babylonia unimpaired, might even endure the more subtle dangers which there await the European. But no sooner does she touch Capetown than she is tormented by her monster evil, high charges. Not even in London or Canton does money fly so fast, and she stands in great danger, with her goal in view, and encouraged by all who know the habits of the natives to trust in her sex and adventure among them, to be turned back for the want of a very few hundred pounds. One person in the world has the inclination and all requisites for an important and hazardous work, but the money; amongst the hundreds of thousands who fail in all she possesses, and possess the one thing that she lacks, surely some one will be found to come forward and help her.

ART. II.—1. *The Poetical Works of David Macbeth Moir* (Δ).
Edited by THOMAS AIRD; *with a Memoir of the Author.*
 Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

2. *The Poetical Works of John Edmund Reade.* London: Chapman & Hall.

It is but a trite remark, that, as no two individuals are precisely the same externally in features and countenance, so likewise are there none altogether presenting the same cast and character of mind and thought. It is true also, that, as in respect of outward appearance it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between those who strongly resemble each other, so oftentimes it requires a subtle discrimination to discern the peculiarities of intellect in men whose minds seem to have been cast in the same mould. The majority of men, indeed, have so little which stands forth as preeminently characteristic; being formed as though after a general type, admitting manifold slight differences, which yet are in great measure merged in a general likeness. But even amongst men who are not to be classed with those who exhibit only this ordinary type of intellectual character, and in whom exist peculiarities both moral and mental, constituting a clear individuality, we do from time to time meet with examples of intellectual development which appear to belong to one or more in common,—wherein the dwelling on the cast of mind which one displays, instantly brings before us the picture of another. So much do the minds of some men appear but an echo of each other. But if the strong mental resemblances, which we frequently find in different individuals, are such as to make the task of discriminating between them no very easy matter, the utterly opposing and conflicting methods by which different minds may work out the same subject,—nay, even arrive, perhaps, at the same conclusion,—are even more remarkable and astonishing.

To analyse and classify the various forms of mental character which are found in men whose intellectual faculties have not been dulled by a protracted slumber, but have acquired vigour from constant exercise, is a work beyond our province;—but amidst all these indefinite varieties two especial types seem prominently to stand forth, which, although by no means serving for an exhaustive division, appear practically to distinguish men, who have not suffered their minds to remain inert, in ordinary life and conversation. These two classes seem to have

but little in common with each other; they will contemplate the same object, and their thoughts, after proceeding a step or two, as we might imagine, in the same direction, verge off almost invariably into entirely opposite tracks; or if by chance they hold a principle in common, or entertain the same opinion on a given question, the result will in very many cases have been obtained by modes of argument so contrary to each other, as to leave it a matter of wonder that methods thus conflicting could bring about an agreement in the end. And, as a consequence which might reasonably be inferred, men of these opposite forms of intellectual character will give utterance to their thoughts in a language which invariably attests its peculiar origin; expressions apparently conflicting in their signification will stand for the same objects,—and statements, more or less at variance with each other, may be found to represent sentiments which in reality are not very dissimilar. The distinguishing characteristic of these two classes (by whatever names we may choose to designate them) would appear to be this, that the one will deal with one object or question after another according to the peculiarities which each presents, comparing it with other things to which it may exhibit resemblance or contrast,—but probably resting content with this, unless it be requisite to advance further for the purposes of more general classification; with the other, any external object, after being apprehended by the mind, seems to undergo a kind of transformation; and the attempt to picture it results in a description which would appear to the other as having failed to describe those distinguishing properties which make the thing to be what it is. This seems to result from a constant tendency to look upon different objects as possessing certain qualities in common, and to dwell upon those qualities only,—a tendency which in the treatment of most questions brings them into regions which men of the other class would perhaps never enter, unless the subject involved the necessity of so doing, and causes them to speak as if were in terms of abstract science so constantly recurring as to create a strain in minds differently constituted. But, indeed, to men of this class everything seems to be but a link in one universal abstract science, to the further pursuit of which every sight and every sound appears calculated to lead them:—to such, the contemplation of a building will almost instantly suggest recondite questions of variety in unity, of proportion, harmony, and order; the sight of a picture lead them at once to its formal cause, or to thoughts on the general laws of colour; a landscape at once bring to mind the qualities of beauty or of power, of sublimity and grandeur which it possesses in common with others.

Such a mode of looking at things may perhaps be amenable to the charge of a monotonous and wearisome sameness, which is for ever treading in the same track, and ever loth to diverge either to the right hand or the left. The reply perhaps of most weight to this objection might be, that minds of this metaphysical character and generalizing tendency are adapted for the accomplishment of a work which can never be effected by those of the opposite stamp. Yet this also becomes matter of doubt upon consideration that, although men whose cast of mind seems ever to lead them into abstract thought rarely if ever speak the language which is used by men of different intellectual character, yet the latter are frequently well able and ready to handle questions of an abstract nature, or prepare themselves to master an abstract science; whence it would follow that their range of mind is, after all, a wider one. Whether such as these are calculated to reach the greatest heights of abstract research, and add to the amount of knowledge already gained, is another question; but it may well be doubted whether they, whose names in this province are most eminent, did, on whatsoever subject, ordinary or otherwise, exhibit the same tendency to generalize, and ever employed the same strained and monotonous language; and it might perhaps be a subject worthy of examination, whether the presence of the highest capabilities for abstract science may be consistent with the greatest power of looking upon and treating objects as existing in, so to speak, their concrete and embodied state. Howsoever this may be, there are certainly very many, who, without winning for themselves the highest celebrity in that province of knowledge the peculiar language of which they ordinarily employ, appear still for the most part incapable of clothing their thoughts in the expressions made use of by men whose minds are content to dwell in less remote and exalted regions, and exhibit in themselves the very opposite to the tendency for personification manifested by the Greek, a proneness to merge distinct individual form in the contemplation of general and pervading qualities.

Nor is the whole topic one which may be cursorily noticed and lightly laid aside, for it involves considerations of some moment in the giving judgment, in the way of either praise or blame, for the particular treatment of any given subject. The last-named class of minds is by no means scanty in numbers; it seems to exist in stronger force in other countries; but many belonging to it are to be found here also; and it becomes necessary to realize, so far as in us lies, the condition of intellectual power and its exercise as manifested by them. For in addition to the monotonousness which after awhile becomes

apparent in this method of thinking and speaking, there arise constant charges of obscurity,—of thoughts in themselves involved and intricate being put forth in language which is scarcely intelligible,—of studied mistiness and cloudiness of expression,—advancing finally to the assertion, that behind this dark veil there may after all be nothing to be revealed. Undoubtedly, obscurity, intricacy, confusedness, and such like words, are in a measure relative terms; nothing can be understood without that effort of mind which may be necessary to master it; and they who have not so striven have no right to bring a charge of obscurity against one for whose mind the subject, from long acquaintance, possesses no obscurity at all. And with this must be taken into account the force of long continued habit; the mind, associated from early years, it may be, with the custom of stripping subjects of thought of their peculiarities, in order to discern wherein they agree, and of rising from the contemplation of the individual to the properties of the class or genus to which it belongs, has come to give a meaning of its own to particular forms of expression, which therefore to itself fully serve to convey an idea, while at the same time they may seem to others little better than a mere assemblage of words. And even short of this, many a passage which appears strained, obscure, and affected, may have been purposed to express a fixed and definite meaning in the writer's mind;—and might also bear precisely the same and no other meaning in the eyes of another whose mind was of the same mould. This brings us back to a former assertion, that this class employs a language of its own, which may for itself be an adequate vehicle for the expression of its thoughts;—it only remains a question whether, all this being granted, the charge of obscure thought and strained language may not still be pressed against it. We shall be obliged to recur to this subject hereafter; for the present, it may suffice to say that altogether this cast of mind is apparently one which has sprung into existence in these later ages of the world, and that certainly the language employed by it is but the growth of a limited number of years; not indeed that the language of abstract science is of recent origin, but the novelty lies in the ever recurring use of abstract ideas, when speaking even of the most ordinary matters of feeling or intellectual apprehension.

We have lingered, perhaps, too long before entering on our subject, but the foregoing thoughts have been immediately suggested on a comparison of the writings of the two authors whose names are prefixed to this article. Whether the former of the two were capable, if the subject were brought before him, of throwing himself into the regions of the abstract,

(we must almost ask indulgence ourselves for employing such words so often,) or whether his mind, from a more limited range, sought to derive its lessons from the open page of nature, art, or history, apart from the general laws which govern them, clear enough, nevertheless, it seems to be that the mind of the latter author delights in constant generalizations, and that he appears to breathe more freely in the regions of the exalted and the inane, to which others might be disposed to resort at less frequent intervals. While the former writer dwells with a minute and loving carefulness on each component part, for example, of a beautiful landscape, or examines with a searching and delighted eye the leaves and petals of an opening flower, or takes in with greedy ear the mingled sounds of animal life, which seem to speak of existence itself as a delight on a summer's day,—with the latter, it very rarely indeed happens but that, after a short mention of a fact, or slight sketch of a scene, he roams away into general reflections on the original cause or present condition of things, many of which, without much difficulty, might be transferred to other subjects as well as to the one in hand. A more complete contrast in character of mind and language between two writers could scarcely be met with, accompanied as it is with a moral disposition, certainly in more than one point closely corresponding,—a kind of common ground-work, on which have been reared fabrics of strangely different outline and proportion.

As regards this collective edition of their works, the two writers, in one respect, come before the public in different relations: the latter still contemplates further labours, and entertains the hope of sending the results of them forth into the world; Mr. Moir has but recently been taken from the scene of his earthly toil; and while of Mr. Reade we have no further knowledge than what is furnished in the Poems themselves, our judgment of Mr. Moir's poetry must in due measure be influenced by the information which the prefixed Memoir gives us. Of Mr. Reade, in reference more especially to his own sentiments and principles of belief, we must speak, while with all respect, yet with all freedom; for the other, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; and, happily, this is an injunction which, in the present case, we have little or no temptation to infringe. While speaking thus, it must not be concluded that the whole system of belief and practice in which Mr. Moir was trained, and in which he lived, is one with which we can profess much sympathy. The member of a body which, regarded in its religious aspect, stands forth to those who are external to it in a light as cold, repulsive, and forbidding as almost any self-chosen religious system can do, and which, regarded intellectually, has from time to time shown its dislike

to mental activity, except when exercised in certain approved and authorized directions, we cannot but regard Mr. Moir in his poetic capacity as by no means the genuine growth of the system in which he was involved. Harsh and uninviting in itself as was the scheme of belief set before him, he had from other quarters to borrow warmer hues, and clothe it in more attractive colours. But the man himself comes before us as one who in no ordinary degree did through life his duty in that state to which God had called him, whose eye was ever carried forward into the future, living, as he appears to have done, with a constant and abiding presence of responsibility, with a sense ever of man's weakness, to be overcome and strengthened only by Divine aid; and therefore we owe to great regard for his character as presented to us in these volumes. All this, indeed, we might have almost wholly gathered from the Poems themselves; the Memoir, apart from the individual portraiture, is chiefly valuable as throwing light on his mode of composition, and the reasons of the particular forms in which his works are cast, accounting also for the absence of any lengthened and more elaborate poems, as also for the frequent recurrence of similar ideas and passages throughout.

The outlines of Mr. Moir's life may be comprised in the compass of a few words; he was born at Musselburgh, and there his whole life was passed, being educated to the medical profession, in the constant and laborious practice of which his time was continually occupied. The wishes expressed by many of his friends that he should remove to Edinburgh had with him no influence; he was useful to many, and valued where he was: and the prospect of additional reputation was not incitement enough to induce him to leave them. Prosecuting with an untiring energy his medical avocations, the main part of his day he necessarily passed in active exercise, and moving from place to place; and his undeviating rule being, 'business first, and pleasure afterwards,' it is plain how little uninterrupted time he had at his disposal for reading. Late at night, or in his carriage, or for a short time before commencing his daily rounds, he gave what time he could command to pursuits which were foreign to his profession as a physician. And even amongst the products of these leisure moments not the least considerable was itself a medical work, which greatly increased his reputation amongst his colleagues. The bar is known to be very jealous of the devotion of its members to general literature; medicine places its votaries somewhat on a similar footing: but against Mr. Moir no charge of insufficient attention to his immediate work could be brought; what he did, whether in prose or poetry, was accomplished in intervals which most men would have in great

measure devoted to mere bodily recreation or idleness. Almost all the poems contained in these volumes are contributions, during a space of upwards of thirty years, to 'Blackwood's Magazine;' most of them being short pieces, and only two or three exceeding some one or two hundred lines in length. It is but fair, therefore, to allow at once that Mr. Moir's poetry must not be weighed in the same balance with the collective works of a poet sent forth by himself in his own life-time. Contributing week after week, and month after month, to the columns of a Magazine, it is difficult, without personal experience of the same thing, to realize how great the temptation to a writer must be, (oftentimes unconsciously influencing him,) to rest contented with a trite thought, or a hackneyed illustration, or sameness of imagery. The contribution of each succeeding number is read, admired, and put aside; it passes away from the reader's memory, it fades away more or less from the writer's also; and after the lapse of some months, or a year or two at most, a poem, very similar in point of thought and expression, may be written by the poet as if it were something entirely new, and received as such by the readers. The mind seems to acquire a habit of manufacturing verses,—there grows up a kind of machinery and apparatus of thought, through which the consecutive subjects must pass; and the chances are numerous enough that one way or another the ready-made and long-accustomed thoughts and illustrations will be found to suit. And all this may be taking place with scarcely any or with no consciousness on the part of the author. It is a danger to which he is necessarily exposed from not having the body of his past writings continually before his eyes; he loses the chance of detecting many a repetition; and manifestly each successive repetition induces a monotony of thought, reducing the writer less or more to the condition of a man (and some such there are) who has finished thinking at a certain time, and for the remainder of his days draws on his already accumulated stock without ever troubling himself to add to it.

It seems difficult in any other way to account for the very frequent recurrence of certain images, illustrations, and even whole courses of thought, in the poetry of a man who, beyond doubt, is deserving of the name of a poet, and some of which we thankfully receive as a contribution worthy to be laid up with the *κτῆματα ἐς αἰὲν* of which we may already boast: some of it is, as certainly, common-place and ephemeral enough; but yet this must not be suffered to interfere with our estimation of what is really valuable. We have heard of recent critics who, so far from allowing that even Homer himself at times may slumber, seem to go far towards cutting off even those whose

utmost aspiration would be to move at a most humble distance from the mightier masters of song, from this long accustomed indulgence, and appear disposed to maintain, that if the poet's nature be in a man, every page of his writings will alike bear the impress of it, and that there is no need, therefore, to betake ourselves further than any random passage for grounds whereon to form our opinion of his merit. But, so far from thus thinking, we should be almost inclined to assert the converse—that although nine-tenths of a man's work be dross, the remaining portion, if gold, is to be esteemed for gold still; otherwise we should have to reject more than one name at least which now is held in honour. The man who, in strains of such surpassing majesty and grandeur, sang of the heights of Hohen Linden, has also left us abundance of verses which would scarcely be accepted from a school-boy; and not with him only, but, to take another instance, Cowper's 'Ode on the Royal George,' or his 'Lines to Mary,' will serve to redeem many a weary page of sounding words and feeble thought. In the present volumes, however, there is not much that deserves to be rated so very low, although perhaps we shall look in vain for any great instances of sustained power and vigour of writing; we shall find many of the merits and some of the demerits likely to occur in the poems of a man who, to use his own words, 'had resolution enough to resolve on a profession, and make poetry his crutch and not his staff.' 'I have gained,' he adds, 'many domestic blessings which more than counterbalance it, and I can yet turn to my pen in my short intervals of occasional relaxation, with as much zest as in my days of romantic adolescence.'—(p. lxxxi.)

In reference to his religious life,—living, it would seem, up to the standard set before him in his communion, he yet appears to have been free from that hard sternness which so frequently, more perhaps in former days than now, characterised the zealous adherents of Presbytery. We are informed, that when a very young man he 'joined the communion-table, and was never afterwards a season absent from it;' we also find him for several years a member of the Kirk-Session of Inverness, and more recently representing the burgh of Annan in the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland. Some points of his general belief will present themselves for notice when speaking of his poems; but these facts, taken in connexion with his ordinary work, give us the idea of an amount of activity and energy, in some measure presenting a contrast with the style and character of certain portions of his poetry.

Gentleness, the tenderness of an affectionate disposition, treasuring up the sayings and deeds of those long since taken

from us, and embalming them in an undecaying memory, is certainly the most pleasing and perhaps the most prominent characteristic of Mr. Moir's poetry. The language of real feeling is sure to be impressive; even men of the class which we have before described, the most fond of abstract inquiry and metaphysical discussions, speak, almost involuntarily, a different language when they really come to feel or endeavour to realize the condition of mind of a person in real sorrow and anguish. Apart from this, Wordsworth's proposition, that the language of poetry and prose are identical, becomes an untrue one; but with this, be it poetry or be it prose, we feel as if brought into a universal school, the lessons of which all can learn, and the language of which every one can understand. Possibly in such topics there may be room for not much of originality; but in this sense we may reverently say it, there is nothing new under the sun; and we must still have our sympathies awake for fresh examples of the truth that man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards. But in proportion as the sorrow assumes a deeper character, when the grief is that of the husband, the father, or the brother, and therefore in proportion as our own feelings are more warmly affected, in the same proportion the powers of criticism are disarmed; we shrink from minutely examining the words which flow from a broken heart, or enshrine the memory of the loved, the blank of whose absence can never be filled up; we acknowledge the presence as of some sacred power, and we would not irreverently break in upon the stillness and the mournful calm of sorrow. Were Mr. Moir's domestic pieces other than they are, so long as they retained their present pathos, we should not desire to speak harshly of them: as it is, they exhibit all the smoothness and elegance of diction which the best pieces throughout the poems possess. But without further comment, we will cite some portions of a poem entitled '*Casa Wappy*' (the self-appellative of a beloved child):—

' And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
 Our fond, dear boy,
 The realms where sorrow dare not come,
 Where life is joy?
 Pure at thy death, as at thy birth,
 Thy spirit caught no taint from earth:
 Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,
 Casa Wappy.

' Thou wert a vision of delight,
 To bless us given:
 Beauty embodied to our sight,
 A type of heaven.

So dear to us thou wert,—thou art
 Even less thine own self, than a part
 Of mine and of thy mother's heart,
 Casa Wappy.

' Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
 Earth's undefiled,
 Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
 Our dear, sweet child.
 Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
 Yet had we hoped, that Time should see
 Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
 Casa Wappy.

' Do what I may, go where I will,
 Thou meet'st my sight:
 There dost thou glide before me still,
 A thing of light.
 I feel thy breath upon my cheek,
 I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,
 Till, oh! my heart is like to break,
 Casa Wappy.

' Methinks thou smil'st before me now
 With glance of stealth,
 The hair thrown back from thy full brow
 In buoyant health:
 I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
 Thy dimpled cheek carnation'd bright,
 Thy clasping arms, so round and white,
 Casa Wappy.

* * * * *

' Even to the last, thy every word,
 To glad,—to grieve,—
 Was sweet as sweetest song of bird
 On summer's eve.
 In outward beauty undecay'd,
 Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
 And like the rainbow thou didst fade,
 Casa Wappy.

' We mourn for thee when blind black night
 The chamber fills;
 We pine for thee, when morn's first light
 Reddens the hills:
 The Sun, the Moon, the Stars, the Sea,
 All,—to the wall-flower and wild pea,—
 Are changed; we saw the world through thee,
 Casa Wappy.

' And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
 Of casual mirth, ³⁸
 It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
 An inward birth.
 We miss thy small step on the stair;
 We miss thee at thine evening prayer;
 All day we miss thee,—everywhere,—
 Casa Wappy.

* * * * *

' Farewell, then—for awhile farewell—
 Pride of my heart;
 It cannot be that long we dwell
 Thus torn apart,
 Time's shadows like the shuttle flee,
 And, dark howe'er life's night may be,
 Beyond the grave, I'll meet with thee,
 Casa Wappy.'—Vol. i. pp. 16—21.

One more quotation from the domestic pieces, and then we must hasten on to other topics. The following is an extract from lines on the death of another son:—

' Fare thee well, our last and fairest,
 Dear wee Willie, fare thee well;
 God, who lent thee, hath recall'd thee
 Back with Him and His to dwell:
 Fifteen moons their silver lustre
 Only o'er thy brow had shed,
 When thy spirit join'd the seraphs,
 And thy dust the dead.

' Like a sunbeam, through our dwelling
 Shone thy presence bright and calm:
 Thou didst add a zest to pleasure,
 To our sorrows thou wert balm;
 Brighter beam'd thine eyes than summer;
 And thy first attempts at speech
 Thrill'd our heart-strings with a rapture
 Music ne'er could reach.

' As we gazed upon thee sleeping,
 With thy fine fair locks outspread,
 Thou didst seem a little angel,
 Who to earth from Heaven had stray'd;
 And entranced, we watch'd the vision,
 Half in hope and half affright,
 Lest what we deem'd ours, and earthly,
 Should dissolve in light.

* * * * *

' Five were ye, the beauteous blossoms
 Of our hopes, our hearts, our hearth;
 Two asleep lie buried under,
 Three for us yet gladden earth.
 Thee, our hyacinth, gay Charlie,
 Willie, thee our snowdrop pure,—
 Back to us shall second spring-time
 Never more allure.

' Yet while thinking, oh! our lost ones,
 Of how dear ye were to us,
 Why should dreams of doubt and darkness
 Haunt our troubled spirits thus?
 Why across the cold dim churchyard
 Flit our visions of despair?
 Seated on the tomb Faith's Angel
 Says "Ye are not there."

* * * *

‘ We are wicked, we are weary—
 For us pray and for us plead;
 God, who ever hears the sinless,
 May through you the sinful heed.
 Pray that through the Mediator,
 All our faults may be forgiven :
 Plead that ye be sent to greet us
 At the gates of heaven.’—Vol. i. pp. 22—26.

No system of religious belief can exist without dogmas, (even though the dogmatic statement consist only in a negation of all dogmas, it remains itself a dogma still): and Presbyterianism undoubtedly has its own. How far the stanza last cited is the genuine and legitimate growth of the theology of Calvin and John Knox, it is not for us to say; but, in our eyes, it has very much the appearance of a fair plant, transplanted from its parent soil, and blooming far away in an alien country. It is indeed a very beautiful and touching avowal of the communion of saints; and the children of the Church may well hope and believe that the departed do both know of our condition here, and that their prayers are offered for us, even as here below we pray that we with them may attain to the resurrection of the just. And it is matter of thankfulness to find such a hope and belief expressed in quarters where we should little have looked for it. But, indeed, Mr. Moir has raised up a kind of system of his own respecting the condition of the departed in the faith, of which the expressions are constantly recurring. The Church teaches that the dead are sleeping; that, although conscious, and able to pray for themselves and for us, they are still in an inactive state, implied in the very words that ‘they rest from their labours,’ and that, so far, theirs is not a perfect condition, but that they are waiting for the perfecting, when their bodies shall rise and their souls be again united to them. But it is not so with Mr. Moir; so soon as the breath has departed from the earthly body, so soon do their souls receive a new embodiment, and they become the companions of the ministering angels of God. In the passage last cited the child’s spirit is said to have joined the seraphs, and the meaning is elucidated from other passages, as where, speaking of the child first taken from them, he says:—

‘ Thou leanest where the fadeless wands
 Of amaranth bend o’er,
 Thy white wings brush the golden sands
 Of Heaven’s refulgent shore.
 * * * * *

‘ There gush for aye fresh founts of joy,
 New rapture to impart;
 Oh! dare we call thee still our boy
 Who now a Seraph art?’—Vol. i. p. 30.

Again, he traces up their track—

‘To where immortal spirits reign,’

and pictures the

‘Blessed sight
Unto the angels only given,
Where thy two brothers, robed in light,
Embraced thee at the gates of Heaven.’—Vol. i. p. 35.

And again:—

‘A halo glows around thy brow,
The Seraphs are thy playmates now.’—Vol. i. p. 43.

And amidst many like passages we have a picture of Heaven:

‘Where by the murmur of silver springs
The Cherubim fold their snow-white wings;
Where those who were sever’d re-meet in joy,
Which death can never more destroy.’—Vol. i. p. 147.

In another poem he thus speaks:—

‘Though angel now, thou yet mayst deign
To bend thy radiant look on me.’—Vol. ii. p. 338.

But it is not enough thus to advance them at once to the condition which shall be theirs when the last enemy shall have been destroyed, and the kingdom delivered up to the Father; they are themselves made the ministering angels,—a view very clearly brought out in a piece entitled an ‘Address to Little Children,’ wherein, having doubtless in his mind the words of our Lord concerning the Angels of the little ones, who always ‘behold the face of His Father in Heaven,’ he thus writes:—

‘Ah, little children, if ye knew
How angel-eyes in love
Look down upon you from the blue
Of the calm skies above,
Ye would be careful what ye do,
And eager to improve.

‘A joyous host, a countless band,
In robes of snowy white,
Around the throne, with harp in hand,
Take ever fresh delight,
Young tender souls to their sweet land
To beckon and invite.

‘They sorrow o’er you suffering,
They smooth your couch of sleep,
In danger’s hour they succour bring,
O’er you a watch they keep;
In you, then, ’twere a cruel thing
To make those blest ones weep.

' Each, like yourself, a little child,
Once walk'd this earth beneath,
Saw what you see, and talk'd and smiled;
Till suddenly came death,
And churchyard turf was o'er them piled,
Cold clay, devoid of breath.

' But all the good went up to God,
To dwell with Him for aye;
Their road is now a thornless road,
And bliss is theirs alway:
To golden harps, by Him bestow'd,
They carol night and day.'—Vol. ii. pp. 55, 56.

The difficult question, how the contemplation of the transgressions of men is consistent with the blessedness of the ministering spirits, is one which we do not purpose here to solve; but in this not unattractive, though certainly vague, theology, Mr. Moir seems to have taken refuge from the repulsive coldness of all the accompaniments of the dead in Protestant churchyards. There are few things, perhaps, which, brought before the eye, cause more pain, and awaken more regret, than the sight of graves desecrated and trampled on by men and brutes; no sign to attest that the departed in Christ do sleep in peace, but numberless emblems and signs to tell of an extinguished life, of hopeless sorrow, of a night which knows no morning. Surely in this a lesson may be learnt from the cemeteries of the Roman Church; but more especially do we call to mind the touching affection and loving tenderness, both towards the dead and the living, in the ritual of the Eastern Church, where the blackness and the gloom which here surround the dead as soon as life has departed, there give way before the faith in the resurrection; and the sleeping form is carried to its rest with the song of triumph exceeding joyful in Him who is the conqueror over death and hell. Would indeed that this living present teaching could be brought to bear upon the eyes and hearts of our people; how darksome and forbidding to a thoughtful mind is the present state of things, Mr. Moir will furnish abundant evidence: one instance has been already given; visions of despair flitting across the cold dim churchyard, brought out again in the following contrast:—

' Thy voice was like a summer brook,
For ever singing on;
And everything around thee took
From happiness its tone.

* * * * *
' Thy life was bliss, and can it be
That only now remains for thee
The grave's black horror, the despair
Of silence that endureth there?'—Vol. i. p. 42.

The brightness of the noontide sun, the joyousness of spring,
only heightens the gloomy contrast as winds on

'In sad procession slow the funeral of a child.
I saw the little coffin borne unto its final rest,
The dark mould shovell'd o'er it, and replaced the daisied sod.'

Vol. i. p. 119.

And only once amid the dreary collection of images furnished by 'black rails, memorial-stones, strewed about,' (ii. 27,) vain sorrow over 'funeral urns,' (ii. 277,) 'the churchyard's yellow skull,' (323,) the 'mansion low and lone,' (53,) where 'above their bones unknowing, wild flowers and weeds are growing,' (327,) 'the angled bones, the sand-glass, and the scythe,' (i. 188,) do we meet with a passage which furnishes a pleasing contrast, and that is in telling of a foreign land, where

'Verdantly girded, sleeps a placid churchyard,
With many a cross to scare unholy shapes.'—Vol. ii. p. 174.

It would be well if the same description might be given of all the churchyards of this country.

As might reasonably be expected from a man who shows the loving and reverent feeling manifest in the extracts already given without a disposition to stunt the growth of natural feelings and desires when in accordance with the intimations of Holy Writ, there is a remarkable absence of that narrow-mindedness in religion which results in a continual proneness to sneer at methods and systems to which a man is himself a stranger,—that curious conceit which impels so many with much self-satisfaction to throw aside all consideration of many hundred years, which they are pleased to characterise as times of unmingled ignorance, darkness, and wickedness. Mr. Moir speaks with carefulness and guarded respect even on topics where we might fairly have made allowances for a very different tone,—so as to carry us back to the temper of pieces on similar subjects from the pen of Wordsworth, who stood on a vantage ground in respect of the more definite teaching to which he had access in the English Church. He can dwell with 'a solemn pleasure,' as he 'trode through the shadowy cloistral cells' of Dryburgh, on that pile, as having been—

'The abode
Of men, who could to solitude control
Their hopes,—yea! from Ambition's pathways stole,
To give their whole lives blamelessly to God,'—(Vol. i. p. 7.)

in the time when

'Night and morn,
From the near road the traveller heard arise
The hymn of gratulation and of praise; '—(Vol. i. p. 190.)

when—

‘Veil’d religion
 Bade the calm-brow’d Hermit roam,
 Seeking with the lark and pigeon
 Guilt-untroubled home.
 Truly ’twas an erring choice,
 If (as Reason says) be given
 Earth preparative for Heaven,
 And calm unclouded joys.
 Nobler far ’tis sure to brave
 Every barrier which retards us,
 Than to craven Fear a slave,
 Flee the path that Fate awards us.’—P. 78.

We cannot expect from Mr. Moir a sympathy for the Eremitic life wider than we might be disposed to accord to it ourselves; yet, while leaving without comment the matter contained in this passage, we cannot but advert to the manner in which it is worded, as involving a very dangerous principle; whatever he meant by saying, that Fate awards us our path in life, there is surely risk in allowing Reason to be the judicial tribunal in such a case. Certainly the natural man, guided only by his natural reason, would at once condemn so strange a departure from the ordinary practice of mankind; nay, from like grounds, even higher arguments might be brought against it,—that it defeats its own end, that it is unphilosophical, and the like. Milton advocated the early initiation into a knowledge of evil as a safeguard from being made a prey to the practice of it, on similar reasoning; but specious as all this may be, is it the mode of judgment employed in Holy Writ? Judging by our own reason, we should most probably have lauded Martha and chidden Mary. The pointed rebuke which was given to the former might surely show that there was some principle which, if we may so speak, guided our Lord in that declaration.

But however zealous a son of the Kirk Mr. Moir may have been, we have already shown that his own gentleness of disposition led him in some respects beyond the harsh and meagre dogmatism peculiar to that body; and being, therefore, somewhat at variance with it in his own convictions, we are not surprised to find him occasionally at variance also with himself. The whole tone of his mind appears to have been one, in great part, the growth of a teachable and loving disposition, not prone to useless arguments and disputes, or to a conscious manufacturing of one’s own belief; but, theoretically, he was a strenuous asserter of this principle, an exemplification of which occurs in the last cited passage, and was by it betrayed (wonderful were it had it been otherwise) into sundry strange inconsistencies. It is no new thing now; it has been matter of marvel often enough, that, seeing the frightful issues of this principle legitimately deve-

loped, men will yet speak of it as of a pearl of great price; and therefore we can but marvel once more at the fresh instance given us by Mr. Moir. Bearing in mind the untold horrors which continental Europe in times past witnessed from deluded fanatics, and the awful picture of frantic passions and boundless violence exhibited by the Scottish Covenanters, (be it that in its measure they had the palliation of self-defence,) every day multiplying itself with incalculable force, so as to realize in full the terrible delineation given by Bishop Butler of the passion of revenge, it is strange indeed to meet (in the preface to a 'Night Hymn of the Covenanters,' written in a rather similar manner to that of Sternhold and Hopkins,) with a defence of them, which, premising that 'the aggression emanated not from them,' and condemning their tremendous extravagances, still bids us remember 'that the rights they contended for were the most sacred and invaluable that man can possess,—the freedom of worshipping God according to the dictates of conscience. They sincerely believed that the principles which they maintained were right; and their adherence to these with unalterable constancy through good report and through bad report,—by the blood-stained hearth, on the scaffold, at the stake,—forms a noble chapter in the history of the human mind,—of man as an accountable creature.' (ii. 292.) Well might we then be proud of those so-termed martyrs, of whom the Arian in olden time gloried, and the Manichee made his boast. Most miserable delusion, the greatest perhaps of which the enemy of mankind has availed himself; nor can we wonder at the zeal wherewith the whole Eastern Church denounces the principle as itself involving all evil; for what can we say, but that in so far as they who avow it are preserved from excess, it is through God's providence in spite of that principle, and not in consequence of it? Nevertheless, Mr. Moir indites for the Covenanters the mild and peaceful declaration—

'Never to seek their homes again,
Never to give the sword its sheath,
Until our rights of Faith remain
Unfetter'd as the air we breathe.'—Vol. ii. p. 295.

He exults at the results following the persecutions of those—

'Who suffer'd tortures, bonds, and death
To free from mental thrall the land;'—Vol. ii. p. 347.

and that his lot had fallen 'on days of pleasant calm,' because

'In sacred as in civil rights we now
Are Freedom's children.'—Vol. ii. p. 40.

But, be it so, that this is a treasure of such countless value, and the possession of it so priceless a blessing, such passages read

strangely in contrast with the denunciation of 'Error's clouds, and Ignorance's night,' of 'priesthood bigotry and tyrant thrall,' beneath which 'the wavering tremble and the bold are mute,' as 'thousands fall at the proud stamp of Superstition's foot;' or the anxiety of zeal with which he pens an ode, to prevent these same sacred and inalienable privileges of religious freedom and power of choice, (for the attainment of which he shrinks not from the untold horrors of the Covenanted period,) from being bestowed on the Roman Catholics of this empire at the time of the Emancipation Bill: the attempt, itself, in one of his letters, he terms a detestable one; and in the poetical effusion we have a dreary number of arguments pressed against it,—the evils which have sprung and may again spring from superstition,—we have 'gloomy smoke clouds,' and 'faggots piled,' 'and holy martyrs smiling 'mid lambent tongues of flame,' and the tortures of the Inquisition, and the 'hooded nun' looking out from her prison-house, picturing to herself the 'trysting well,' beside which

' Her secret lover wont to wait his burning vows to tell.'

Vol. ii. pp. 4, 5.

Very sad and lamentable, no doubt; but even on his own showing, why may not unfortunate superstition have her own way as well as covenanting zeal? If a man say, I like my chains and I choose them, and prefer being bound to being free, why may not the inalienable privilege of man be extended to him also? The Church, indeed, has her own limits, and those definite and tangible enough, to guard against excesses in either direction; but on every other ground, reason, common sense, and impartial feeling, should dictate that (persuasion failing) the votary of 'dim-eyed superstition' may luxuriate in his bondage as well as the Protestant may cling to his freedom.

It may be almost superfluous to point out other errors,—defective notions, for example, of the natural condition of man, not as first created, but as after the fall, shown by his address, already cited, to his child, as being

' Pure at its death as at its birth,'

and occurring in other places also, partly because it is, from the nature of the case, impossible that a man can raise up for himself a thoroughly consistent and well-compacted belief—there must be flaws in it and gaps innumerable—and partly because we shall have occasion to revert to them for a moment when speaking of the poems of Mr. Reade.

We have dwelt long on these several points relating to the author's religious convictions, because, after all, apart from the medium, beautiful or otherwise, which conveys it, the teach-

ing which pervades and the lessons likely to be instilled by it, are the matters of by far the most consequence. A bad principle or an erroneous opinion, prettily given in verse, will, beyond doubt, bear with it more force than the same expressed in ordinary prose; and increase of power in the writing of course adds in proportion to its capabilities for leaving permanent impressions on the mind.

But we gladly turn to other portions of these volumes, where we shall discover the picture of a thoughtful and tender disposition developing itself, although in somewhat of sameness and want of power, yet in a pleasing readiness to avail itself of the teaching which is conveyed by the things that are seen and done around us. From the fact that these are mostly contributions to periodical literature, there are but few pieces amongst them which, from length or form, would challenge an especial observation apart from others; but they may be taken as falling mainly under certain heads, which both serve to show his poetical powers in the best light and bring the man himself before us in a pleasing aspect. His mind appears to have been essentially a retrospective one. The past must, more or less, obtrude itself from time to time on the memories of all; but with many, whether from outward circumstances or from buoyant health, the thought of it comes and passes away again, leaving them, as they were, fully taken up with and content in the present. This class of men furnishes perhaps the fewest poets, and may lay claim, if not to the highest happiness of which the mind is capable, yet perhaps to the smoothest tenor and most equable enjoyment of life. With others, the future displaces both the present and the past; the anticipation of joy or sorrow to come, the likelihood of failure or success, leave the mind in too disturbed a state to appreciate the teaching, whether of nature or of the events of human life. But Mr. Moir seems ever to have been looking back; the present chiefly reminds him that life is different from what it was at starting; the future (as it must needs do with a religious mind) carries his thoughts to the end of this life and the things which follow after it. Undoubtedly the past is the region of poetry; and the man that dwells in the past is, *à priori*, more likely to prove a poet; but something more is needed than the bare consciousness that years pass and life changes as one generation comes up after another. The impressions gained from a contemplation of the past must be varied; we do not like to be ever deriving the same lesson from any object which is capable of giving more. This something Mr. Moir seems to want: we accompany him to the haunts of his youth, to deserted churchyards, to the homes of poets, to

crumbling abbeys and shattered castles, to spots wherein only their own silent beauty speaks to us, and to others where we still seem to hear the echoes of mighty deeds which have been acted in them: but wheresoever it be, Mr. Moir touches the same string, and one mournful yet pleasing strain is the result; a pensive dwelling upon past enjoyment, saddened by the thought that they are dead or absent who were the sharers of it,—the changes and chances of this earthly life,—the transitoriness of riches and power and reputation itself,—changes in individuals, changes in nations, the failure of cherished hopes, the realization of anxious fears,—this is the circle in which we have to move. That all the change and the uncertainty of this world, that the pains and sorrows of human life are no one whit overdrawn, we readily acknowledge, but yet there are other things which in their due place and season have a right to be brought forward and dwelt on; and the smoothest diction, the most studied carefulness of composition, the greatest tenderness of thought, will not ward off altogether the feeling of wearisome monotony to which the constant recurrence of the same topics renders us liable. So much does this element of sadness pervade Mr. Moir's poetry, that we should have been led to imagine that pensiveness must have been one of his especial characteristics in daily life, but the memoir furnishes sufficient evidence to the contrary. It must be stated, at the same time, that the method of selection is, in a great measure, answerable for this result; in himself, Mr. Moir seems to have possessed an abundance of mirthful and comic humour, and to have manifested his powers in this way not in prose only, in a most popular and admired work, but very frequently in poetry also; but none of such pieces have been inserted in this collection, and there are not above two or three pieces which bear any signs of a laughter-loving disposition.

The recollections of childhood are especially dear to Mr. Moir; he cherishes, fresh and unimpaired, the memory of youthful rambles and excursions, with each feature of the spots to which they wandered, and the early lessons impressed upon his mind. Healthy and active in body, he was foremost in all active games; of his more quiet recreations, angling was the most prized,—that sport which seems not to shock the humanity of the tenderest minded of mankind. We are not saying that it should do so, but only in order to contrast with it the impression made on him by the kindred sport of shooting. The latter, as that of hunting also, may indeed be far from amenable to the charge of cruelty; at least, we should not wish to press it: the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field are placed at man's disposal; and if any consider the destruction of them a

pleasant pastime, there is, perhaps, no reason why they should be kept away from an occupation which, in the case of domestic animals, falls to the lot of the cook or the butcher; but we do think that the pursuit of them is very inconsistent with that gentle tenderness for all things which cannot fail of being its own reward, which loves to see the lark poised on its exulting wing, and can listen to its ascending song, without the wish to see it lying bleeding and mangled at his feet. The sensibility of Cowper in this respect may be set aside as a morbid one, but we own to a feeling of satisfaction on finding that such were the thoughts, impressed by a precisely similar occasion, on a man strong in body as in mind, delighting in all active and manly pastimes, without anything which the world might be tempted to laugh down as mawkish squeamishness. The poem which narrates this contains also some pictures beautifully drawn, and will justify our extracting a portion of it. The writer speaks of times when he was

‘A little boy, and earth the realm of fairy-land.’

He sets off on a shooting excursion with a fowler, who was a visitor at his home, and whose joy he describes:—

‘The passion which lit up his brow, to con
The feats of sleight and cunning skill, by which
Their haunts were neared, or on the heathy hills,
Or mid the undergrove, on snowy moor,
Or by the misty lake, what time the dawn
Reddens the east, or from on high the moon
In the smooth water sees her pictured orb,
The white cloud slumbering in the windless sky,
And midnight mantling all the silent hills.’

It is early morning, still and calm—

‘There was no breath abroad; each in its cave
As if enchanted slept the winds, and left
Earth in a voiceless trance; around the porch
All stirlessly the darksome ivy clung;
All silently the leafless trees held up
Their bare boughs to the sky; the atmosphere,
Untroubled in its cold serenity,
Wept icy dews; and now the later stars,
As by some hidden necromantic charm
Dilate amid the death-like calm profound
Upon the slumber-mantled earth look down.

In the far west the Pentland’s gloomy ridge
Belted the pale blue sky, whereon a cloud
Fantastic, grey, and tinged with solemn light,
Lay, like a dreaming monster; and the moon,
Waning, above its silvery rim upheld
Her horns, as ’twere the spectre of the past.

Silently, silently, on, on we trode,
 As if a spell had frozen up our words:
 White lay the woods around us, ankle deep
 In new fallen snow, which champ'd beneath our tread;
 And by the marge of winding Eske, which show'd
 The mirror'd stars upon its map of ice,
 Downwards in haste we journey'd to the shore
 Of ocean, whose drear multitudinous voice
 Unto the listening spirit of silence sang.

'Twere sad to tell our murderous deeds that morn:
 Silent upon the chilly beach we lay
 Prone, while the drifting snow-flakes o'er us fell
 Like Nature's frozen tears for our misdeeds
 Of wanton cruelty. The eider-ducks,
 With their wild eyes and necks of changeful blue,
 We watch'd now diving down, now on the surge
 Flapping their pinions, of our ambuscade
 Unconscious, till a sudden death was found;
 While floating o'er us, in the graceful curves
 Of silent beauty, down the sea-mew fell:
 The gilimot upon the shellbank lay
 Bleeding, and oft in wonderment its mate
 Flew round with mournful cry to bid it rise,
 Then shrieking fled afar: the sand-pipers,
 A tiny flock, innumerable, as round
 And round they flew, bewail'd their broken ranks,
 And the scared heron sought his inland marsh.
 With blood-bedabbled plumes around us rose
 A slaughter'd hecatomb; and to my heart
 (My heart then open to all sympathies)
 It spoke of tyrannous cruelties, of man
 The desolator: and of some far day,
 When the accountable shall make account,
 And but the merciful shall mercy find.
 Soul-sicken'd, satiate, and dissatisfied,
 An altered being homewards I return'd,
 My thoughts revolting at the thirst for blood,
 So brutalizing, so destructive of
 The finer sensibilities which man
 In boyhood owns, and which the world destroys.
 Nature had preach'd a sermon to my heart,
 And from that moment, on that snowy morn,
 (Seeing that earth enough of suffering has
 And death) all cruelty my soul abhorr'd,—
 Yea, loathed the purpose and the power to kill.'—Vol. i. p. 72.

It is in these, the recollections, pleasant or scrowful, of his early days, that Mr. Moir's poems exhibit the freshness, purity, and simplicity of his mind. We have not, indeed, as we have before noticed, much indication of great power, but his life was thoroughly taken up with the discharge of active duties, and a happy and contented mind did not often lead him into profound and abstruse inquiries; but whenever his own personal reminiscences are told to us, there is always a most pleasing fresh-

ness of thought, with smoothness and elegance of style; and indeed we may divide all the poems into two classes,—the one containing the description of his own personal feelings and recollections, or actions or events which in some way had reference to himself; the other being (in a stricter sense of the term than the ordinary one) fancy pieces. Amongst those of the latter class are a great number apparently addressed by the poet to an imaginary person; and there seems a very great likelihood that such pieces will not only fall into a great monotony of treatment, but also will show very great unreality. It is otherwise in a set tale; there the several characters speak in their own persons, and the circumstances in which they are placed furnish the clue to the particular strain of thought; but there is no such guide for us when we meet with poems addressed to ‘Inez in absence,’ to ‘Inez in remembrance,’ or effusions ‘On the Death of Ida;’ and we are driven to suppose that they are facts belonging to his own history, and that he was of the number of those who have to look back on the memory of some absent or departed one, with whom had he

‘Never met and never parted,
He had ne’er been broken-hearted;’

but the narrative of his life precludes this supposition. Married at a comparatively early period of life, he seems to have been united to the object of his first love, from whom he was never afterwards separated; so that, in default of this hypothesis, we are led to conclude (and the sameness of style the more inclines us so to do) that the writer sat down to compose verses to some one whom he imagined himself to have loved and lost; and how can a man be well expected (unaided by the concurring circumstances of a tale which may really rouse his sympathy and enable him in a degree to realize the requisite state of feeling) to create in his own heart a blank, making life a void, and to delineate sorrows in himself which do not exist? A man, happy in his love, and happy in his home, may easily narrate the sufferings of the broken-hearted; but he can scarcely, without becoming unreal, attempt to make himself the subject of those same feelings. It is easier, perhaps, to realize an imaginary condition of sorrow than of joy; but to realize either fully, there must be personal experience, or else the writer must distinctly set before himself some other person from whom those feelings are to be described as coming. But this sameness occurs, not only in the kind of poems just mentioned, but also in most of the pieces suggested by celebrated Scottish localities. These are little more than either mere glorifications of great deeds done, or more frequently, meditations on the lapse of

time and the changes consequent, and pictures of the sorrow and misery resulting, whether on defeat or victory.

' We'll hear nae mair liltin' at the ewe milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae,
Sighin' and moaning on ilka green loaming,
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away;'

is a touching picture of what must be the sequel of every battle-field; but there is sameness, nevertheless, when we find that one field suggests almost the same train of thoughts with another; and the charge remains, whatever be the merits of the versification. This we have already mentioned as being almost always very smooth, careful, and polished; but we must be suffered to say a few words on the subject of rhyme and rhythm. The present school of poets seems to have paid especial attention to the latter; no one more so than Mr. Tennyson; and it seems to us that this elaborate and guarded carefulness that there shall never be a break in the rhythm, no one line with a different scanning or cæsura from another, is one of the means which produce the great smoothness of his poetry, while, at the same time, they take off from its power. But Mr. Tennyson, so careful in rhythm, is not always equally guarded as to his rhymes; a defect which to us seems greater than an occasional halting or ruggedness in the lines themselves. The subject is one which, so far as we can judge, does not seem to have engaged Mr. Moir's attention; but a naturally musical ear has prevented either much harshness in his pieces, or much bad rhyming. There are certainly occasional blemishes,—cæsuras in the wrong foot, adjectives occurring at the end of a line with their substantives in the following one, but more frequently in the matter of rhymes,—for we cannot consider, as such, collocations like the following; 'thwarts—departs;' 'claws—was,' and many others; such rhymes as 'childhood' with 'wildwood' are questionable;—but infelicity of rhyming cannot very well exceed that of the following stanza:—

' And art thou gone? I deem'd thee some
Immortal essence,—art thou gone?
I saw thee laid within the tomb,
And I am left to mourn alone;
Once to have loved, is to have loved
Enough; and what with thee I proved,
Again I'll seek in none;—(vol. ii. p. 236;)

which, strictly speaking, is blank verse; and this defect is a far worse one than a verse halting or broken; the unvarying sameness of cadence, in Mr. Tennyson's poetry for example, is by no means inviting; it seems an iron bondage, which in the ten

syllable line, for instance, would limit us to a succession of iambs, condemning the rhythm of such a line as

‘O’er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,’

and seeking to keep us to such a monotone as is furnished by much of Gray’s *Elegy*. Surely a cadence occasionally varied may be of great service, if not employed so often as to degenerate into a fault.

But we do not wish to be understood as speaking of Mr. Moir in a tone of depreciation: gladly, therefore, in parting with him, we turn to dwell upon his beauties only,—his love for the sights and sounds of nature, his tenderness for all living things. We catch the tone of that thought in Wordsworth’s exquisite ode,

‘Yet I know
Where’er I go,

That there hath passed away a glory from the earth,’

in the following lines on the Harebell:—

‘Though it be that now thou art
But as a memory to my heart,—
Though years have flown, and in their flight
Turn’d hope to sadness, bloom to blight,
And I am changed,—yet thou art still
The same bright blossom of the hill,
Catching within thy cup of blue
The summer light and evening dew:
Yea, though the wizard Time hath wrought
Strange alteration in my lot,
Though what unto my youthful sight
Appear’d most beautiful and bright,
(The morning star, the silver dew,
Heaven’s circling arch of cloudless blue,
And setting suns above the head
Of ragged mountains blazing red,)
Have of their glory lost a part,
As worldly thoughts o’erran the heart,
Still, what of yore thou were to me,
Blithe boyhood seeks and finds in thee;—
As on the sward reclined he lies,
Shading the sunshine from his eyes,
He sees the lark with twinkling wings
For ever soaring as she sings,
And listens to the tiny rill
Amid its hazels murmuring still,
The while thou bloomest by his knee.’—Vol. i. p. 150.

His favourite subject of change and decay is pleasingly brought before us in the following lines to the *Sycamine*:—

‘The frail yellow leaves, they are falling
As the wild winds sweep the grove:
Plashy and dank is the sward beneath,
And the sky it is grey above;

Foaming adown the dark rocks,
 Dirge-like the waterfall
 Mourns as if mourning for something gone
 For ever beyond its call.

* * *

Sing, Redbreast, from the russet spray ;
 Thy song with the season blends,
 For the bees have left us with the blooms,
 And the swallows were summer friends.

* * *

Oh the shouts and the laughter of yore,
 How the tones wind round the heart !
 Oh the faces blent with youth's blue skies !
 And could ye so depart ?

The crow screams back to the wood,
 And the seamew to the sea :
 And earth seems to the foot of man
 No resting place to be.'—Vol. ii. p. 290.

The following is a beautiful picture of peacefulness and repose:—

‘ O'er the Esk

. the hawthorn hung
 Its garland of green berries, and the bramble
 Trail'd mid the camomile its ripening fruit ;
 With many a gush of music, from each brake
 Sang forth the choral linnets ; and the lark,
 Ascending from the clover field, by fits
 Soar'd as it sang, and dwindled from the sight.
 The cushat stood amidst the topmost boughs
 Of the tall trees, his white-ring'd neck aslant,
 Down through the leaves to see his brooding mate.
 Mid the tall meadow grass the ox reclined,
 Or bent his knee, or from beneath the shade
 Of the broad beech with ruminant mouth gazed forth.
 Rustling with wealth, a tissue of fair fields
 Outstretch'd to left and right in luxury ;
 And the far forests on the upland slopes
 Contrasted darkly with the golden grain.'—Vol. ii. p. 353.

But, perhaps, the passages of greatest beauty are the descriptions of the several times of morning, evening, and night ;—the following is a perfect picture:—

‘ 'Twas the flush of dawn, on the dewy lawn
 Shone out the purpling day ;
 The lark on high sang down from the sky,—
 The thrush from the chestnut spray :
 On the lakelet blue, the watercoot
 Oared forth with her sable young ;
 While at its edge, from reed and sedge
 The fisher hern upsprung ;
 In peaceful pride, by Esk's green side,
 The shy deer stray'd through Rosslin glen ;
 And the hill fox to the Roman camp
 Stole up from Hawthornden.'—Vol. ii. p. 155.

Another, equally graphic, is where, from the Slopes of Inveresk, he

‘gazed down
Upon the frith of Forth, whose waveless tide
Glow’d like a plain of fire. In majesty
O’er-canopied with many-vestured clouds,
The mighty sun, low in the furthest West,
With orb dilated, o’er the Grampian chain
Mountain up-piled on mountain, huge and blue,
Was shedding his last rays adown the shores
Of Fife, with all its towns and woods and fields,
And bathing Ben Ean and Benledi’s peaks
In hues of amethyst. Ray after ray,
From the twin Lomond’s conic heights declined
And died away the glory; and at length,
As sank the last low horizontal beams,
And twilight drew her azure curtain round,
From out the South twinkled the evening star.’—Vol. ii. p. 360.

We could easily and gladly give many other descriptions of equal merit, scattered through these poems, but that our space warns us to hurry on. Passages of greater force and power we do not think they contain, but we linger with pleasure in the company of a poet who so walks and converses with nature, not only noting all her changes and characteristics, but who draws lessons so healthful and so true from her teaching, who discerns that

‘Meanings profounder, loftier lie
In all we see, in all we hear,
Than merely strike the common eye,
Than merely meet the careless ear.
And meekly man must bend his knee
On Nature’s temple floor, if he
Would master her philosophy.’—Vol. i. p. 141.

It is no disparagement that a mightier poet has set forth the same truth before. Ages and men have alike their office to perform; and a careful examination and minute and loving portraiture of the things that are seen and heard around us is perhaps the chief characteristic of our more recent poetry; and in so far, therefore, it is accomplishing a good work.

Thus then we take leave of a man, in the perusal of whose poems we have spent many a pleasant hour; feeling thankful that an example of so much gentleness, humility, and reverence, has been furnished to us by a religious system from which such growths are unfortunately but too rare; and in taking leave of him, we cannot help citing his own opinion on the subject of which the opening remarks of this article have treated. ‘Depend upon it,’ is an expression in one of his letters, ‘whenever a writer is obscure, he is weak; and when you do come to a hidden meaning, it is not worth knowing.’ Were this maxim

to be applied at once in its full force to Mr. Reade's poetry, the sentence passed on it must needs be a hard one; but obscurity and mystery are ugly sounding words, and, therefore, before charging a writer with them, it is fitting to know precisely what meaning we attach to them. Obscurity, after all, as we before noticed, is but a relative term; and it is impossible that every subject can be treated of with the same clearness and easiness. Some questions are in their own nature more abstruse than others; and no charge of obscurity in such subjects can be entertained when coming from persons who never think at all.

Such was the defence against this same charge of the greatest perhaps of our moral philosophers, when desirous of explaining whom he considered fit judges whether his arguments 'might have been put in a plainer manner;' 'which yet,' he adds, 'I am very far from asserting that they could not.' And, therefore, it might be urged, in defence of Mr. Reade, that he has to treat of subjects in themselves involving great difficulty and wrapped in great obscurity. But this allegation must be itself discussed in its own place; we must examine whether the subjects treated of are really so very dark and dimly known as they are in these volumes represented to be; meanwhile we revert to the judgment of the same writer on morals, from whom we have quoted, that, 'it is very unallowable for a work of imagination or entertainment not to be of easy comprehension.' The entertainment, perhaps, which the present writer would set before his readers, may be of a more recondite character; and therefore we would desire to 'the very utmost to allow for the obscurity attendant on the medium of language which conveys it.

We have already mentioned the very strong contrast apparent between Mr. Reade and Mr. Moir, and taken them as examples of two entirely different types of intellectual development, of minds which are perpetually apt to look at the same object in very different aspects. It is not unreasonable therefore to look for a corresponding difference between them in point of style and language; and, also, before pressing any charge of unintelligible or harsh or obscure wording, we desire to bear in mind the caution of perhaps the greatest and best critic in matters of poetry, (however his own practice may have differed from his rules,)—we mean Wordsworth,—'that the critic ought 'never to forget that he himself is exposed to the same errors 'as the poet, and perhaps in a much greater degree; for there 'can be no presumption in saying of most readers, that it is not 'probable they will be so well acquainted with the various 'stages of meaning through which words have passed, or with 'the fickleness or stability of the relations of particular ideas to

'each other.' But it has been already allowed that men of this abstract and argumentative stamp of mind may very possibly use expressions which seem strange and obscure to others, attaching to them a real meaning, and that this meaning may be a fixed one in their own minds; and therefore it would be necessary to look with all deference on apparently misty passages, and to ponder well whether the defect be in the writer, or rise from one's own want of acquaintance with the particular idea. In other words, poetry in which this kind of thought abounds, entails on the unlearned in this branch the acquisition of a separate science, in default of a lexicon which may at once settle the meaning of words as employed by such writers. Yet after all we must be permitted to ask one question:—How far is it right to introduce so much obscurity, so much of difficult and abstruse thought into poetry? nay rather, how far is it consistent with the existence of poetry itself? The poet seeks to have weight with other men, to influence them, to move them; and so far as he is one, he succeeds in so doing, because, in Wordsworth's admirable description, 'he is a man speaking to men,—a man, it is true, endowed with a more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him,—delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings on of the universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them.' And just for this very reason he must speak as other men speak; he must give utterance to his thoughts in a language intelligible, not only to himself and to men of a precisely similar mind with himself, because, to cite the same great judge, 'Poets do not write for poets alone, but for men; unless therefore we are advocates for that admiration which subsists upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the poet must descend from this supposed height; and, in order to excite rational sympathy, must express himself as other men express themselves.' But it is time that we should show what we mean with respect to the present poems.

There is a phraseology, of which we are not aware that many specimens exist of more than recent date, at all events among English writers; the metaphysical Germans appear to have been mainly instrumental in rearing the fabric, so far as hardness of style and diction and continual abstractions are concerned; its introduction into English literature may, in a very great degree, be laid at the doors of Mr. Carlyle. We own to

no great liking for the continual personification of abstract qualities, or pleasure in receiving such information as that Abject Fear, looking out of the window, beholds Consternation prostrate upon the pavement. We cannot admire the exceeding harshness, stiffness, and frigidity of style resulting from it; when driven to the perusal of it, we are, as it were, walking in a strange land,—the plants and trees are of uncouth and fantastic growth, the very skies assume a different hue, the clouds a different form, and the human habitants therein live in a world of thought of which we can scarcely consider ourselves the denizens. This phrasology, whether adopted from others, or the growth of his own mind, is the staple of Mr. Reade's diction. It occurs in such profusion, that it is impossible to do more than to give a few almost random instances,—compound words, such as 'thought-utterances,' (i. 15,) 'ray-emanations,' 'knowledge-thankfulness,' (ii. 294,) 'winds cloud-folded,' 'cloud-congregations,' (ii. 336,) 'sense-penance,' (i. 207,) 'heart-emanations,' (i. 58,) 'heart-flowers,' 'man-image,' (i. 212,) and divers others. It is difficult to see why Greek and German idioms should be foisted on the unwilling English language. It so happens that the Greek use of the article and substantive, embracing a number of words between them, is also the German usage; yet it would not be pleasant to come across such an expression in our own tongue as, for example, 'the by the Persians against the Greeks boldly carried on war;' yet in itself the latter seems little more ridiculous than these newly-coined compound words. Of what has, before now, received the name of Adverbial Philosophy there also is abundance; plenty of 'the beautiful,' 'the bodiless all,' 'the indwelling,' 'the inane,' 'the known,' 'the unknown,' 'the understood,' 'the uncompromising real,' 'the ineffable,' 'the unchangeable,' 'the mutable,' 'the one,' 'the now and then.' Some of these, as 'the mutable,' are presented in every possible shape,—

'Forms whose name is mutability.'—i. 117.

Memnon

'Stands above the uproar,
Calm, lofty, massive, and immutable.'—i. 235.

Prometheus on the rock is

'Stern, rigid, motionless, immutable.'—i. 277.

Yet again the change is rung on the same sounds,—

'We live
Among things mutable: what else our lives?
But mutability is the robe of life
That vestures the immutable.'—ii. 353.

But it would be superfluous to multiply examples, such as

‘The throbbing pulse of mutability,’ &c.

Another very favourite word is ‘humanity,’ or more frequently in the plural number; as, for instance, Memnon says,—

‘Fallen as we are, we have not
Forgotten our humanities;’—(i. 226;)

which most unwillingly forces on our memory the course of studies pursued by Dugald Dalgetty at the Marischal College of Aberdeen. We are told to

‘Live among humanities.’—i. 304.

‘Humanities bind man to the universal soul of human kind.’—ii. 386.

Again;

‘Our confessional another lacks
Ere we compare humanities.’—ii. 334.

The ambition of Prometheus

‘Could not descend into the pale of our humanities,’ &c. &c.—i. 277.

A volcano is said to

‘Tongue red fires.’—ii. 96.

Seas are ‘entempested;’ pride ‘in safe distance spheres its impotence;’ the soul is spoken of as ‘spread o’er the metropolitan world,’ (ii. 314;) we are said to be ‘slaves to motiving necessity,’ (ii. 323;) praise and blame, virtue and vice, are ‘sounds of signs made powers,’ (ii. 324.) Men gazing on a sunset, ‘felt its beauty entering their visual being,’ (ii. 370.) But it is needless to multiply examples further, of words strangely compounded, or employed in unusual meanings. Most probably, in the issue, the English language will vindicate itself from such alien usages and combinations, and this array of newly-born phrases sink into the ‘measureless inane;’ a far greater blot is the incorrectness of style which accompanies them. The rules of grammar are sufficiently stringent in prose; we have not learnt that they may be dispensed with in poetry, and that the latter will admit an endless assemblage of ellipses, will suffer verbs, relatives, participles, conjunctions, to be left out at the will of the writer; yet there is scarcely a page of these volumes that does not furnish several instances of one or more of these omissions and solecisms. Participles are omitted in absolute constructions:—

‘I have mused among grey wrecks of men,
Unknown the hands that rear’d.’—ii. 281.

‘Feeding on the outward forms
Of beautiful things, their inner meaning veil’d.’—ii. 287.

'Spiritual vision faded, I have felt,
Facile ascent by winged impulse won
Immortal natures only may attain.'—ii. 303.

This last passage furnishes an example of one of the most abundant classes of omissions, that of the relative: Mr. Reade seems to have a singular dislike to that part of speech; ordinary usage permits us, both in prose and poetry, to dispense with it under certain limitations, but many a passage is here rendered most harsh and obscure by the omission. We will cite but a few instances, but they are curious enough:—

'It is the moral beauty my soul knows
She hath won invests her;'—i. 243;

in which are omitted two relatives and a conjunction.

'I essay'd my will,
Poised motives, the suspended balance held.'—ii. 323.

'The indulgence were withheld, I claim from you
But that,' &c.—ii. 364.

'Assume the resignation we aspire
From knowledge of our life inscrutable.'—ii. 369.

The article is omitted with disagreeable frequency, of which one instance may suffice,—

'Fear watch'd to see dispersed
Tempest whose breath withheld,' &c.

With one or two examples of miscellaneous omissions we will end:—

'If to know Him the happiness ye ask'd,
Wherefore from Eden brutelike were ye driven?
Why thou the hopeless thing I found thee here?'—i. 19.

'We prove life's truths too late, the change in us,
Till become opposites of what we were.'—i. 313.

'Who hath not felt and own'd
Our union with nature as with man?
She ever the oracular shrine of truth,
Inspiring her believers, glow of love
To revelations of the beautiful,
Feeling our kin affinities; to men
Peace, and a harmony with the moral world,
Blended by unremember'd notes, yet woven
Within our being, sacrifice of self,
That brought its own reward and happiness,
Reflecting others' joy.'—ii. 354.

Perhaps this whole passage has its meaning; and possibly, were the various omissions in it supplied, we might be able to apprehend that meaning; as it is, we cannot pretend to have mastered it; we grope our way dimly, catching something which yet again seems to elude our grasp. We almost shrink

from the astonishing number of harsh passages, and passages ambiguous and obscure, and some, we confess, to us utterly unintelligible. Once more we must repeat what has been already cited, that poets do not write for poets alone, but for men; and we only desire to claim our fair share of consideration, when we assert that we have given every one of these passages a diligent and earnest attention; we have taken some of them one way and then another, oftentimes altogether in vain; in many of them, whether from the frequent ellipses or from the abstruseness of the ideas, the constant abstract images, or from strange combinations of words, it might be difficult to tell,—but the very words, as they stand forth in type, assume the character of dissolving views, and seem to bear a different meaning every time that the eye rests upon them. We must cite a few instances, at the risk of being wearisome. What are we to make of the harmony and perspicuity of the following?

‘Patroclus risen sunlike, blazing in Pilides’ arms array’d,
The rally, rout, the lightning hero by the Lycian monarch stay’d,
The sire God veil’d his prescient vision,’ &c.—i. 89.

Language could scarcely be harsher than—

‘So time rolls on; states, faiths trace paths renew’d;’—(ii. 58.)

or than—

‘The human flowers,—
For what love, hope, faith, but flowers we cherish?
Blighted,’ &c.—(ii. 299.)

or more obscure than the following:—

‘*Cain*. What were these broken masses rounded like
The trunks of trees, of dazzling whiteness, traced
With unknown imagings?

Lucifer. The pillars of the dwellings of earth’s kings,
Built to impress substantial memories
On breath of men; to stamp on mutable clay
A power and feeling of the immutable;
Man’s pride reveal’d, wrestling with destiny
All vainly; but in softer hearts a yearning
Toward those left; a sigh to leave behind
But human memories; thou seest the crowns
They wore, when man bow’d down and worshipped them.’—i. 51.

Whatever be the meaning of the whole, it is not easy to see how a memory can be impressed on the breath. Or again (speaking of Prometheus):—

‘What his reward for all he taught and suffer’d?
The worn-out hope, the fear, the doubt, despair
Returning on him still, rocklike repelled
By that impenetrable spirit. These
The harvests, whose vain sweat were drops of blood;

This the base height attained to open on
 Waste desolation, the Tantalean thirst
 Unslaked that lives beyond the grave,
 The fabled vultures that do prey upon
 Engenderings of the heart which they have baffled.'—i. 277.

We confess the passage baffles us. With equal obscurity does the writer speak of the extinction of the Greek mythology:—

' They live no more, those idols of the heart,
 Those earliest abstractions of our thought,
 Pure offspring of the soul's immortal part,
 That animated life material wrought
 From its own quickening essence over-fraught
 Into the beautiful with which it strove;
 The emanation from founts unforget,
 Creation of the soul's o'erflowing love,
 That bodied earthly Gods from archetypes above.'—ii. 81.

Again, we are told, on the same subject, that

' Sun-haired Apollo sinks from his red car;
 Progressive faculty the God had found,
 Whose shadow was his glory.'

But there are many others, where we fail of discerning even the partial meaning which we perceive in those already given. The poet is speaking of the arch of Titus, and asks,—

' Deem ye the Hebrew slave who graved his tale
 Of slavery there, felt not his creed should still prevail;
 That the mock'd symbols of a faith accursed
 Should crown yon altar places desolate,
 The fondest, latest by religion nursed:
 When Truth should point her path to heaven, and Fate
 Become a word to raise the smile sedate;
 When the gods multiform should bow to one?
 Lo! there the victors on the vanquish'd wait;
 The secrets of their creed revealed in stone,
 Once heathens' scorn and gibe while lightly passing on.'—ii. 57.

And yet more—:

' Oh, little do the cold world apprehend
 The anticipating fear, hope, conscious doubt
 Of youthful aspiration! restless yearning
 For fame, whose aching thirst is happiness:
 The entrance in her temple, awe-impress'd
 By the sedate and solemn potencies
 Enthroned there; brows the records high
 And august thought that made of human names
 Virtues, the consciousness of distance felt.'—291.

And in similar way:—

' Yet I fed meditation, watching sin:
 I gazed upon the face, until the eye,
 Projecting light, the tongue that falsehood phrased,

And liveried subtleties came forth unheard;
Then while with vision open'd I look'd in
The speaker's visible soul,—then while I loathed
The human tree whereon I grew.'—ii. 297;

And likewise:—

'It was upon a winter's stormy night
Her missive came to see myself and daughter; '—(ii. 362,)

(which, from the sequel, is shown to mean, 'Her missive came, saying, that she wished to see myself and my daughter.')

We could fill many a page with examples of a like kind, but the foregoing may suffice to show how obscure the writing of this author can be. Obscurity is almost sure to involve harshness; and whenever Mr. Reade speaks after the manner of Mr. Carlyle, he is always harsh and cramped in his diction, as well as very frequently uncouth and inelegant in his versification. There are frequent instances of infelicitous rhymes, as in a Spenserian stanza, 'forth,' 'wrath,' 'worth,' and 'path,' are supposed to rhyme with each other. But Mr. Reade has also many peculiarities of prosody; words occur scanned differently in different places. Sometimes he gives 'vibrätëst,' sometimes 'vibrätëst;' sometimes 'cöntēplätīng,' at others, 'cöntēplätīng;' 'hour,' 'flower,' 'heaven,' and other words, almost invariably counted for monosyllables, are scanned as two; 'frailty' almost always occurs as a trisyllabic word; and more strangely still, we meet with 'inspiring' and 'enkindling' as words of four syllables, as in—

'A spirit here, its ruin shall outlast,
Inspiring the air; the skeleton,' &c.—ii. 53.

As also there are several strange expressions, as—

'Earthly passion that its throne hath chose.'—ii. 75.

'Laid, is put for 'lay':—

'We had rounded the ribb'd hill,
Where opening from beneath a valley laid,
Embosom'd among mountains.'—(ii. 335.)

or for 'lain,' as—

'Thou hast pass'd,—
Lo, how thy shadow on the ground hath laid!'

And there are several such as the following:—

'So did he feel how vain
To realize his boyhood's hope again,
Till refuging from self-made tyranny,'—ii. 109.

'Forsook' is given for 'forsaken;' again there is—

'Died for such as me.'—ii. 339.

It is from no feeling of pleasure that we have dwelt on this whole subject; but we wished at once to show, and, having shown, to put aside the mention of the ruggedness, harshness, obscurity, and sometimes utter darkness, of much of Mr. Reade's poetry; we wished to notice (without digressing to blemishes of form or language) those passages which show forth real power and beauty; and, most of all, we wish to approach, without hindrance, the most important topic of all,—the examination of Mr. Reade's moral and religious philosophy.

We have said already that there appear to be points of resemblance between the moral dispositions of Mr. Reade and Mr. Moir. The eyes of both are open to take in all that is spread out before them in the works of God's hands, their ears to listen to the—

' Inward melody
Caught from earth, and sea, and sky.'—i. 388.

There is in both the same keen appreciation of all that is beautiful or touching in nature, however different, for the most part, may be the trains of thought into which they severally are led; and with this there is the same gentleness of character and tenderness for all living things. It is scarcely necessary to prove this by instances; but the coincidence occasionally is very noticeable, as where, looking on a bird's-nest—

' Girt as with a mossy vest,'
the former feels—

' That the weakest thing that lives
Claims the freedom nature gives;
That doth ask protection less,
From its own defencelessness,
Or the beauty still appealing
To our nature's answering feeling,
Than the law which doth belong
To the weak against the strong.'—ii. 383.

Again, we note the same loving minuteness in the portraiture of—

' The ever loved, the ever joyous flowers,
Whose blossomings are laughter; there the rose
Languidly her dew-dropping cheek declined,
Her name a blessing sanctified by love
And child-remembrances. The marigold
Open'd her gorgeous beauty to the sun,
O'er-veiling when he sets, to be look'd on
By no inferior eye. There radiate shone
Through cloudiest green the starlike jessamine;
Irises drooping in the luxury
Of a fine sorrow, their blue orbs half closed:
The azalea lean'd against the soft grey wall,
There paled the delicate anemone,
Turning away her sweet head from the wind.'—ii. 276.

But if he is minute in describing their form, he is no less careful to imbibe their teaching:—

‘ I have felt
In all their gentleness they have a voice
Deeper than that of mountains or of floods ;
Life's opening germ, youth's blossoming, decline
And fall of age their holy lips reveal ;
They teach us how to live, and how to die,
Shedding their purity on us with their breath :
There quaffs the insect from his cup, and parts
Contented : there the sacred dews of heaven
Are caught and cherished ; when their hour is done
They quietly surrender up to Nature
Their beautiful being.’—ii. 276.

It is remarkable, that on such subjects, and on all where he gives utterance to the genuine feelings of the heart, there is almost a total absence of the harsh, strained, and obscure diction, with dark and almost unintelligible thought, which elsewhere germinates in such rank fertility. In vigour of thought, indeed, and power of language, Mr. Reade far surpasses Mr. Moir; and where he deigns to descend from the lofty heights of abstract research, we have passages of mingled beauty and strength, deserving to be ranked amongst the highest efforts of the poetic mind; the most remarkable, perhaps, being in the delineation of the affections of love, or gentleness, or sorrow; and of which we shall have occasion to notice some instances of almost faultless elegance and sweetness. Both the poets, also, have the same theory regarding the permanent authority of human reason, as the fountain-head from which all belief springs, and the ultimate tribunal from whose decisions there is no appeal; but with this important practical difference,—that Mr. Moir professes a zeal for what we make bold to say was by no means the ruling guide of his own life, and the source of his own convictions; Mr. Reade unhappily begins as though the mind were a *tabula rasa*,—all things dark, all things uncertain, with reason alone to follow up each fitful and flickering gleam until, if so be, he may be fortunate enough to reach some definite and sure ground at the last. And however crude and incorrect may be Mr. Moir's opinions as to the condition of fallen man,—however he may appear to think that the soul of man after the fall could hold communion with God even as before, and that the mind, although corrupted, of itself and immediately, was able to rise to the throne of Him who is infinite in purity as in justice;—however glimpses of such notions, (abundantly contradicted, happily, by the real faith and practice of the man) may, in a few places, be discerned;—Mr. Reade does not seem to be aware that the condition of man after the

fall is totally and essentially different to what it had been before; that the image of God was then broken and defaced; that, although doubtless there remained traces of that image yet pointing to a better condition as its origin, there could henceforth be no more immediate intercourse between the mind and soul of man and his Maker, than exists between man and the brute creation; that there was (if we may reverently say it) no common ground any longer; that Infinite Purity could have no communion with what is sinful and impure; and that hence the sentence, instantaneous and unqualified, of death passed upon man,—of death, which, apart from the dissolution of the body, and previous to it, consists in the utter and total cutting off of all intercourse between the soul and God.

Hence he fails entirely of grasping the necessity of mediation to bridge over the chasm now spread between, and loses sight of the whole work so accomplished; embracing, as an inevitable consequence, the theory, that man, apart from any mediatorial work, and in his fallen nature, is still perfectible. There is but little cause for wonder, then, that the nature and capabilities of human reason should be the theme of most absorbing interest; all the present and all the future lies at stake upon it; all the difficulties, the inextricable perplexities attendant on this mysterious subject, unaided by the light from Heaven, must be faced in a vain effort to cope with and unravel them. Surely, it must leave a painful feeling, a consciousness of grievous want, a yearning for clearer knowledge, ever clamorous and all unsatisfied, in the mind of a man who, on the retrospect of his whole life, feels—

‘The mission is fulfill’d’ his ‘soul was set to do,

To read the truth, to look the heart of man and nature through;’—

(ii. 403.)

that, after all, so very little has been accomplished, that after years of intense anxiety and effort of thought, he is still doomed to tread the compass of no wider a circle than was permitted to the footsteps of Aristotle or of Plato. Nay, rather, it seems, that in proportion as men, living in a Christian age and country, refuse to avail themselves of the light which is given to clear up what else were unfathomable mysteries, so, in proportion, they must fall into uncertainties, and discover difficulties, from which the philosophers of the heathen world were comparatively free.

Much the greater portion of these volumes is taken up with five poems, which are cast in a dramatic form; and almost all the remaining portion with two poems entitled, the one ‘Revelations of Life,’ the other ‘Italy.’ The subject of the former connects it immediately with one of the dramatic pieces.

The latter is a poem in four parts, or cantos, containing the author's descriptions of places and things which he saw in that country, and his sentiments and reflections upon them, and which, if it contains some of the obscurest and harshest passages to be found in these volumes, presents also many examples of his highest excellences. It is not certainly ground trodden for the first time; there are few that have not perused the pleasant pages of Mr. Rogers; fewer still who are not acquainted with '*Childe Harold*;' with the former the present poem has no similarity, but it is upon the whole, in its plans, only an enlargement of the fourth canto of the latter. Very many of the objects are taken in precisely the same order, and frequently also suggest the same course of thought. It is far from being our wish to accuse the writer of plagiarism, or to urge against him that he should not have attempted to treat of subjects already handled by others with consummate skill and power. Clearly there is the same freedom still to all to wander through these same scenes, and to give their judgments and thoughts concerning them to the world, if they are worth the having. Italy itself can never become hackneyed, any more than any place can, which is hallowed by countless associations and memorials of ages past, and on which the hand of God has poured forth so rich a flood of beauty; and reasonably, also, we may expect that the contemplation of the same object may suggest similar expressions to different minds according as they approach each other in power and activity. We can have no reason, therefore, to murmur that another delineation has been given to us of Florence, of Rome, of Terni, of Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, of St. Peter's, the Pantheon, the Colosseum; but the comparison instantly arises in the mind, between this poem and that of the mighty bard, who has left us more to sorrow for than to admire. Any one who writes of Santa Croce, or of those who there lie buried, of Venice and all its fallen beauty, must be conscious that he is drawing this comparison upon himself, even though he display sufficient originality of mind to exempt him from any further imputation of wearing borrowed plumes. Mr. Reade's plan brings out more fully a defect discernible in a measure in '*Childe Harold*'—abruptness, namely, in passing from one object to another, more especially when these are works of art. There is the *Venus de Medici*, and the *Laöcoon*, and the *Äpollo Belvedere*, and the *Gladiator*, and all with a stanza or two apportioned to them, until we fancy ourselves reading a very musical catalogue in metre. On these several works as on others, the ideas of Mr. Reade show a marked and close agreement with those of Lord Byron; with him he almost adores the *Venus de Medici*, and bows down before the horrors of the *Laöcoon*. It

is needless here to diverge into a discussion on the scope and limit of Grecian art; it may be hoped that a sounder and more healthful judgment on these subjects is growing up in the public mind, from the admirable criticisms of Mr. Ruskin in his volumes of 'Modern Painters.' We are forced into comparisons, when we read of the Apollo Belvedere, that

'In severe supremacy alone
He stands, ere soaring to the heavenly clime;
A breathing deity in marble shown!
The vision of a god incorporate in stone.'—(ii. 71.)

with the lines on the same from 'Childe Harold'—

'When each conception was a heavenly guest,
A ray of immortality, and stood
Star-like around until they gather'd to a god;'

and even more strongly in the following—the former being Mr. Reade's, the latter Lord Byron's.

'Space whirls around him—'tis not the crowd's roar
He hears; the blood from his lax'd arteries
Sounds ebbing like the spent waves on the shore.
In the red sands beneath, he sees arise
Green fields and trees, loved forms and speaking eyes,
And kinsmen's beckoning hands: he lifts his head,
A flashing light, home's far realities
Buried in thunder-clouds sink darken'd, fled,
His quivering limbs convulse: life passes; he is dead.'—ii. 68.

'The arena swims around him: he is gone,
Ere heard the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won.
He heard it but he heeded not; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away.
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay.
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother; he their sire
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday.'

An individual thought sometimes recalls another in 'Childe Harold;': the following, certainly, not superior to the one which it resembles:—

'Earth cleft asunder in her depths is shown
Tongueing red fires: escaped their cavern'd thrall,
Whirlwinds rush howling, drown'd in the deep tone
Of the far sea, that doth the mountain call,
The thunder's rending blast doth answer back to all.'—ii. 96.

'Far along
From peak to peak the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder: not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud.'—*Childe Harold*.

And again—

'The Paradise of Italy, the bower
And throne of luxury; where the air breathed love
And passionate feeling, making life's brief hour
One long enjoyment.'—ii. 100.

'Clarens, sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep love,
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought,
Thy trees take root in love,' &c.—*Childe Harold*.

Or again, of the sea—

'Thou mirrorest the Infinite on thy breast,
In thy all fathomless depths is typed the Almighty's rest.'—ii. 116.

'Thou glorious mirror where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempest: in all time
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible.'—*Childe Harold*.

We might have been disposed to think that a poet would shrink from handling one or two subjects which have produced some matchless passages of '*Childe Harold*;' yet he does not hesitate to

'Pause, when like a steadfast exhalation,
O'er yon green bank Clitumnus rears his shrine:
Is that all delicate temple the creation
Of human hands? as clasps the elm the vine,
The sculptured leaves around those columns twine.'—ii. 35.

Surely there is not music here equal to the melody which sings of Clitumnus,—

'The sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river nymph;'

where

'On thy happy shore a temple still
Of small and delicate proportion keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee.'—*Childe Harold*.

We have not quoted the remainder of Mr. Reade's stanza; we refrain, therefore, from adding the lines of faultless beauty which close that of Lord Byron.

There are many similar instances, as in the stanzas in the *Thrasymene*, the *Falls of Terni*, the *Fountain of Egeria*; but there are likewise pictures of great beauty, which at the same time are entirely original. We are led to Venice, when

'The sun is setting: his last rays are steeping
In golden hues yon clouds that steadfast keep
Their station, on the blue horizon sleeping,
Breasting the sky yet blending with the deep;
Lo! from their braided edges glittering creep
Sharp pointed spires, in blue air faintly shown,
O'er-shadow'd as the sea mists round them sweep;
Away! those shadows are to substance grown,
For Venice there doth sit upon her ocean throne.'—ii. 22.

Again we are standing under the stupendous arch that canopies the Apostle's tomb—

'The pride, the boast of Rome,
Orb'd as the world, and floating as on air,
In dazzling light expands the mighty dome,
Mirror of heaven, but heaven when she doth wear,
All galaxied with stars her flashing hair.'—45.

Once more—

'It is the morn, the ever blessed morn,'

and we gaze where

'Silent Naples slumbers; child of mirth,
She sees nor hears the beauty o'er her shed,
Sleeping as sleeps an infant at its birth;
The elements, her handmaids, softly tread,
Attending breathlessly beside her wave-lulled bed.

'For like a blue-eyed spirit, the sky above
Bends from its arching throne the earth to greet;
The air sighs over her its breath of love,
The deep-voiced sea breathes music at her feet,
The hills the echoes of her life repeat;
The hues that tint her brow by Iris given,
Caught from yon sun that steals on her retreat,
While gentler still his orb'd wheel is driven,
Watching her sleep beneath the holy vault of heaven.'—85.

We must content ourselves with but one extract more from stanzas on the Colosseum. This appears the most powerful part of the poem, and will well bear any comparison with the beautiful description in *Childe Harold*; we do not forget at the same time the wonderful picture given of the same pile as seen by moonlight, in *Manfred*.

'Hark! midnight's slumberous air is musical
With the low carolling of birds, that seem
To hold here an enduring festival;
How do their notes and nature's flowers redeem
The place from old pollution: if the stream
And reek of blood gush'd forth from man and beast,
If Cain-like brethren gloated o'er the steam
Of immolation as a welcome feast,
Ages have cleansed the stain, the unnatural strife hath ceased.

* * * * *

'Along its broken edges on a sky
Of azure, sharply, delicately traced,
The light bird flits o'er flowers that wave from high,
Where human foot shall never more be based:
Grass mantles the arena mid defaced
And broken columns, freshly, wildly spread;
And through those hollow windows, once so graced
With glittering eyes, faint stars their twinkling shed,
As if they smiled within those sockets of the dead.

* * * * *

'Lo! there the moon sleeps, flooding that white ground,
 Paling with ghastly sheen each column's height,
 While the gigantic circle yawns around,
 Dread, silent, savage, through which, twinkling bright,
 Shine stars like eyes: and strange and solemn sight,
 The illimitable space yawns blackly o'er:
 Yet who would see that pile in beauty's light,
 Be it not silver'd thus by moonlight o'er,
 But when departing Day adds there one glory more.
 For with that ruin and the dying day,
 Are human sympathies man more can feel:
 The red light magnifies its grand decay,
 Hallowing the wounds which it would not conceal:
 Tints that are harmonies then round it steal,
 Hues which are Nature's feeling for the past:
 Doth she not ever such with time reveal,
 And on the wreck her nameless magic cast,
 Religion of the place that shall grey faiths outlast?"—69.

We hear much of grey faiths elsewhere, stated in so unqualified a manner, as almost to make us suspect that the writer has some notion of the possibility of the Christian faith following the same course. But for the present we must leave such topics.

We have already noticed resemblances between 'Italy' and 'Childe Harold;' we must speak differently of those which are to be found between the two dramas of 'The Deluge' and 'Destiny,' and the dramas of 'Heaven and Earth' and 'Cain' of Lord Byron, more especially in the former. The whole plan and argument of 'The Deluge' is so completely identical with that of 'Heaven and Earth,' the characters introduced speak throughout in so similar a strain, the very order of the scenes is so entirely the same, the very opinions bear so strong a correspondence, that it is most difficult to see what possible motive the writer could have had in composing it. We are not imputing plagiarism, or denying that there are many parts of most exceeding tenderness and pathos; but we must maintain that there is nothing here which is not contained in 'Heaven and Earth,' albeit at not so great length; and, moreover, that the impression left on the mind after perusing each is, as regards the moral statements contained in them, precisely the same. There are indeed different names assigned; in each, contradicting the account of Holy Writ, one of the sons of Noah is represented as unmarried at the time of the deluge, and moreover as unsuccessful in his love: in 'Heaven and Earth' he keeps the name of Japheth, in the 'Deluge' he receives that of Irad; in both there is a friend of this son of Noah, similarly circumstanced, called by Lord Byron Irad, but here Hammon. There are two sisters, one of whom Irad (*i. e.* Japheth) wishes to gain as his wife, who have chosen as their lovers two angels; these Mr. Reade calls Astarte and Azoara, who in every single feature of

their characters correspond precisely with Lord Byron's Anah and Aholibamah; there is scarcely a solitary touch found in the one which does not exist in the other also. In both Noah is introduced at the same moment, and gives the same warning and condemnation; in the one it is Raphael who is sent to recal the angels, in the other it is the Archangel Michael. The angels, Israphil and Oraziel, stand for Samiasa and Azaziel; and at the end are introduced some characters speaking according to their several conditions of heart exactly in the same way. Were it granted that the present poem equals its predecessor in fire of language and vigour of thought, (and we are not disposed to deny it,) yet, not being able to rate it higher, we ask again whether it was designed to teach us anything more, and we look in vain to the drama itself for an answer. There are but two points in which Mr. Reade differs from Lord Byron; making in the one case the angels depart from the earthly loves, while in 'Heaven and Earth' they bear them away; the other is an instance, where, unwilling as we are to acknowledge it, the sublime appears too nearly bordering upon its opposite. The ark has already floated, and is borne in its course towards a mountain peak, whereon are the two sisters with their angel lovers; Irad seizes the opportunity to endeavour to prevail on Astarte to enter the ark, even at that last moment, and holds a long colloquy for that purpose out of the window, until at length he wishes himself to be cast out, and Noah interposes, charging his other sons to

'Come forth,
Your fraternal strength essay,
And drag this child of sin away,
Ere he waken God to wrath.'

Lord Byron, with better taste in this respect, reconciles him to his father by the intercession of the Archangel Raphael.

The question of the meaning of the words, 'the sons of God taking to themselves wives of the daughters of men,' is touched upon in some notes accompanying the drama; according to which (although he keeps to the other account in the poem) Mr. Reade seems to incline to the idea that they were 'righteous men' of the seed of Seth, united to wicked women of the race of Cain. It is certainly a remarkable physiological fact, that the union of a good man with a bad woman should in any way produce a giant; but the whole subject is amply treated of in Dr. Maitland's Essay entitled 'Eruvin.'

The poem opens with Irad alone in the desert of Mount Hermon, where he is joined by Astarte, with whom he pleads his love in vain; his parting words are touching:—

'Fare thee well,—yet wherefore
Say I that word to thee still ever near me?
When thy light footsteps are no longer heard,
The falling leaf is as that well-known sound;
When I depart, I see thee still, thy presence
Light-like is round me; when I hear thee not,
I can create thy voice, while memory
Lives on its echoes: when I turn from thee
I leave thee not, thine image fills my being,
My body's soul that else were tenantless.'—P. 113.

Irak departs, and Azoara entering, the sisters converse as in the opening of 'Heaven and Earth.' Astarte is scrupulous; Azoara chides her—

'Live,
As Lillah lives with Hammon: toil and spin;
Tend children, flocks and herds; shut up thy soul
From all communion with the life beyond.'—P. 114.

Even as, for like reason, Aholibamah tells Anah—

'Wed thee
Unto some son of clay, and toil and spin;
There's Japheth loves thee well, hath loved thee long:
Marry and bring forth dust.'

And as Astarte, speaking of her angel lover, says—

'I feel our ties unhallow'd,
Our meetings are perturb'd, unlike the calm
That comes with Irak; consciousness withal
Of erring felt;'—(p. 115.)

so Anah, with less harshness of expression, says—

'I love our God less since his angel loved me:
This cannot be of good.'

Astarte

'Sighs, remembering her mortality—
Feeling when he must mourn the child of dust,
Turning to heaven forgetting her for ever;'—(p. 118.)

Anah, more true we think to womanly love, says—

'I pity him,
His grief will be of ages, or at least
Mine would be such for him, were I the seraph
And he the perishable.'

Azoara is more lofty—

'We are immortal and we feel it; we
May die, but cannot perish: to forget
Is impotence unknown to heavenly nature.'—P. 118.

As, similarly, Aholibamah—

'Feels' her 'immortality o'ersweep
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears.'

The angels draw nigh, and Azoara greets them—

‘ See
The watcher’s light is trembling o’er the peak
Of Hermon; and the angels even now
Unfold their heavenly wings. Lo, where a trail
Of light parts from yon orb in floating mist,
The glory left behind them in their flight.’—P. 119.

Even as they are greeted in ‘Heaven and Earth,’—

‘ Lo, they have kindled all the west,
Like a returning sunset: lo,
On Ararat’s late secret crest
A mild and many-colour’d bow,
The remnant of their flashing path,
Now shines.’

The colloquies of Irad with Hammon and Noah are of the same purport with those of Japheth with Irad and Noah; but we cannot afford to make extracts. In a like way Irad confronts the angels, and questions them of their power to save the sisters from the doom impending, and is repelled here by being told that his apprehensions are

‘ Visions of phantasy, engenderings
Of watching and of fast;’—(p. 143.)

as in ‘Heaven and Earth,’ that he is an ‘enthusiast,’ who

‘ Dreams
The worst of dreams, the phantasies engender’d
By hopeless love and heated vigils.’

The deluge approaches; Noah comes to take away his son from the company of the sinful, and a scene follows corresponding to a like part in ‘Heaven and Earth.’ Resemblances abound, but one or two must suffice:—

‘ Hence, if ye would be safe,—
Even now their caves the waters chafe,
Their chains are loosen’d; they shall forth and sweep
O’er mountain heights, till earth become the deep;
Spirits, away, your home is in the sky;
But earth must perish in her watery grave,
And these must suffer—

Israphil.—Nothing; we will soar
With them to an enduring star,
A realm of peace and love afar,
To dwell with us in bliss for evermore.

Noah.—Be yours to prove the strength within ye left,
Of your obedience, faith, and truth bereft.’—P. 150.

With these contrast the following from ‘Heaven and Earth:’—

‘ Hark! Hark! Already can we hear the voice
Of glowing Ocean’s gloomy swell;
The winds, too, plume their piercing wings,
The clouds have nearly fill’d their springs,’ &c.

‘ Yet, yet, oh fly :
 Ye cannot die,
 But they
 Shall pass away,
 While ye shall fill with shrieks the upper sky
 For perishable clay.’

‘ We will bear ye far
 To some untroubled star,
 Where thou and Anah shall partake our lot.’
 ‘ The moment cometh to approve thy strength :
 And learn at length
 How vain to war with what thy God commands.
 Thy former force was in thy faith.’

The flood is nearer still. Irad soliloquises in strains similar to those of Japheth; the sisters and the angels begin to feel the coming judgment; the Archangel summons Israphil and Oraziel away,—they refuse: the waters rise; death and ruin are gulping all on every side; the passions of men are let loose,—some frantic, some blaspheming, one acknowledging the justice of God, in terms more fully drawn out, indeed, but in meanings precisely similar to those of the closing portion of ‘ Heaven and Earth.’ The whole is very powerful and very painful; pathos can scarcely exceed that of the following, which we are compelled to extract, albeit at some length, on account of its exceeding beauty. Astarte is taking her last look at the home and haunts of her childhood:—

‘ Farewell,
 Beautiful Earth, where I no more must dwell :
 Farewell the dim and leafy places, where
 These eyes first open’d on the azure air,
 And drank in all the glories of the day,
 Stamp’d in my heart that cannot pass away,
 The voiceful love and life in it that dwells,
 The gladness of the gracious Earth which swells
 Upward, while welcoming the light it loved,
 Hues shed from God upon his work approved.
 The stars outlooking when the sun had set,
 As if they fear’d their eyes I should forget,
 Making me feel while yearning to each shrine,
 Although they spake not, that their homes were mine !
 Farewell, the holiest twilight ! beauty spread
 Over her bosom that reflection told
 Of Eden beneath that ethereal fold
 Hidden, of roses in their fragrance shed.
 Farewell, my once loved flowers ! companions given,
 Blending their life with mine, that I have felt
 Were living things, that sympathies in them dwelt
 With mine, remembrances from parted Heaven,
 For in bright sunshine I have seen them glad,
 As if my joy they had ;
 Drooping their heads, beneath the sky o’ercast,
 With a felt sorrow : they too die, like me,

But not alone; when their brief being is pass'd
 They leave behind them for their memory
 Their odorous breathings and their fading leaves,
 Frail playthings of the wind, the wind that grieves,
 Or seems to grieve above them.'—P. 158.

Who could read this without feeling its beauty? and yet to what purpose are our sympathies to be thus awakened, and our feelings pained, at the thought that so much of sweetness, and gentleness, and beauty, and goodness, was to be swallowed up in the common destruction? It would be hard to accuse Mr. Reade of a motive which we fear lurks in 'Heaven and Earth,'—a desire to paint the daughters of men in a favourable light, so as to leave the impression that the deluge was an act of injustice; yet, surely, taking the present as a fair picture of that awful time, it is difficult to avoid feeling a proneness to entertain some such opinion, however modified; but rather, may it not be said that this representation, and that in 'Heaven and Earth,' are both mistaken? 'They were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away?'

And are *we* to suppose that any still entertained feelings pure and gentle, love of God, repentance for past sinfulness; or be led to believe that there were many such, and not one or two only? He, whose mercy had spared the guilty cities of the plain had there been but ten righteous found therein, has not for nothing told us that all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. Are we to think that any stretched out their hands towards the ark as it floated forth upon the waters and cried to be taken in? Was not an utter, total, dead unconsciousness the very characteristic of that death-doomed race? The object of the scorn of a hundred years now no longer stood upon the dry land, and yet we can scarcely imagine but that it remained as a mark for the scoffer still. The sea was indeed raging, and the floods of heaven descending, but we know how the heart can lull itself to rest by thinking of coincidences; and so probably they spoke peace to themselves by saying that it was but a great rain, and the mountains would yield them succour: the ark must surely have been now a great way off, where no mortal voice could reach, before the delusion gave place to the frightful reality, and the bitterness of death fell on them.

The drama of 'Destiny' has much the same scope and plan with Lord Byron's 'Cain.' It is not, indeed, so daring on the whole; but there is not much apparent difference between the

philosophy of either; nor does it seem to throw much further light on the mysterious consequences of the fall, or put before us in new colours the condition of the mind of Cain. The death of Abel precedes the opening of the poem; Cain has set his face to go to the land of Nod; but otherwise the scenes are much in the same order as in the drama of Lord Byron, although the plan is more elaborated. There are likewise many resemblances of thought, and even of expression. Lucifer appears to Cain, and learns how far he is prepared to oppose an indomitable will to all that may fall to his lot; and bears him into the abyss of the earth, and then into the void of space, showing him the ghosts or phantoms of worlds already wrecked, of beings existing on this earth's surface before man's creation, and also the history of things to come. After which follows a scene which is almost the only portion of the drama which does not in some measure resemble 'Cain:' this is 'the Paradise of Heilel,' the abode of a being, as she is described, of all sweetness, and gentleness, and love, but in whose heart there is a void, yearning for the love of some one with whom she might share her whole thoughts. Cain is brought before her, and she instantly hails him as the realization of all her longings, and for awhile they dwell in harmony, but presently the darkness and obstinacy of Cain reveals itself, and the love of Heilel, not meeting with entire communion of thought on his part, receives a fatal wound; thus showing, it may be concluded, that even a paradise will be no paradise to him who is given over to the moody waywardness of a fretful and ungoverned mind. Cain is then borne back to earth. Ada has already died; and after he has visited her grave, he receives a mortal wound from the arrow of his son Enoch, whom he had unwittingly startled. This fact itself seems a contradiction to the implied meaning at least of Holy Writ; as also does the mention of a child of Abel. (P. 12.) But, apart from isolated facts such as these, the whole tenor of this drama, as of 'The Deluge,' seems at variance with the mind of these the earliest of the human race, and anticipates a condition of intellect and thought not realized until long afterwards. We can scarcely imagine that the condition of the world, and of man, was sifted by Cain with that subtle analysis which we find in these pages; or that the one prevailing absorbing desire was for more knowledge, intellectual, moral, physical,—a yearning to pry into things invisible as well as visible. Undoubtedly, in Cain there was no submission, no obedience; much of moodiness and jealousy, with an inflexible and indomitable obstinacy; but it seems in the strictest analogy to be probable that the characters of those early times were simple and easily analyzed, whether for good or for evil: it

seems very difficult to predicate of them those complex and intricate conditions of mind which the growth of knowledge, the multiplication of the human race, and with it of new wants, new emergencies, new appliances, were likely to create; we can scarcely suppose Cain to have said that—

‘It is
The consciousness of limited power, of want,
Which is itself an impotence; facultied
To see injustice we may not reprove,
To know oppression, yet endure, feeling
The ashes in our hearts: yet the large pride
Of knowing, consciousness of the infinite
Tendency mounting in us, stooping not
To the yoke brute-like driven, resisting nature,
Give joy that mocks the evil it bewails.’—P. 10.

Nor is it very easy to see what oppression or injustice Cain could have beheld, which yet he could not reprove, or upon whom they could have been practised. The fratricide which he had himself committed might surely have stopped his mouth, at least on such themes as these. The conversations of Cain with Lucifer are far more abstruse and learned than those in Lord Byron's drama; and *they* are sufficiently so. There is but slender probability that his temptations took so minute and subtle a form, addressed solely to the intellect, apart from all grosser passions: and many of the arguments of the Evil One seem little calculated to further his proposed ends. But, undoubtedly, there is a proneness in many writers, when wishing to describe the force of temptation on others, to put it in that form in which it would most press upon themselves; and Mr. Reade would doubtless have the keenest appreciation of the strength which the intellectual forms of it possess. It is from this cause, we conclude, that another poem, termed the ‘Drama of Life,’ which gives an example of a life of early promise overclouded, is cast in the peculiar form which it bears. With the exception of a few pages, the whole is a series of conversations between Count Malefort, the victim of ill-regulated passions and a misgoverned mind, who reasons very abstrusely, and a certain Stranger, whom, at first sight, he pronounces ‘a noticeable man, in whom thought dwells;’ and certainly the sequel fully proves it. With what precise purpose it was written we cannot say, not having been able to peruse it without a certain unpleasant confusion of mind, arising from characters contradicting each other amidst a medley of the most conflicting opinions every fifth or sixth page. The dramatic is, in some respects, a convenient form of writing. If a charge be brought against one side or the other, it is an easy thing to say, that it is no opinion of the author, but belongs solely to the fictitious

character by whom the words are supposed to be uttered. At the same time, if, in such pieces, wicked men only are introduced, it should be in such sort that the reader shall clearly see the wickedness throughout, and perceive, moreover, the writer's judgment regarding it. We can perceive no more here than that Malefort is represented as the victim of his own inveterate habits of mind, which bring misery to those whom he ought most to love, but against which he does not struggle, as being unconquerable, and vainly murmuring because he fails of reaching the heights of a long-cherished ambition, while the Stranger recommends the practice of philanthropy and the 'erasing of the taint of self-love;' but this amidst such a mass of conflicting opinions and directions, that (although we have no predilections for such subjects) we feel it our duty to give the mere statements made on both sides, to show of what ill-assorted materials an ethical poem may be composed.

'Scepticism'—so it is put in the mouth of Malefort—

'Is on our own weak natures grafted
Toward God as man;' (294)

and—

'The sense of failure
Makes the will impotent: we feed life's lamp
From habit hopelessly.'—289.

Habitual reserve and coldness wearies out the affection of his wife; she dies in broken-hearted sorrow. The memory of past life possibly at the last suggesting that he was unworthy to lie by Lillian, he adds—

'If we be separate everlastingly,
So be our dust.'—343.

The guilt of some sin is heavy upon his soul, some act of violence, if not of murder, in 'wild passion' (298) and 'with wild hand' (329) committed; yet repentance is no long task; he has made no effort to conquer long fixed habits; still he draws the chief argument for the immortality of his soul from—

'Knowledge and repentance of its guilt;' (341)

and he beholds at last the form of his wife—

'Forgiveness in her eyes,
Recorded pardon from atonement won.'—346.

But he finds comfort also elsewhere:—

'I talk to air,
Yet we feel heard, or wherefore turn to Nature?
I drew from thee peace, if not hope; none look
On thee and feel despair: a calm is stamp'd
Upon thy brow, that looks tranquillity;' (330.)

while yet he—

‘Held it was no vision that on earth
Divinity descended into man,
Sharing our frailties and sorrows, moved
By love ineffable, allying thus
Our mortal dust with immortality;
Who wrestled with our passion in himself
To judge us mercifully, proved the weakness
Of human nature in his own.’—P. 317.

He feels, moreover, that—

‘There is philosophy which rises o’er
Ambition, fortune, power, o’erwrought emotion,
The Stoic’s, turning human hearts to stone:
There is a healthier, which submits to life
And human feelings, that, with trustful love,
And hope, and faith, doth enter men’s abodes
And gathers lispings children round her knees,
And owns a sympathy with grief and joy.’—333.

But his own life has passed far otherwise:—

‘My mind
Hath strain’d to things indefinite, till faith
And feeling became chill’d in phantasies
Of earthly immortality, the breath
Of perishable man; and now this hope,
Frail as it was, hath left me.’—319.

For these undisciplined affections and vitiated condition of mind the Stranger propounds his antidotes. Against the host of human passions he opposes ‘a self-forged shield—pride;’ the desire of earthly fame he ‘spurns’ as the ‘weakest of infirmities.’—(P. 301.) Man’s praise is nothing worth, for—

‘Behold the law of nature,
Self-interest, the sole lever of the world.’—302.

Human nature can sink no lower:—

‘Dust to dust returns,
The old curse thunder’d from the knowledge tree
On those driven to it by necessity.’—322.

But, in spite of this necessity, the soul can feel remorse and suffer pain; and this constitutes purgatory, where the soul is—

‘Self-judge and self-tormentor, all its past
Mortality and sins are palpable’ (326);

for still after death exists—

‘The self-accusing soul,
Dealing on self its retribution.’—327.

Yet, elsewhere, he says of the death of Malefort’s wife, that—

‘She hath join’d the beauty around;’

and that—

‘Her spirit lives in them
The life of memory.’

Again and again the world of men is held up to bitter scorn,
for—

‘ Each man conceals behind material veils
Thoughts or intents abhorred, if reveal’d ;
In every breast dwells selfishness, rooting
All motive, blossoming in good or ill.’—333.

Remorse, therefore, is but a relative term, because

‘ Man’s estimation of deeds colours them.
Where the sun scorches, passion is a virtue,—
Where cold contracts, a vice’—(334) ;

and rightly then may he,—

‘ Scorn this imperfect thing,
This medley of contradictions, man : sensual all,
And hypocrites, save to the All-seeing one.’—343.

Yet remorse is what all ought to feel.

‘ Nor should’st thou pass
Death’s gate, till thou hast cleansed thy heart of guilt,
Of thoughts or deeds oppressing thee.’—340.

His own faith he terms a noble one,—

‘ Thou makest God a tyrant, bowing to
Thy image set up, or with doubt or fear ;
Thou tighest Him, thyself a thing of passion :
I, as the sun, His emblem set in heaven,
All light, love, glory, and beneficence.’—342.

But withal, to a previous question from Malefort,

‘ What hast thou faith in ?

he replies,—

‘ Nothing : I demanded
An infinite of time to know myself ;
A moment is accorded, I am silent.’—304.

And again, when he asks, pointing to the body of his wife,—

‘ Darest thou deny that an immortal essence
Dwelt in that mortal temple ?

his answer is,—

‘ I believe,
Hope, gainsay nothing ; if it dwelt therein,
Or whence it came, or whether fled to heaven
Or air ; it lies beyond me : I grope through
Life’s labyrinth of mysteries as then,
The veil of central Isis still unraised.’—322.

These various views (whatever else they may be) are not very consistent ; and the clearness is not heightened, when the stranger calls himself Malefort’s ‘ visible conscience,’ a phrase which by itself might have been clear, but he is also present with Malefort in his dreams, becoming here rather a quality than an embodiment of flesh and blood. This mixture of the allegorical is perplexing in the description of a character

which preserves a distinct existence even after Malefort's death. And this is the sum of the teaching derivable from the 'Dream of Life.'

The 'Revelations of Life' are a field which time forbids our traversing at length,—a poem much in the style and plan of Wordsworth's 'Excursion;' it is quite as abstruse and metaphysical (to say the least) as any of this writer's poems; containing, indeed, many happy descriptions, and some pleasing thoughts, but betraying the same defective system, gleaned altogether, as it would seem, from his own unaided reason,—unaided, because he has not chosen to avail himself of the guidance furnished in the Church of Christ, or to read the page of human life by the light of Holy Writ. But we have arrived at that portion of our task on which we most hesitate to enter,—the examination of the writer's own belief as displayed throughout these volumes. In the Dramatic poems we have no right, perhaps, to fasten one sentiment more than another on the author himself: but we approach now, although reluctantly, the unequivocal expressions of his own mind,—reluctantly, because it can be no pleasing office to convict another of defective belief and erroneous teaching, the more so, if there are qualities displayed of heart and mind which may serve in a degree to arrest the judgment. But the task forces itself upon us, and we may not shrink from it.

'From an impulsive age we graduate
To a serener being, we ascend
Pure atmosphere of thought, that shall reveal
Infinite faculty folded up in man ;'—ii. 274 ;

are thoughts on the present as contrasted with the prospective condition of mankind, on which, when occurring in the dramatic pieces, for reasons already given, we do not wish to lay much stress ; but they are here put into the mouth of the pastor, in the 'Revelations of Life,' whose teaching is to controvert the erroneous systems of the fanatic, the enthusiast, and the fatalist ; and who also further reasons that the

'Child of self-knowledge, "Humility,"
Is born to mourn the passions desecrate,
Once glorified : upon her reverent heart
Truth shall be pedestal'd, and open peace
Embrace the world, until the golden age
Be vision realized.'—ii. 274.

Were there any well-weighted distinction here or elsewhere drawn between the nature of man as fallen from his first state and as recreated by the Mediator, the words might bear a true meaning ; except that there is no sanction whatsoever for the indulgence of any expectation of golden ages coming in the

remain, the yearning to be united to Him from whom it had its being, to overpass the barriers which now are felt to intervene. Human wisdom has striven to solve the problem, and must still strive, whensoever the Divine light vouchsafed does not fall upon it;—new systems, or old ones revived, must still be resorted to when, starting from the assertion, that the ‘true creed of happiness is contained in the one book, and is evolved from the lives of the wisest, that is, the best of mankind,’ (ii. 265,) a man once accustoms himself thus to address God,—

‘ Make thou progressive man
Image of thy majestic universe,
Harmonious and august. Let him endure
Beyond the grave, not from his human worth,
Which is as nought, whose name is frailty,
But through the ineffable Atonement won,
In bodiless essence, or in spiritual form,
Even as thou wilt,—

a mode of speaking permissible, were it not declared already how the soul exists after the life on earth is ended. Once resort absolutely to visible things as a guide of faith, thankful for lessons,

‘ Learnt not from pedant schools, but thee,
Almighty nature; thou hast held to me
The mirror of myself and of the One
My nothingness revealing silently;
Thou hast the calm instill’d, the knowledge won,
That feels progressing life is in each day begun ’—(ii. 114;)

and language will immediately follow, which grates as irreverent upon the ears of those who do not dare to think so unrestrainedly,—such expressions as the following, addressed to Death:—

‘ Or art thou life, or art thou time,
Or, godlike, art thou three in one,
Thou dread of every age and clime ? ’—i. 359.

Or again, as

‘ Man crown’d by triad art.’

Or, speaking of a statue, as a

‘ Glorious and living incarnation.’—ii. 70.

This freedom from restraint in thought and language once attained, the way is easier for the raising up a system of belief, or rather a series of suppositions, to solve the dark riddle of human life. How is the soul to be assured of an existence after death, and what shall that condition be? These are the two great questions: of the former, the soul is its own evidence,—

- ' I stood the worms and dead among,
And yet I felt a living soul
Within me, scorning the control
Of Fate it must obey.'—i. 351.
- ' I feel in me the spark divine
Of life was lighted, Lord, from thine.'—i. 354.
- ' I,
- Within this body's cell immured,
Look'd out into infinity,
Till, gazing on its face, I felt
The Infinite within me dwelt.'—i. 357.

The other is answered on more equivocal authority,—

- ' Ambition beckon'd to the sky,
And told me I was great ;
That there shone immortality,
A purer, loftier state ;
That I should flee from star to star
In infinite progression, join'd
With things that everlasting are
By God enshrined,'—(i. 352.)

from star to star—

- ' Where onward they innumerable roll
Through space, the thunder music of the spheres.
Each atom portion of the living soul
Of the vast heart that vibrates through the whole'—(ii. 110) ;

being then, as now,

- ' A part of the eternal soul that glows
In all things which through life, death, motion dwells,
Whose pulse each blade of grass each world revolving tells.'—ii. 111.

Much as this would seem to deny individual responsibility, there are other passages which assert it; but on this point, as on the subject of repentance, there are strange contradictions. Sometimes he speaks of pardon obtained upon repentance, at others he avows neither repentance nor regret on the retrospect of past life. We can but give them as they occur in two poems of great beauty and tenderness, very recently written in the scene of his boyhood, where

- ' Mendip's bleak and barren heights again enclosed me round,
Like faces of forgotten friends met on forgotten ground.'

And touching indeed is the picture drawn of old recollections :—

- ' The lark sprang from the turf again, and cleaved the air along,
Intoxicate with joy, he pour'd forth madly in his song :
The clouds on the blue sky reposed, and silently reveal'd
Their waiting aspect, and the calm on each vast forehead seal'd.
- ' The thistle's beard flew past me, but, as once, I chased it not :
I stood where games were play'd whose very names I had forgot.
I saw the faces I had raised, I met each answering eye,
I heard their eager voices fill the halls of memory.

- ' I clasp'd their hands again, and join'd the exulting game, and chased
 With them the bounding football, and the covert pathway traced,
 Where, when the holidays drew nigh, I loved alone to roam,
 To picture forth my sister's clinging welcome to my home.
- ' The thistle waving by me broke that dream of shadows : I
 Alone stood on the heath before the wind and open sky :
 The past receded from me like the clouds upon the scene,
 I stood within the present, yearning back to what had been.
- ' Where are they now, those forms and faces, shadows still endear'd,
 Those ardent hearts that swell'd around, that hated,—hoped, and fear'd ?
 Or dead, or living, scatter'd o'er the earth, so changed, they
 Are creatures of another world, whose mould hath pass'd away.
- * * * * *
- ' Even now I rise and pace the desert heath with firmer tread :
 I cast depression to the winds : I raise to heaven my head.
 I feel the mission is fulfill'd my soul was set to do,
 To read the truth, to look the heart of man and nature through.
- ' A calmer feeling follows, and repose and grateful love,
 To the spirit moving in me, and around me, and above ;
 That fills my veins with gladness with the silent joy I see,
 In bearded faces of the clouds, in leaf, and flower, and tree ;
- ' That tells me I am one with the divinity reveal'd,
 The visible thought of God on nature's awful forehead seal'd,
 The veneration and the faith, the gushing love in me,
 The triad-elements, that, ray-like, fountain forth from Thee.'—ii. 403.

Beautiful words, for which we had been most thankful, if they came from one to whom a fuller and more perfect way had not been laid open. Well may the heart be sad and the mind perplexed as it looks at once upon the future and the past ; and this painful uncertainty appears in the following lines, addressed to the same scene of his boyhood :—

- ' I left thee, with the million proved the force
 Of human passion, love, faith, hate, remorse,
 All this worn bosom wasted in their course.
- ' And yet I live a monument in whom
 They buried lie : my bosom is their tomb,
 Where memory sheds a sanctifying gloom.
- ' Nor there repentance watcheth, nor regret :
 I nought would change, all I avoided, met,
 Meshes of one inextricable net.
- ' I felt the chains I struggled with, and failed :
 Evil that fell upon me was entail'd
 By fate or nature, conquer'd when assail'd.
- * * * * *
- ' Ineffable, Eternal, and unknown
 Wisdom ! the visible universe thy throne,
 Whose mystery most is in our being shown,
- ' Hear me ! here kneeling, where my boyhood grew,
 Again in me life's earliest faiths renew,
 The trust, the love, I from thy spirit drew.

' Life is oblivion, hope its sigh suppress'd:
Let the great mystery in darkness rest,
So, childlike, I be gather'd to thy breast,

' Or in Thyself, or in the universe,
Thy visible thought: and be this final verse
Record of him whose spirit Thou didst nurse.'—ii. 407.

And is it so, then, that any, whether in the springtime of life, or when earthly toil is drawing to a close, can content himself with the thought that life is a great mystery; and leave it to rest in darkness, not knowing whether his soul will preserve a distinct and conscious existence, or be absorbed into the general life that pervades the universe? Life is indeed mysterious, but the veil has in part been raised, and they who will, may walk by the light shining in the dark places. The mists still loom before that world unseen, but they are broken; and they whose feet are stayed upon the Rock, may enter into the cloud, with fear, indeed, but with hope and comfort still. Most inscrutable it is that the highest vigour of intellect and so great beauty of mind and disposition, should be permitted thus to wander 'in the wilderness out of the way:' most wonderful that oftentimes they whose powers, mental and moral, appear most calculated to do great things for the cause of God, are yet found warring against Him: it is not so, happily, in this case; but it is the spirit crying out to be led forth into the paths of truth, and yet refusing to be guided in the ways that are ordained. The desire may be for truth,—the heart may long to serve God and to attain to the knowledge of Him,—yet while wandering in a course self-chosen, we may fear that the words apply to us, 'He that gathereth not with me, scattereth.'

ART. III.—1. *The Law relating to Contocations of the Clergy, with Forms of Proceeding in the Provinces of Canterbury and York.* By ROBERT R. PEARCE, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: S. Sweet. 1848.

2. *Morning Chronicle*, from July 28 to August 25, 1852.

3. *The Guardian*, of the same period.

4. *John Bull*, of the same period.

OBSERVERS of nature are often struck with a certain graceful and easy power which some animals possess, either of reviving from a prolonged state of dormant existence, or of changing their whole scene of action, and at once assuming instinctive habits that have long been interrupted, apparently unconscious of any cessation having taken place. How different in nature is the process of first construction from that of revived energies! Long and painful days of helpless deformity, or at least a very gradual development of powers, are incident to animal life in different stages of its growth, before the living being is thoroughly itself: but once let it have matured its nature, and every act of conscious identity for the future will at once be the immediate and unlaboured result of its instinctive faculties, whatever length of time may separate one from the other. It is weeks before the youthful swallow learns the strength and knowledge to float for insect food by certain accustomed streams, and rest in certain nooks; but let it once have known its home and its living pastures, and long months of winter may altogether estrange it from our observation; yet when the time is come, we shall see it so quietly and naturally following its old avocations, that some moments will intervene before we are conscious ourselves that it is a comparative stranger. Descending even to reptiles, for a like principle, we hear of toads immured for indefinite spaces of time within a narrowness of compass that has forbidden all motion whatever, which nevertheless, when once released, are observed immediately to perform locomotion, according to the nature of its species. The seven sleepers are recorded to have passed through a centenarian slumber, without at all deadening the acuteness of their perceptions when at length aroused into life.

The moral we may learn from this analogy of nature, and from this dream of the human fancy, is surely this; that, without any general application of the rule, there may yet be cases of suspended life, or the suspension of some particular function, the subjects of which, on a fitting occasion, are seen before our eyes, all at once, in real vigour of existence. But it is not our purpose to

adduce analogies in order to prove, or even to discuss the reviving power that may exist in dormant life ; we have no occasion, in the matter now under our notice, to argue in this way, that there may be life in something now apparently dead ; but we have mentioned the quietness and ease of nature's reviving powers, only by way of illustration of what is already established as a fact in the parallel we would institute.

It seems but a short space, nay, but yesterday, since to talk of Convocation was the mark of archæological abstraction from all existing scenes, or of imprudent enthusiasm void of all practical wisdom and discretion. Convocation was seen to be dead, existing only in form, but without life ; and the form was therefore despised, as a cast-off garment which only chance had kept from being thrown altogether away. It is true that some things do linger on in a strange way, which yet are destined only to perish ; but there is a sort of presumption, that legal forms continually acted up to, and that at considerable trouble, without the smallest present advantage or apparent object, have some intrinsic meaning in them which one day will come out. And this is truly the case with Convocation. It went on, in form, through years of total obscurity to public interest, and now it is seen that the opportunity has arrived for it to awaken out of its sleep. Convocation is now a real, active power. Strange as it may seem, contrary as it may be to our wise prognostications, in direct opposition as it may be to all our notions of probability, or even possibility, we yet wake up from this oppression of the difficulties of the case, simply to behold Convocation quietly beginning to assume a natural place in our Constitution. All our fears and doubts as to its practicability were on the supposition that the whole structure had to be built up and established for the first time ; whereas the machine had not to be invented, experimented on, put together by degrees, and modestly suggested to the public, in opposition to all manner of prejudices and private interests, which assail any new device, whether a new reaping-machine or an ecclesiastical canon ; but it only required putting into motion, for the conquest of all preliminary difficulties, is a legacy which we derive from past times. In whatever way, therefore, differently-disposed people may hitherto have thought and talked of Convocation, one fact is now patent and declared to the world ; viz. that it really is a part of the external system in which we, of this land, now live. Some may have ignored its existence, in contempt or unconscionness ; others may have thought of it only as an antiquarian subject of research ; others may hear the sound of the word with a dread of being bored to death by stupid discussions ; others may have formed uncomfortable alarms as to the prospect which it afforded of giving too great power of

expression to the parochial clergy, to the disparagement of dignatorial ease; while some have had a deep-set animosity to any scheme which threatened to give life and action to the Church; which animosity has periodically been quickened into a very lively degree of hatred by the thorn in the side, which the forms of synodical action have always been, when there has been any alarm of their revival. But to all these different states of knowledge or care about the subject, we feel able now to announce that Convocation is no longer a bare and deadened stem, but that the vegetation of its spring is quietly coming out, under the warming sun of a Providence which knows our necessities before we ask, and is wont to grant unto us more than either we desire or deserve. The answer, truly, seems to have been given before the question was put. It had never been seriously canvassed, as a general subject, whether the difficulties of the Church should be met by Convocation; on the contrary, all manner of schemes have been mooted to meet particular wants, which, as far as they went, and were acquiesced in by Churchmen, were a substitute for the larger plan of Convocation. But although the consent of public opinion has not been obtained, though 'The Times' has not premonished the world of the looming of this ecclesiastical nightmare on the very open system of theology ascribed by that journal to the Protestant Establishment of this country, yet nevertheless, at her Majesty's most loving desire—if we are to credit her legal writs—and 'by reason of certain difficult and 'urgent affairs concerning Us, the security and defence of the 'Church of England, and the peace and tranquillity, public good 'and defence of our kingdom and our subjects of the same,' a very large body of Clergy are summoned to appear at a certain place, concurrently with the opening of Parliament, in order 'to treat of, agree to, and conclude upon the premises and 'other things which to them shall then be more clearly explained 'on our behalf.' This Body of Clergy are now summoned to appear in Convocation, and the living or the dead state of that assembly, depends on whether the Clergy really meet, or whether, instead of converging to that ecclesiastical focus at the given time, they remain isolated in their studies or their drawing-rooms.

Of the probability of Proctors attending to their duties, we shall be able to judge by direct reference to the spirit in which their recent election has been conducted; and to this subject we invite the attention of our readers. The mere fact, however, that a large number of Proctors are returned who will certainly meet on the appointed day, is not, in its direct inference, the only ground on which we state so boldly that Convocation will assemble. That fact shows either that those who do attend, as

being favourable to its active functions, will, in the absence of such as hold other views, constitute a majority that must constitutionally be listened to; or it implies that the opponents of Convocation must actually be present in numbers sufficient to outweigh the supporters of it. In this case there will, necessarily, be a large body of the Clergy met for actual debate, if only on the question of petitioning the Crown; and with this momentum we think the ultimate success of the cause to be safe. A contest, a hard-fought battle, whether lost or won, gives reality to any movement, which in the case of Convocation is felt to be the point most required, and of far more importance than the particular result of any one division. The opponents of Convocation will be in a manner defeated on every issue, both if they stay away and if they present themselves. Meanwhile, however, we leave it to them to choose their own tactics and count their own men, and ourselves proceed to the task of reviewing the almost unanimous expression of the whole parochial clergy, as shown in the recent election of Proctors, in favour of the active functions of Convocation.¹

The election of Proctors for Convocation has attracted so little interest now for many generations, that few persons are at all acquainted with the legal forms by which it is done. Yet these forms are of great importance as evidence of the law; they explain the presumed value of Convocation as part of our Constitution, and they impress upon the Clergy their individual responsibility in the duty of electing fit men to represent them in the arduous tasks which pertain to an ecclesiastical synod. Many clergymen have been powerfully struck, at the recent elections, with words, read in an official manner by the registrar, of which they had never been conscious as forming part of our country's law. Grievances had been felt by quiet and uncomplaining churchmen; inconsistencies of a painful kind, with reference to the Church and State question, had been impressed upon their minds as the result of parochial experience;—they had known that a remedy was wanted for evils, which long had been forced on their notice, and, without expressing their feelings in hacknied or vulgar language, they had still felt that the Church wanted a certain liberty, which active and living institutions must have if they are to be of real use;—they had witnessed the trial or attempted trial of many schemes for the government and regulation of Church affairs;—they had in turn

¹ So important and practical has the subject already become, that we have received the announcement of a Monthly Journal 'in which the progress of the present movement will be detailed, and all information on the subject collected.' The proposed periodical, of which the first number is to appear in November, will be styled 'Synodalia.' (Whitaker, Pall Mall.)

seen the achievements of the House of Commons, of the Ecclesiastical Commission, of Privy Council, of irritated Prime Ministers, of weak and unguarded Archbishopal decisions, and of Episcopal vanity;—they had read or heard the futile ebullitions of some angry Archdeacon, who trespassed beyond his legitimate province of authority to arbitrate on doctrinal points, or to judge the liturgy of the universal Church, and they had even observed that the pulpit, after long and vigorous efforts, failed in throwing light on the subject, while vestries and popular tumults commonly left things in no better state than they found them. Oppressed and discouraged by these many sources of petty tyranny, there had been a craving in their minds for some large and constitutional power which should form a centre and a regulating Court of Appeal, in the midst of all this confusion of the Church's government. A stiff and imperious uniformity was not the remedy calculated to satisfy this craving, but rather a popular system of representation, such as from time to time might bring to bear the general wisdom, piety, and experience of Churchmen to the common good of the Church.

This state of feeling, we hesitate not to say, is a very prevalent result of the last twenty years' history of our Church, and accounts for the general anxiety long manifested in the revival of Convocation. A vague impression that this voice of the Church must act, caused inquiries and researches to be made into its history and province; and, on the occasion of the recent election, the Clergy first demanded that due notice should be given them of the time and place, contrary to the hole and corner system in which it had formerly been conducted; and then after many of the preparatory arrangements, which are common to all popular elections, such as the choice of candidates and of proposers and seconders, they assembled in great numbers to discharge an important ecclesiastical function. When there assembled, they heard from official lips, what sounded to many ears, the true charter of liberty they had imagined as but a visionary dream. We think it a great consideration to call the attention of our readers to these forms, because, if we wish to give life to Convocation as a whole, we must revive its parts and accessories. We must no longer take for granted that the registrar is engaged in mere form; we must quicken that form into an authoritative injunction, or the stigma of *mere form* may continue to be applied to the Archbishop's periodical visit to the Jerusalem Chamber. We do not agree, therefore, with one reporter in 'The Guardian,' that these forms are intolerably tedious, and require themselves the first hand of reforming power. The legal claims of the Church on our Constitution are

what we require to develop, and we ought to be most jealous of every detail that commits the State to the synodical action of the Church. The law is what we want, and must work on that tack with rigid perseverance. We must claim our pound of flesh; we must confront the powers that be with their own words, their bond, and promise. A little legal reiteration is not tiresome to those who feel the hold which their words give to the Church's advocates; the oftener some things are said the better, especially where people are dull of hearing, from the most potent of all reasons, that they won't hear.

We take for granted, where not expressly stated to the contrary, that the legal forms were read in all the recent elections. In the majority of reports it is distinctly said that they were, and we doubt whether it is not open to dispute the validity of an election not conducted in a formal manner. What is the nature of the meeting which elects the Proctors? It is not only a voluntary gathering together of so many Clergymen legally entitled to exercise the privilege of voting; but it is a Court; it is a Diocesan Synod, forming a Court for a particular purpose; it is commonly held in the Consistory Court, although its exact connexion with the other functions of that Court is a question not involved in our present subject. This Synod or Court is not to be compared with the use of the franchise in electing members of the civil parliament, for in that case the law does not order the use of the privilege, it only allows it. Whereas, the Clergy are cited in a formal manner, and pronounced contumacious if they do not appear; more after the style of summoning the grand jury at the opening of assizes. We observe that the terms 'Synod' and 'Court' were repeatedly used and in no case contradicted;—the Bishop of Oxford using the former word himself as an authoritative definition of the assembly. The form announcing the election in the words 'I pronounce so and so to be elected,' implies also that it is the judgment of a legal court.

In one instance, however, we have to notice rather a significant passing over of the formal part of the proceedings. Archdeacon Wigram, at Winchester, was so tender of wasting the time of his clergy, and so regardful of their convenience, that in the first place he avoided the Consistory Court, where such proceedings had usually been conducted; and in the next place, for the purpose of saving time, he proposed simply to read his Lordship's letter to himself, instead of following it up by a recital of the technical forms by which it was accompanied. Of the change of place we are able not to judge, not knowing the respective convenience of the Consistory Court in Winchester Cathedral, and the south aisle of the chancel; but, unless such adjournment

was very necessary, we think it has the appearance of endeavouring to make the whole affair as informal as possible, especially in connexion with the important omission of the legal forms. A letter from the Bishop of Winchester to Archdeacon Wigram, or even the whole correspondence between those dignitaries that arose out of the subject, may be very interesting; but we think those formalities which make the difference, between an irregular meeting of a few Clergy and a legal Court, would have been more to the point. Of this Archdeaconry, however, we shall have occasion to speak again.

The legal documents used are contained in a very convenient form in Mr. Pearce's little book, 'The Law relating to Convocations of the Clergy.' We shall not follow him in the history of their early institution, beyond stating that he entirely clears Convocation of the charge of being a mere instrument of taxation, as is often stated, for he proved its existence long before that particular part of its history becomes prominent. The plain state of the case appears to be that both secular and ecclesiastical parliaments were conducted in a very uncertain indefinite manner in their early history; but that in the reign of Edward I. their constitutions were made more regular, and have remained essentially the same from that time to this. As well, therefore, might we deny to the civil parliament the right of deliberation, because, in its early history, we find it chiefly called together for taxation, as deny the same right to Convocation, because we find it also to have been made more methodical in its constitution, in order to facilitate the raising of supplies from the Clergy.

The process of summoning Convocation begins from the Crown, who, at every dissolution of parliament, addresses the Archbishop of Canterbury in words, part of which we have already quoted, commanding him, by reason of certain difficult and urgent affairs, &c., to assemble in lawful manner the bishops, deans, archdeacons, chapters, and colleges, and the whole clergy of every diocese within his province, at St. Paul's, on a certain day. Our present Queen issued this writ the other day, ending in these words,—'And this as you love Us, the state of our kingdom, and honour and good of our aforesaid Church, by no means omit.' The expression 'in lawful manner' was inserted in the time of Henry VIII. instead of a particular order that chapters should be represented by one proctor, and the clergy of each diocese by two; but, as the custom was never altered, this change in the writ would not appear to have any meaning. A similar writ is issued to the Archbishop of York, and so jealous is the Queen, by law, of any cessation of this great synod of our Church, that if the Archbishop dies she forthwith, by special order, commands all

the clergy to come before his successor. In the province of York her haste, in accordance with legal precedent, is so great, that she will not risk any confusion among the Clergy, or any running away from their arduous duties of deliberation, by suffering Convocation to be without a President, even till the new Archbishop is appointed. At the death, therefore, of the late Archbishop of York, she forthwith wrote to the dean and chapter of the cathedral, commanding them to elect a President. This writ was signed 'by the Queen herself,' with her own hand.

With due thanks to the Queen for her concern on behalf of Convocation, and with the assurance to her advisers that the Church will bear in mind the importance which this official anxiety implies must be attached in our Constitution to her synodical action, we pass on to the next stage, viz.—what the Archbishop of Canterbury does when he has received these royal commands. He transmits them to the Bishop of London as Dean of the province of Canterbury, requiring him in that capacity to 'cite' all the bishops of the province, and through them all deans, archdeacons personally, chapters by one proctor, and the clergy by two. This is 'to treat of arduous and weighty affairs, which shall concern the state and welfare, public good and defence of this kingdom, and the subjects thereof, to be then and there seriously laid before them, and to give them their good counsel and assistance in the said affairs, and to consent to such things as shall happen to be wholesomely ordered and appointed by this common advisement for the honour of God and the good of the Church.' He further orders Charles James, Bishop of London, to intimate to all these suffragans and others, that they will not be excused from 'appearing in this affair of Convocation,' unless for some necessary cause alleged and approved, otherwise their contumacy will be canonically punished. Instigated by this authoritative command the Bishop of London then peremptorily admonishes all the suffragan bishops to cite the deans, archdeacons, &c., and the clergy of their dioceses to appear before the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Archbishop of York does not act through a dean of the province, but communicates directly to the bishops, and the words actually used by him at the election of proctors in 1847, contrast oddly with the reception that met some few clergy, who were either simple enough to act on these solemn commands, or from various motives thought fit to present themselves as members of Convocation. After citing the deans, &c., and proctors of archdeacons to appear to give their wholesome advice, and 'to do and receive what the nature of this provincial Convocation shall demand and require,' he concludes,—'And we also intimate to you, and by you to the said dean and

'chapter, archdeacon, and the whole clergy aforesaid, to whom 'we would have it intimated by these presents, that neither you 'nor they are intended to be excused from your and their appear- 'ances in the said Convocation in the manner aforesaid.'

The suffragan bishops pass on the above thunder of peremptory commands to the deans and chapters and archdeacons of their dioceses. The mandate to the archdeacons informs those astonished functionaries (if they believe what they read) that our Most Gracious Sovereign Lady, Victoria, &c., Queen, Defender of the Faith, has issued a writ 'for holding and 'celebrating a Sacred Synod and general Convocation of the 'Prelates and Clergy of the whole province.' Great preparations being naturally required before so important an event, the archdeacons are accordingly instructed to send proctors to appear at it. In the province of Canterbury those who hold ecclesiastical benefices and promotions are required to appear by their proctors, while in that of York the expression used is 'The whole clergy.'

We now come in the transmission of these commands, from one power to another, to that form in which *the whole clergy* have the subject presented before them. It is a sort of cumulative process, like the 'History of the House that Jack built.' Each stage includes at full length all those before it. The Clergy, therefore, hear the Queen's mandate, the Archbishop's, that of the Bishop of London, and of the bishop of the diocese, in addition to the archdeacon's own authority, if he happens to preside. In the first place the Clergy are cited by a formal document, for the presentation of which the apparitor is responsible, to appear at a certain time and place to appoint proctors, who, when in Convocation, are to treat, confer, and conclude of and upon those things, which then and there by mature deliberation shall be agreed upon for the honour of God and the good of the Church. To all these peremptory monitions there are due returns made after the business is concluded, certifying that such commands have been obeyed.

As in this stage of the affair we have to do with the constituency and not with the Church's elected parliament, it is important that it should be clearly laid down how the Clergy generally have a right to be represented. On many points, there are irregularities by custom or negligence, which materially hinder the full development of the representative idea, or prevent its efficiency. If Convocation is an important power when assembled, we must have a proportional concern in the election of its component parts, especially as there are so many *ex officio* members, who may swamp the popular elements of the assembly. We propose, therefore, now that we have deduced from the legal writs their forcible and imperative signification, to discuss

some few topics of doubt or complaint, which have arisen out of the actual proceedings, just concluded, in the election of Proctors. Having done this, we shall give a general summary of the election, that will show how great a victory the advocates of Convocation have gained, although all the difficulties were undeniably against, rather than in favour of their cause.

In the first place, a habit had naturally grown up, during the indifference attached to the whole subject, of giving very insufficient notice to the Clergy, as to the time and place for the election of Proctors. This grievance was loudly expressed beforehand, and in many places requisitions or private communications were forwarded to those in authority, requesting that due notice might be given. The custom had often been, for an advertisement to be put in the county paper, on the Saturday, perhaps, announcing the election of a Proctor on the Monday morning; or notice was put on one church door, just at the time when all the Clergy would necessarily be in their respective churches and parishes. In most cases, this wish was responded to with a good grace, as not only a fair and just desire, but a legal right. Letters were in most cases sent to each Clergyman who ought to be present, and in the diocese of Oxford an acknowledgment of its receipt was requested. We need not discuss here, what is the peculiar province of the Apparitor, as to whether the post-office is a legal method of serving a writ or citation, but it is important that the notice must be looked on as obligatory, and not only as an announcement which, in the eye of the law, may be responded to or not, at the will of the recipient. There is a legal penalty attached to the contempt of it, which proves the formal and synodical character of the assembly thereby summoned, and which therefore must not be overlooked. In the precedents before us, eight days is the time given between the citation and the election; and it ought not to be less than that, considering the distance that many have to come. In some cases, however, the snug system was persevered in, even during the late election, and complaints were uttered at the election itself, of the wretched sort of notice which had been given. In the Archdeaconry of Stafford it was stated at the election that no notice had been given, but by an advertisement in the paper, which was not felt to be enough. In the Archdeaconry of Wells, the only notice given, was through a paper put on the door of the Archdeacon's own church, which was a great violation even of courtesy, if we bear in mind how many of that Archdeaconry would be well known as anxious to attend.

The question next arises as to who are to be cited, that is, who have a right to vote in the election? This was a fruitful

subject of discussion in very many of the meetings; but, as a preliminary to any expressed opinions one way or the other, it is needful to remember, that the real question before us is, not one of abstract propriety, but of legal right. The enjoyment of a franchise must be regulated, and is regulated by certain rules, which, for the time, are binding. When it is thought that such rules may be beneficially reformed, they may, by competent authority be altered; but, till then, it will never answer any good purpose to tender illegal votes, however it may be thought that such votes ought to be valid. The acceptance of them might disarrange an election, and take away from the formal legal character of the affair, as an ecclesiastical court; it might create an indefinite notion in people's minds of the whole right of franchise, and convert the *synod* into an ordinary clerical meeting.

We think, indeed, it can hardly be doubted, that licensed curates ought to have votes; but it is certainly open to a question, whether they legally have at present. The arguments in their favour, as regards the abstract right, rest on the dignity and claims of the clerical office itself, as not being dependent upon the holding of benefices. It is part of the *establishment* tendency to exalt the beneficed clergy, at the expense of the pure cleric. And more than this: whether Convocation was or was not originally a body summoned for fiscal purposes, it is unquestionable that one, and often its chief duty, of raising taxes from the clergy, would restrict its members to those who had benefices to be taxed. Again, if we would aim generally at a fair representation of the Church, it is surely just that a large parish with several Clergy, should have greater weight than a very small one. Yet there can be but one Incumbent to a parish, be it great or small. The remedy then of this inequality is, plainly to give votes to the Clergy who are licensed to assist Incumbents, according to the arduous nature of their duties. This is self-adapting, because the number of curates, and therefore of votes, would always be adapting itself to the size and importance of the place; whereas an incumbency is a fixed unity, which remains the same through many ups and downs in the prosperity of the parish. Such are sufficient reasons in favour of the abstract right of licensed curates; there are also some in favour of their present legal claim. The legal writs that proceed from the fountain head of authority, and which therefore are of more ancient precedent, are decidedly in their favour. The Queen's writ names 'the whole Clergy,' and this applies to the two provinces. The Archbishop of Canterbury's writ to the Bishop of London also says, 'the whole Clergy,' but in this province

this *general* expression stops here, for it is interpreted in the further writs, even that of the Archbishop to his own Archdeacons, as 'elective Rectors and others, having and possessing Ecclesiastical Benefices and Promotions.' In the province of York, the expression, 'the whole Clergy,' is retained in the Archbishop's mandate to the Bishops, while in the writs to Archdeacons there is added, 'and all and singular others who anciently used to be called, cited, and admonished.'

In the province of York, therefore, the curates' claim stands on a better footing; and the Archdeacon of the East Riding did not hesitate to receive them. In the province of Canterbury it may fairly be asked, By what right was the larger expression converted into the more defined one, at what period was it done, and what precedent is there for it? If that precedent goes very far back, it would be useless to deny its legality, however we might appeal to the original words, in arguing a reform; the legality of it must, therefore, at present rest on length of custom, which, in one case often quoted, was said to date as far back as the year 1588. But another question may fairly be asked,—May not the same authority which received the incumbents of district churches, though not legally beneficed clergymen, also receive licensed curates? If the one was legal, why not the other? The ancient precedents, if they are in favour only of beneficed clergymen, could not be extended to the incumbents of district churches by any construction which would not equally apply to curates; for districts were not in existence when those precedents were established, and therefore, no peculiar provision could be made for them: nor do we imagine that precedents of only a recent date are binding, as such, one way or the other. On the supposition, then, that the relaxation of the words 'beneficed clergy,' legally includes district churches, we claim also for curates. The pecuniary distinction, however, of a freehold, which perpetual curacies are, remains.

The only diocese of the province of Canterbury where curates' votes were taken in the recent election, was that of Hereford; which was stated to be on the ground that they had been so taken at former elections. Claims were made, and protests entered in very many instances, as in the archdeaconry of Middlesex, at Bristol, Bangor, Rochester, Peterborough, Dorchester, S. Asaph. The diocese of Manchester is the only one in the province of York, where curates are stated definitely (according to the reports before us) to have had their claims refused. At Durham and Carlisle it is said, that several curates were present; but, as the elections were unanimous, their right of voting was not tested. We think it the greater pity that the Bishop of Manchester should have refused them, as he started proceedings, by

claiming a certain happy exemption from the trammels of precedent, alleging this as a reason for conducting business in the manner that, on general grounds, he most approved. As his Lordship, however, does not appear to have agreed very well with his curates, it is no wonder that he preferred dispensing with their counsel on this occasion.

Another question which claims consideration, as materially affecting the fair representation of the parochial clergy, is the fresh division of dioceses. It has been alleged in the recent election, on several occasions, that the local rights, which ancient districts possessed in the return of Proctors, ought not to be interfered with by changes in ecclesiastical divisions, for which the consent of Convocation has not been given. It would be going very far back, and would be impracticable as a general rule, to disannul all Church legislation that has not thus been sanctioned; and therefore, we must be content to let bygones be bygones; but still these opportunities are very favourable for exposing the injustice of a power external to the Church, and not recognising more of the Church's position than suits its purpose, making changes and fresh arrangements, irrespective of the Church's own voice in the subject. There has been gross injustice in many of these changes, as in the united diocese of Gloucester and Bristol; but that is another question, and the election of Proctors is so small a part of the wrong, that we should not care for rectifying it, unless Bristol again was the seat of a Bishop, and thus the greater wrong was also remedied. As an occasion, however, of protest, or even of some sort of investigation which might show a legal flaw in the late mode, which has been adopted in ecclesiastical legislation, we think the grievances of being deprived of a certain franchise may be applied to a useful purpose. Still, where the larger alteration is sanctioned, and irrevocably fixed,—where a diocese is really and actually changed, it is obvious that the machinery in lesser matters, which belongs to a diocese generally, had better be conceded to it, unless, on legal and constitutional grounds, some object can be gained by another course. A mere concession of this, especially when laid down by legal authority to be right, can hardly damage the general position of Convocation. But as a legal question there seems, nevertheless, to be some doubt whether the alteration of dioceses, not authorized by Convocation, can affect the electing of Proctors, although the responsibility of a contrary decision must rest with the Bishops, in the issuing of their mandates. At Worcester it was contended that Coventry ought not to elect in its new diocese, and the opinion of eminent lawyers was said to be in favour of this, and also it was stated that at the two last elections, which have

occurred since the general alteration, Essex had continued to vote with London, though, when adverting to the present diocese of Rochester, we shall see that such is not the case this time. Another rather questionable mode of election in a diocese, which is yet very generally adopted, is dividing the whole diocese into two parts, apportioning one Proctor to each division. The legal mandates all require two Proctors to be chosen by the diocese, in the same manner that two members of Parliament are to be returned by a county. Each voter has then a voice in two candidates, whereas by an arbitrary apportioning of a single representative to his own peculiar district this double interest is destroyed. We are not sufficiently prepared with the history of the modes of election in each diocese, so as to judge of the amount of authority there may be for this proceeding, or the length of time there may be to establish this custom in certain dioceses; but considering how very probable it is, that, during the small interest taken in the whole question for several generations, many lax and irregular modes of conducting business have crept in, it is wise for the Clergy to be upon their guard against any customs which interfere with their rights. They need not take for granted that arrangements of this kind have ancient authority, seeing how great a probability there is that they have been mere recent expedients to save trouble, without any idea that the individual rights of the Clergy were at all thought of.

In some cases the division is not equal. The diocese of Norwich is thus divided, and the two archdeaconries of Norfolk send one, while the single archdeaconry of part of Suffolk sends the other. A Norfolk clergyman has thus a less share in the selection of a Proctor than is legally awarded to him, as living in the diocese. It is difficult to account for the variety of custom in different dioceses. Sometimes this may arise from local distinctions, that are older than the modelling of Convocation by Edward I., and which may have been suffered to remain, where not interfering with the general province of Convocation. There is no reason why each diocese should return its Proctors exactly in the same manner, and where ancient custom has established a certain mode of proceeding, it would be unnecessary to violate it, for the sake of a mere paper uniformity; but on the other hand there is no reason why a habit that results only from a period of indifference, should meet with any respect. There is one decided objection to this mode; which is, that the influence of the Bishop, or private interest of any kind, may vary in different parts of a diocese, and therefore Proctors may be returned without that general balance of opposite parties and impartial interests, which space will give. This mode of proceeding was, in the recent election, adopted in only four dioceses of the

southern province ; Winchester, Chichester, Gloucester and Bristol, and Norwich. In the election at Canterbury, it would appear that such an arrangement was meditated, and nominally one Proctor was returned for each archdeaconry, but the election for both was at the same time and place ; and when the claim was formerly made for all the Clergy to vote for both, it was ruled that they could ; which is an important precedent. In the dioceses of Hereford and Asaph, again, although the Proctors are returned as each for an archdeaconry, the election was common and shared in by all alike. The case of Bristol is mixed up so entirely with the question of new divisions in dioceses, that we can hardly gather any rule from it under our present head. The question we have just considered is, however, of small importance compared with another mode of election, which is adopted in the dioceses of London, Lichfield, Salisbury, and, with peculiar aggravation, of Rochester. The mere division of the diocese into archdeaconries, does allow each individual vote to have a direct voice in the selection of one who will thereby be a Proctor of Convocation ; but in the above-mentioned dioceses, the Clergy only elect a sort of committee, out of which the real Proctors are chosen. This is obviously subversive of all true representation ; and whatever may be the origin of it, it is plainly an abuse, and an act of injustice to the diocesan clergy. The custom may arise from two sources : it may be simply an adopted mode of electing two Proctors with an intermediate process, set up by an ingenious Bishop ; or it may, in some cases, be the remains of an ancient right, by which each archdeaconry elects two for itself, as in the province of York ; the right being retained in its first stage, till it necessarily came in contact with the general rule, perhaps of a later date, in the history of the national synod, that each diocese should only return two. These are interesting questions of research, which no doubt will be examined in a work already promised on the subject by a member of the present Convocation ; but which we are unable in these pages to discuss with any certainty as an historical point. The plain injustice, however, of being represented second-hand, should sweep away any difficulties that might occur of a formal kind ; and when Convocation meets, we doubt not that this will be one of its first reforms. In the diocese of Lichfield, this method of being represented, was the source of much just complaint on the part of the Clergy in the Archdeaconry of Stafford. Questions were asked, which showed how little was known by the Clergy as to the further selection of the acting Proctors. It was imagined that the Dean and Chapter politely aided in this department, and all the answer that could be obtained was, that some system of rotation had been the custom ; as if it was any satisfaction, at a particular event of Church

politics, for an incumbent who was not then actually represented, to be informed, that in due course of our septennial Parliaments, the living he then filled would come to its turn of being represented. We believe, however, that on the present occasion, eight elected by the Archdeacons did themselves choose the two who were to represent them. The same complaints were forcibly made by the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Wilts, and, as the event proved, not without good reason, for neither of their nominees were finally chosen, the lot falling on the two elected by the Archdeaconry of Sarum, Mr. Caswell, and Mr. Lowther; most excellent and fit men indeed, but for that reason men who would be first to object to the mode of their own election. Here again we believe the final selection to have been made by the whole six, which is a very much less abuse than the custom in the diocese of Rochester, which we next consider. This diocese consists of four archdeaconries, who return eight Proctors, from whom the Bishop of Rochester selects two. The popular element ceases, therefore, altogether with the first election, and the further choice has not the pretence of being simply an intermediate step for the sake of convenience. In that diocese the parochial clergy are represented in almost an infinitesimal proportion, if we go through all the members of Convocation which proceed from it. The bishop, the dean, by some strange accident two chapters' proctors, and four archdeacons, making altogether seven, are on the one side, while even the two whom the parochial clergy select, are chosen by the bishop out of eight. The parochial clergy, therefore, may return three-fourths of its Proctors of one way of thinking, and yet, at the arbitrary will of the bishop, they may be represented entirely by Proctors of another way of thinking. Nor can we always trust to the good taste of our bishops, to avoid so glaring an outrage on the feelings of their clergy, when the power is before them of advancing their own side of the question. We have mentioned eight dioceses in the province of Canterbury, in which there seem to be irregularities in the fair and direct representation of the parochial clergy. In the remaining thirteen, the whole diocese joined in the general election of two representatives, who were thereby pronounced actual members of Convocation. In these cases the proceedings on the whole were of a much more satisfactory and agreeable nature. There was less complaint, and the synodical element of the Church was more realized in the minds of those who were present, as witness the election at Oxford. Vexatious dictation, as at Stafford, did not advance its own cause, but only provoked an inharmonious character in the proceedings; while in Oxford, the diocesan idea prevailed in establishing universal good feeling, though some points in the management of the business were strictly and justly canvassed.

But it would seem that the mode of election in each diocese need not be so exactly guided by precedent as that the bishop may not alter it, for in both cases just specially mentioned, the respective Bishops of Oxford and Rochester had occasion from a change in their dioceses to exercise their individual discretion. The circumstances appear to have been exactly the same, and therefore a comparison of their practical decision is the more interesting. In each case one or more archdeaconries had lately been added to the diocese, which brought with them the custom of electing two Proctors preparatory to a final choice; that choice, in the new archdeaconries added to Oxford, having been exercised by the archidiaconal Proctors, and in those added to Rochester from London, by the Bishop of London. It remained, therefore, with the bishops to decide whether the old custom of their sees, that of appointing two for the whole diocese, should now prevail and include the additions, or whether the custom of those additions should be adopted as the general rule for the diocese as at present constituted. It is honourable to the Bishop of Oxford that he made the addition yield to the custom of the old diocese, coming to this decision openly on the ground that such a mode of election was most fair, as it gave each clergyman a direct vote for an actual member of Convocation. The Bishop of Rochester decided otherwise, and made all his diocese adapt itself to the custom of the new archdeaconries. It may have been that the custom in this case was more tempting than in the other, inasmuch as the final choice was on the magnificent principle of an episcopal veto, and that the dignity of the Church was thought to be involved in maintaining episcopal power against a faithless age; but still, taking an external view of the two proceedings, we must confess that as the results are in striking contrast, so would the epithets by which we would characterise the responsible agents be of equally contrary meaning, if we thought it wise to speak anything but that which is good of those in high spiritual authority.

There are a number of minor points which were suggested by the Clergy at the different meetings, or which appear on the face of the reports, but to enlarge on them would be beyond our space. In some cases rules were laid down, by the Chancellors or others, of the details of business, all of which will be useful at a future time; but more frequently we meet only with the suggestion of questions, which may perhaps receive more definite answers on another occasion. We will mention a few of these, but must content ourselves with the bare notice of them. Pluralists were ruled to have but one vote, which is useful to remember as bearing on the curates' question; for in the first place it shows that it is the individual

cleric who votes, and not the holder of a benefice; and in the next place, it proves an injustice from the entire loss of a vote, if the curate, where the rector is non-resident, cannot represent the clerical rights in this respect. There is a peculiar custom in most of the citations to name two hours, between which the election must take place; and when this was the case it was decided that a candidate might be proposed at any time within those hours, and consequently that the election could not be declared before the whole time was expired, however soon the business was really concluded. Any clergyman coming in before the time was up was held to clear himself of his contumacy, though a Proctor might be elected, who was absent.

It was suggested by a clergyman in the archdeaconry of London, that any clerk might be elected Proctor without belonging himself to the diocese which he would represent; and if there is any analogy between civil and ecclesiastical parliaments this must certainly be the case. Questions were in several places asked as to whether the Proctors could receive petitions on the occasion of their election, in order that they might present them before Convocation. This was generally refused, and we think justly; for, if allowed, the meetings would have departed from their strict legal character of being a Court or Synod convened for a special purpose, namely, to elect Proctors, and would have merged, dangerously perhaps in the present state of things, into too irregular an assembly. Moreover, we do not see any motive for wishing it, except the mere convenience of a certain number of Clergy being together, which could be easily taken advantage of by announcing another meeting of a voluntary description to come after the formal act, and at which a petition could be drawn up and given to the Proctor. This was actually done in the archdeaconry of Lindisfarne, in the diocese of Durham. Where, however, the Archdeacon himself, as President of the Synod, thinks fit to receive a memorial to the Queen, and himself signs it, as was the case at Durham, we must hold that to be legal, and within the province of the Synod, in the same way that it was successfully claimed by the Bishop of Exeter, at the last meeting of Convocation, on the obvious ground of necessity, that a synod may deliberate to petition for the royal licence, without being amenable to the law which forbids, not the transaction of business, but the passing of Canons.

The place of meeting varies much, but the consistory court is most proper, any other being either a substitute for it, and so far made to be one for the time, or an adjournment from it. The Bishop of Manchester, we think very improperly, selected the chancel of the Church, himself sitting on the north of the altar, a proceeding which cannot have been necessary or seemly.

In a discussion at Devizes, it was stated that, in ecclesiastical business, it was not necessary to have seconders to any motion. What foundation there is for this we know not, except it simply be the privilege of members in a legal court to dispense with some conventional modes of conducting public business, if they please to do so. At S. David's, the vote of an Archdeacon, as such, was protested against; and on very good grounds, as Archdeacons are themselves members of Convocation. On one other minor point, as we find the proceedings reported, there was great difference of usage. In some places there was an introductory full service; in others, the Litany, as in the East Riding; in others, the business was opened by prayer of the same description that precedes a public meeting; while at other places there were no prayers at all, which, perhaps, is the best plan, where the regular daily service of the Church is offered up in due course within the same walls, and also under the present circumstances of our Church, which forbid any pliability of service to suit an occasion of this kind, without verging on an irregular tone of proceeding that would be inconsistent with the legal dignity of a Synod, collected for the appointment of Proctors to Convocation.

One most important claim was made very frequently during the proceedings we are now reviewing, and was in some cases unjustly refused; we mean the right of questioning candidates, on their being proposed. Any irrelevant discussion ought certainly to be checked, but it is a clear and obvious right in any popular election that the candidates should make their views known, as a guide to the voters in exercising their franchise. In some cases, this was successfully claimed, and the right legally sanctioned; but in others it was altogether repressed. The Archdeacon of Middlesex, at first, declared all questions to be irrelevant; but, ultimately, allowed a candidate to answer for himself without the question being put from the chair, which is clearly the proper course to pursue, though we should have given him more credit if he had found that out himself without waiting till it was forced upon him. In claiming for the meeting the character of a Court or Synod, we do not in the least desire that the Archdeacon, or whoever may be in the chair, should be the exclusive medium of all that is said or done. His office is to keep order; to see that a certain object is being accomplished by a fair and legal process; to do certain legal acts, as himself part of the transaction, and, at the end, to pronounce the decision that has been come to; but the Synod itself is, in its nature, a place of popular discussion. It is a process toward a given end, and all necessary discussion which tends to that end is included in the general object of the meeting. In the Archdeaconry of Lewes, the Chancellor laid down as a legal point,

that any elector might offer remarks on the subject; and, considering the essential equality of all voters, as being cited to exercise a certain synodical power, we cannot imagine on what ground any other conclusion could be arrived at. The actual power of the whole affair rests with the assembled Clergy who have votes. They are cited to elect Proctors as part of a system of popular representation, and, subject to certain legal conditions of relevancy to a given end, they may do what they like, and talk among themselves as they like: indeed, it is quite optional whether they adopt the ordinary conventional practices of public meetings or not—those practices, we mean, which simply facilitate business without being in their nature essential, as that no one shall speak except according to a certain program. In a public meeting, the committee, who calls it, is the acting power for the time being; and they, as having possession of the room, may prohibit any one from speaking but whom they invite; but in Synod the whole meeting are in the place of such committee, or of a jury in a court of justice; for all have an absolute right to be present, and are not there on sufferance.

The same permission was granted by the Archdeacon of Craven, and tacitly allowed by the Bishop of Norwich; but there were several important occasions on which it was absolutely refused, which we must also notice. The most prominent cases, for we pass over several, where speakers were stopped, on the ground of diverging from the subject, are the meetings at Oxford, Devizes, and Manchester. We regret that the Bishop of Oxford was so imperative on this subject, as his dictum was adduced in subsequent elections, and had influence as coming from him. Moreover, it was inconsistent with his own claim that the meeting was a Synod, for himself, as Bishop, to speak, and for the priests to be silent. At Devizes the Archdeacon also checked questioning with summary authority, in spite of a very general feeling among all present that they had a right to ask the candidate certain questions. 'The Guardian' appends the following judicious remarks on the subject to its report of the meeting:—

'The decision of the Archdeacon, although agreeing with the course taken by the Bishop of Oxford, is palpably mistaken; for the archiepiscopal mandate is, that the Clergy choose *fit* and *proper* Proctors; and the very notion of choosing implies certainly the liberty of examining, and, as the Clergy cannot possibly ascertain who will be nominated before the actual business is before them, it follows that they have full liberty to examine the views of those nominated, and to put questions to them. The power of examining is *necessary* to the due fulfilment of the duty laid before them. To perform high and solemn duties carelessly, and as a mere matter of form, is a grave moral offence.'

The Bishop of Manchester, also, took the line of the proceedings being purely ministerial, and that therefore discussion was

quite beside the point. This word *ministerial*—it has acquired a certain infamy from its abuse in the Hampden case—was ingeniously chosen by the Bishop, inasmuch as it would require some little thought, on the part of those who heard, to see its exact bearing on their position, and meanwhile they would let the opportunity pass. It was not an epithet which would bring down immediate or personal retaliation, and it has its portion of truth, inasmuch as all public responsibilities are, in one sense, to be performed ministerially. The logical error, however, seems to be in supposing, that doing a thing ministerially, is in all cases to do it without the aid of human reason, or without any natural process in which the will is brought into action. Her Majesty's Ministers do not, when they act ministerially, consider themselves excluded from all exercise of thought or judgment. The Bishop's purpose, no doubt, was to tell the clergy, under the guise of a certain conventional meaning often given to the word *ministerial*, that they were instruments acting under his own directions; whereas we should rather take the other view, that the word ministerial more properly applies to the chairman of a meeting, who has to receive and pronounce the judgment of others, than to those in whom the power of free choice is actually vested. One speaker here was frivolously, and in an arbitrary manner, stopped, on the ground of discussing Convocation in too general a point of view. It is impossible to state the opinions of a candidate without touching on the principal question in the minds of all present. Great scope must be given on all hustings for the discussing of general subjects.

Having now reviewed the more general and technical points suggested by the recent election of Proctors, we propose to take a political and ecclesiastical view of the whole affair; to examine the principle on which the Clergy gave their votes, with the general issue that followed so strange a revival of ecclesiastical electioneering as this summer has witnessed.

Till this recent election, the idea of a contest was hardly thought of for an office which meant so little when held. But this time there have been twenty-three real cases of opposition, in which the election was decided by votes; this number being nearly half of all the meetings called for the parochial clergy. The very great majority of Proctors thus appointed, who stand committed to the cause of Convocation, must suggest the inquiry, why the known opponents of it were not more active on their side. In the first place, we have now a right to assume that numerically the Convocation party is the largest, and that the opponents shrank from a contest, knowing they should be beaten. In the next place, the inactive or neutral portion of the Clergy, who hitherto have rather been felt as a dead weight against Convocation, now are simply omitted from the whole

calculation. Before the question was really put and tried, their influence was supposed to be in favour of the opponents, simply because there was this common ground between them, that both desired to do nothing. Now, however, that something is actually being done, the neutral, who still do nothing, leave the vigorous opponents in their true nakedness. There is also an unwillingness in all opponents of Convocation, to encourage a contest on the subject, from the consciousness that a struggle will necessarily bring the question into dangerous familiarity with the public mind; in fact, they see, as we have stated before, that a fight about it is in itself a great step in advance, even if the cause should meet with a temporary defeat. In many dioceses there were attempts at opposition, which never came to light for this very reason, as well as on general grounds of the small probability of success.

That our readers may judge of the great unanimity which has been shown by the parochial clergy in favour of Convocation, we will lay before them the general abstract, given by the 'John Bull' newspaper, of the Elections. This journal has done good service to the cause, by a certain vigour with which it treats any subject that it takes in hand; but we cannot altogether repress our regret at the very intolerant and illiberal spirit in which other religious questions are dealt with. We regret this, not on abstract grounds of alarm, that the virulence, and almost amusingly rabid, vituperation of other religious bodies, should seriously check the consistent working out of the principle of toleration, which as we have adopted, we must retain; but we regret to see the cause of Convocation in the hands of such advocates. As a matter of policy, we prefer that the claimants of our Church's freedom should not themselves be the bigoted invokers of the arm of the law against the synodical conclaves and edicts of another church, however bad we may think the taste of that church may be in forcing itself upon public notice as Rome has lately done.

The general summary which this paper gives of the Election will suffice for our present purpose, though the carefully collected table of the whole list of new Proctors is a valuable memorandum to keep at hand. We also commend the comments which are made after the complete list, as an introduction to the summary.

'This table is not yet as complete as we could wish. One of the absurdities which the officials endeavour to perpetuate is the secrecy observed respecting the names of the Proctors. Nothing can be more ridiculous than that a matter of public concern, such as the election of persons to serve in a public assembly, should be made a matter of mystery and concealment. Of right there ought to be an official publication of the members composing the new Convocation, and at all events no difficulties ought to

be thrown in the way of those who are endeavouring to supply the public with authentic information. We shall still be glad to receive from any one able to furnish it, such information respecting the names which are missing in the above table, and respecting their views on the revival of Convocation, as may enable us to make the list complete in every respect. In the meantime we may now commence summing up the results, as far as the Proctors for the parochial Clergy are concerned.

‘ In the Province of Canterbury there appear to be—

‘ Members of Convocation favourable to the revival	35
Unfavourable	5
Neutral or unknown	2
	<hr/>
	42

‘ This shows a majority in favour of the revival of seven to one; but this majority is still more decided, on reckoning up all the Proctors elected. Taking into account those whose election indicates the feeling of the electors, though they have no seats in Convocation, we arrive at the following results:—

‘ Members of Convocation favourable as above . .	35
Proctors elected, but who will not sit, favourable to the revival	15
	<hr/>

Total of returns favourable to the revival . . 50

‘ On the other side one only has to be added to the number of those who are unfavourable, and the numbers therefore are, 50 favourable, and 6 unfavourable, which is in the proportion of more than 8 to 1.

‘ In the Province of York we have—

‘ Members of Convocation favourable to the revival	15
Proctors to be selected from the three Archdeaconries of the diocese of Durham, all favourable	3
	<hr/>
	18

‘ Against these eighteen, who are decidedly favourable, the entire Province produces only one that is neutral, neither an advocate for the revival, nor a violent opponent. Taking into account all the returns, we have—

‘ Members of Convocation favourable, as above . .	18
Proctors who will not sit, for the Diocese of Durham, all favourable	3
One of the Proctors in the double return for the Archdeaconry of Richmond	1
	<hr/>

Total favourable 22

‘ Against these twenty-two favourable, there is in the whole Province of York but one neutral, as before stated, and one decidedly unfavourable, being the opposition candidate for the Archdeaconry of Richmond.’

This summary may or may not be exact, therefore we also give a more general one from a leading article of the ‘ Morning Chronicle:’—

‘ Our contemporaries have been for some time busily attempting to decide the question what proportion of the Lower House is in favour of synodical action. We believe that all such attempts are premature, or, at best, that they can be but very rough approximations to the fact. Nevertheless, as we shall probably be expected to follow the example of our neighbours, we will state at once our own opinion, and its grounds. We

shall embrace the Convocations of both provinces in one view. Their present constitution is as follows—twenty-nine deans, seventy-one archdeacons, thirty-one capitular, and sixty-six parochial Proctors. Now, among the parochial Proctors, who alone fairly represent the unrestricted and unbiassed mind of English Churchmen, the majority in favour of synodical action is perfectly overwhelming. About fifty we know to be pledged to its cause; and we are fully justified in assuming that half of the remaining sixteen are also its friends. Of the deans and capitular Proctors—who, as being appointed by the same kind of influence, may be classed together—we shall only claim one-fourth, which will add fifteen to our numbers. Of the archdeacons—who are, generally speaking, a very different set of men—the best judgment which we are able to form induces us to set down a third, or twenty-four, as advocates of Church action. Thus, out of the 197 members of whom the Convocation consists, we reckon that ninety-seven are in favour of its efficiency; and this number—paradox though it may seem—is amply sufficient for a good working majority. For it must be remembered that the hundred whom we assume to be on the opposite side include all the dead weight of the Church. A large proportion of these gentlemen might, indeed, if they were present, oppose free action; but they will certainly not take the trouble of travelling one or two hundred miles to ensure inaction. A large proportion also hold their present tenets simply because they believe them to be those of the majority. Deducting both these classes, we shall find very few, indeed, who are determined and active opponents of synodical freedom; and the *primâ facie* hundred antagonists will have dwindled into a very small and miserable minority.'

It now remains for us to notice a few of the principal contests, with such circumstances that occurred as may give interest or value to them. First, we shall take the favourable ones, which will occupy but small space, for the simple fact that such and such men are returned, who will advocate the cause of Convocation, is the main point. The preponderance of new members is, however, an important fact, thus commented on by 'The Morning Chronicle':—

'In the list of Convocation which we published on Wednesday, one of the most remarkable features is the extraordinary preponderance, among the parochial Proctors, of new names. In the province of Canterbury, only sixteen old members out of forty-two have been returned; and in that of York, only eight out of twenty-four. It is very encouraging to find that a large proportion of the new representatives are known as men of mark and talent—men not allied to this party or to that, but, in their various ways, zealous and energetic for the efficiency of the Church. In fact, the present Convocation is emphatically a working one. It will cut out work for itself, and do it, too, if it be allowed; and if not, it will cut out plenty of work for those who repress its energies. If it be the serious intention of the Premier to suppress the Ecclesiastical Parliament of 1852, we do not at all envy his feelings on contrasting the stuff of which this assembly is composed with that of previous Synods—with men who, scarcely knowing whether they were Proctors or not, contented themselves with periodically reading that such of their brethren as happened to be in town had voted a sleepy address to the Crown, and had been prorogued.'

The diocese of Canterbury is honoured by two favourable representatives, Mr. Chesshyre and Dr. Mill, between which last

and another candidate the contest lay. Dr. Mill gained his election by thirty votes to ten. It is a singular and suggestive phenomenon that the diocese of Dr. Sumner should return so eminent, but so determined a high Churchman, as Dr. Mill. The archdeaconry of London divided its favour for and against, in the persons of Mr. Toogood and Dr. M'Caul; but the latter only kept out a second favourable candidate, Mr. Bazely, by one vote. In the archdeaconry of Surrey Mr. Randolph was preferred to Mr. Dalton, which proves a peculiar determination to have the most energetic advocate of Convocation to represent them; for the defeated candidate can hardly be called an opponent. At Ely there were five candidates; three favourable and two the reverse. Mr. Rickards and Mr. Fendall, strong advocates, were returned; while the two whose views were not so understood, were in a decided minority. In the archdeaconry of Bristol, with 130 Clergy present, the opposition candidate gained but small success in the show of hands, having only twelve in his favour. At Hereford the Professor of Pastoral Theology, Dr. Ogilvie, and the Hon. and Rev. O. Forester, found themselves with respectively sixteen and nine votes, against forty-four and forty in favour of Mr. Jebb and Mr. Joyce, who were favourable to Convocation. At Derby, Mr. Pole and Mr. Anson were returned, on the same interest; and Mr. Cavendish and Mr. Abney, with all the Evangelical party to support them, were defeated. At Lincoln 150 clergy were present, and a most animated and well-conducted debate followed; but Mr. Massingbird and Mr. Knapp, the advocates of Convocation, were triumphantly returned on that ground; their numbers being eighty-three and sixty-nine, against Mr. Bird's forty-three. This instance is a valuable testimony that the popular feeling of the Clergy is in favour of the cause. It was a fair, open contest, in which both parties really came forward and showed their strength. At Worcester, two most favourable candidates were elected, Mr. Woodgate and Mr. Seymour, against a strong opposition, and in spite of what may easily be imagined would be the episcopal influence. At Norwich also, Mr. Hills was unanimously returned, although the Bishop has lately delivered a Charge, the whole burden of which is against Convocation. In the province of York, Mr. Howard and Canon Trevor were returned by a large majority at York, against the two former Proctors, who, as they did not appear on that occasion, so were well known to have no intention of making the office a very active one, even if chosen. In the archdeaconry of East Riding, sixty Clergy were present; and the numbers were thirty-four and twenty-eight in favour of the two candidates on the revival side, and twenty-two for the opponent; and in that of Craven, Dr. Hook and Mr. Bell were returned on the same

interest, by a large majority, against the old Proctors, who neither had done nor would do anything in performance of their office.

No case is more illustrative of the popularity among the Clergy of the revival cause, than that of Manchester. There were 150 present; and in spite of the very prompt manner in which the episcopal arm was held up the very moment that any one dared to commence a free and reasonable discussion, it was generally understood that Mr. Darnford and Mr. Hornby were the popular men. The name of Stowell would indeed seem to be a formidable competitor when backed by the echoes of approbation resounding from Exeter Hall, and himself lately made honorary Canon by his bishop; an organized party, with Mr. Masters and Mr. Stowell to stand side by side, would be thought insuperable. It might also occur to some that as Mr. Stowell is so fond of declamation himself, and therefore must be of opinion that the Church may be greatly benefited by the art of public oratory, so of course he would be desirous of an open field for discussion in the Church's own machinery, and would be a strong advocate of Convocation. He could hardly, again, be thought to object on the often-mentioned plea that the parochial clergy had better keep to their own parishes, than trouble themselves about public affairs; but still it was felt that the traditions of Convocation did not exactly suit the Stowell party; and curiously enough, the Clergy of Manchester thought also that he would not suit Convocation; for the numbers were for Darnford and Hornby seventy-one and sixty-six, while Masters and Stowell recorded but forty and thirty-nine. Surely this was a strong hint to the Bishop, that his Clergy, even though acting *ministerially*, had a will of their own, and were desirous, in general matters, of providing the Church with an expression of the Clergy's just influence.

We have now seen many instances of large assemblies of the Clergy, when acting without any overwhelming external bias, uniformly electing Proctors favourable to the revival of Convocation. But before we claim this as the universal issue of such popular contests, we must examine those which terminated unfavourably. Taking the 'John Bull's' list, we find only four cases in which actual elections (not dependent on a further choice) did so terminate. Without asserting that a decided advocacy of the cause was shown in all other instances, we shall yet confine our remarks to those four, as at any rate being the prominent non-revival cases, dwelling more peculiarly on one which is most to our purpose, because there was a large meeting, and the Clergy were fully alive to the whole affair. These four unsuccessful contests were at Winchester, Chichester, Lewes, and S. David's; which we shall consider in the reverse order of their importance.

In the diocese of S. David's, Mr. Hayward Cox and Mr. Squire were returned avowedly on the principle of opposing a revival, beating two candidates of another way of thinking. Considering that Mr. Cox was so especial a favourite of the late Ministry, as to elicit a flattering letter from the Premier, which went the round of the papers, on the occasion of his presentation to the royal living of Tenby, it seems natural to suppose that Russell churchmanship is popular with the Clergy, as this specimen of it is forthwith returned Proctor of his new diocese. Putting facts together, we should arrive at such a conclusion as this: the country is full of popular elections among the Clergy for Proctors; one diocese elects Mr. Hayward Cox, fresh with the honours of royal patronage, and noted for his liberal views; surely, then, there has been a popular demonstration in favour of Whig ecclesiastical administration. But let us examine the particulars by which this champion of the Whigs finds himself Proctor. In this picturesque diocese, the clergy upon the mountains were not hunted out by the troublesome process of individual citations; nothing but an advertisement in the paper stated when the election was to take place. The consequence of this was, that only seven clerics assembled to record their votes, besides the four candidates, for we give them the benefit of presuming that the candidates were not included in the seven. In this miniature battle, which reminds us, with some distrust of the fitness of our comparison, of the old rotten borough elections, so ruthlessly swept away by the Reform Bill, Mr. Cox and Mr. Squire were arrayed on one side as the opponents of Convocation, while Mr. Bevan and Mr. L. Evans were in its favour. The former obtained four votes, and the latter three,—so great was the triumph of one out of the four cases we refer to. But this is not all. Two votes in their favour were protested against, one on the ground that, as Principal of a training college, one of Mr. Cox's supporters was not eligible, being neither rector, vicar, nor perpetual curate; and, therefore, we would also submit, in advance of our argument, not a parochial clergyman; and the other because he was an archdeacon, and therefore as himself a member of Convocation, not requiring to be represented by a Proctor. Even in this case, therefore, it was not the parochial clergy who returned the unfavourable candidates, and the election may after all be set aside.

We now turn to the two archdeaconries of the diocese of Chichester. It is singular that the diocese, reputed to be more High Church than most, should be so unfortunate as thus to retard the cause of Convocation. With regard to Chichester archdeaconry, however, we may fairly call it a misfortune, and not the real expression of the views of the Clergy. The account

of this election is so faithfully recorded in 'The Guardian' by a correspondent, that we give it in the words of that paper:—

'The election for a Proctor to represent the archdeaconry of Chichester took place on Tuesday, August 10, when the Rev. F. Vincent was declared duly elected by a majority of five. It is much to be regretted that in a matter affecting the welfare of the Church private feelings and matters wholly personal should be admitted. Mr. Vincent, though returned by an apparent majority, represents, in fact, the minority of the archdeaconry, his return having been effected by an unfortunate division on grounds exclusively personal in the ranks of his opponents. Mr. Goddard, who had represented the archdeaconry for fifteen years, had ceased to be resident in the diocese, and Mr. Vogan was put forward as a candidate upon the ground that it was fitting that the representative of the archdeaconry should be resident. Mr. Goddard and his friends considered themselves slighted by this, and, although the two candidates represented precisely the same principles, an eager canvass took place. Neither would yield, and though it was soon evident that Mr. Goddard must be in a great minority, his friends were determined to carry the election out at all risks; various plans of accommodation were attempted by the more judicious electors, but without success, and that which both parties must have considered alike—the interests of the Church—was sacrificed to private pique. The result of the election was—Vincent, 35; Vogan, 30; Goddard, 19. Although Mr. Vincent was supported principally by the Low Church party, the principle in question had but little to do with either High or Low Church. With respect to these matters, Mr. Vincent is a moderate man, and in many respects well calculated to represent the archdeaconry; but the principle which was really in question at that time was whether the immediate revival of Convocation was or was not necessary. The three candidates agreeing on other points, differed in this, that Mr. Vogan and Mr. Goddard alike were anxious for the full and free restoration of the Church's synodical action, while Mr. Vincent expressed himself thus:—"For my own part, I do not think that the Church would be a gainer by such a revival of Convocation, and, therefore, though I admit the abstract right or equity, which might be pleaded in its favour, I should be most unwilling, as at present advised, to urge the adoption of such a measure."

'The apparent sentiments of the archdeaconry, therefore, are not its real sentiments; for although the non-restoration candidate was returned by a majority of five, it is evident that had it not been for this most unfortunate and not very creditable squabble, either of the candidates on the opposite side of the question would have come in by a majority of twelve. We trust that the Clergy will see that nothing can injure the cause of Convocation so much as these personalities; for this reason we consider the speech of Mr. Fairles peculiarly reprehensible. From the courtesies which were reciprocated in the speeches of those who might be supposed to represent the high and low schools of divinity in the archdeaconry of Chichester we augur much good. There appears to be little or no animosity between them, and a good deal of mutual respect. This is as it should be, and we are glad to find that the Chancellor noticed it in his concluding speech.'

From this Archdeaconry, the circumstances of which thus speak for themselves, we turn to that of Lewes. In this case we acknowledge a fair contest, as far as we know of its circumstances, and can only regret that a majority of 19 were found to place credit in the *quieta non movere* argument, to use the words of the proposer of Mr. Grace. We do not, however, even

here understand that the successful candidate is against Convocation *working*; we rather believe otherwise, though classed in the 'John Bull' as among the few who are unfavourable.

The remaining instance of an election terminating unfavourably, which we proposed to consider, is that of the Archdeacons of Winchester. The importance of this contest, the great preparations made for it, and the interest excited by it, have made it necessary that we should examine it more in detail than any others. The frequent mention of it also, which has occurred in the public prints, brings before us a considerable number of facts, which throw great light on the cause of so different an issue from what we have seen in nearly all other cases.

The candidates at Winchester were Mr. Haygarth on the non-revival side, and Mr. Trench on the side of Convocation being brought into action. It is unnecessary that we should enlarge on the personal merits and fitness for an office of trust in the Church, which all must attribute to Mr. Trench; and with regard to Mr. Haygarth, we must observe a like silence, because we know nothing about him. The question all along was simply with reference to the part each candidate meant to take, either for or against the revival of Convocation. It is disappointing thus to find, that after a hard contest, Mr. Haygarth obtained ninety-nine votes; and Mr. Trench about fifty. A short history of the affair may, however, explain the reason of this phenomenon.

It is obvious to the most casual observer of the present system of representation, in the matter now before us, that the Proctors of the parochial Clergy are very much overwhelmed by other standing members of Convocation, as Bishops, Archdeacons, Deans, and Chapter Proctors. Surely, therefore, the parochial Clergy have the more claim to keep their small voice unbiassed by a like influence in making their choice of representatives. Individual Clergy may prefer acting under the influence of ecclesiastical dignitaries, and may do so voluntarily; but it is a matter to arouse public jealousy when such a course is adopted on a large scale, and in immediate connexion with the patronage which those dignitaries may possess. A Proctor returned by the influence of patronage, is in the same position as a Member of Parliament who has obtained his seat by bribery. He is not a fair representative of the moral or religious principles of those by whom he is nominally returned. But if the Clergy at large have a right to look with suspicion when they see this kind of influence corrupting the small portion allotted to them in the Houses of Convocation, much more does it become Bishops and Archdeacons, &c., to preserve themselves scrupulously free

from liability to any such charge. Feeling how amply, indeed beyond all proportion, they themselves are represented, they ought to be more than content with their exceeding many flocks and herds, without coveting the poor man's one ewe lamb. In the case before us, however, we have to complain that such good taste and right feeling were altogether disregarded, and that corrupt influences, amounting to moral intimidation and bribery, were exerted to an offensive and audacious extent. The Bishop of Winchester, Archdeacon Wigram, and a certain clique of Incumbents, holding great rich livings, given them by the Bishop, would seem to have concocted the whole affair at Farnham Castle, and to have determined on entirely overwhelming any attempt at opposition. One rural deanery, that of Odiham, manfully and judiciously announced Mr. Trench as a candidate, for which they gained great credit, both for their selection and their spirit. But forthwith, this attempt at freedom of opinion was denounced as impertinent and fraught with danger, and a letter was sent to the local paper, which commenced by insulting this one independent rural deanery, and concluded by sounding an alarm that all the laity of the Church would be priest-ridden, if ever Convocation were suffered to meet. Copies of Archdeacon Sinclair's charge against Convocation were circulated round the diocese from Archdeacon Wigram, to mark the line he meant to take, contrary to the general etiquette, which restrains a judge from influencing his court by any privately expressed sentiments of his own. Archdeacon Wigram was about to act the part of returning officer in an election, and any attempt to canvass for a particular interest was an obvious impropriety. Canvassing of all kinds, however, went on under the direction of those whom we have named, and a document also appeared, which, with such illustrative comments as we shall find appropriate, and as the Clergy List supplies, will be interesting both with reference to our immediate object, and also as an abstract curiosity. This document is the manifesto of the Farnham synod; it is the work of his Lordship's faithful and obedient servants, the Clergy of his diocese, who enjoy, or who expect to enjoy, the sweets of Sumner patronage. It is valuable, if we estimate what it cost; and it is profound, if we adopt the principle, which seems to be laid down for the synodical action of our Church, that beneficed Clergy alone can have any voice in it.

It may be well to remember that in the Bishop of Winchester's other Archdeaconry, that of Surrey, a Proctor was returned who was strongly in favour of the revival. From this we may gather that the Bishop's moral influence over the views of his Clergy was not coextensive with his diocese, but was of a partial nature. It happens, however, that not only his moral

influence was chiefly manifested in the Archdeaconry of Winchester, but that his livings are for the most part locally situated there, very few, under his patronage, being in the Archdeaconry of Surrey.

Our object in reprinting this circular is to exhibit the overwhelming use made of episcopal patronage, to bear down all opposition to Mr. Haygarth. For this purpose we place it entire before our readers, as sent round the Archdeaconry, and insert within brackets the peculiar *considerations* which, to our mind, may be supposed to have interfered with an impartial exercise of judgment, not only in the persons there named, owing to grateful recollections, but in others also, from certain hopeful anticipations. And even without attributing the smallest perversion of judgment arising from selfish motives, the simple fact, that all but two of the whole number have been given to these Incumbents by the present Bishop, plainly exhibits one kind of religious sentiment to have been injected, out of common proportion, into the Archdeaconry, which being kept together by constant encouragement, makes it an exception to the average of parochial clergy. The total number of signatures to this paper, as we have it before us, is seventy-eight, and out of that we shall affix, in brackets, some mark of episcopal influence, direct or indirect, to upwards of forty. It must also be remembered that beside the more solid tokens of episcopal favour, represented by livings, all Rural Deaneries are nominated by the Bishop as a certain mark of esteem. With these comments, therefore, the paper shall tell its own tale.

‘WE, the undersigned Beneficed Clergy, in the Archdeaconry of Winchester, do hereby declare:—

‘That, while we recognise the Right of Convocation to apply to the Queen for licence to deliberate, we consider it inexpedient, under present circumstances, that such application should be made.

‘That, in the election of a Proctor to represent the Clergy of this Archdeaconry in the ensuing Convocation, we are prepared to give our confidence to one who, whilst possessing the requisite qualifications for the office, concurs with us in the above opinion.

‘That, for these reasons, we consider the Rev. John Haygarth, Rector of Upham, and Rural Dean, a suitable person to represent the Clergy of this Archdeaconry.

‘Richard Baker, Rector of Botley.

Samuel Best, Rector of Abbot's Ann.

Alfred Bishop, Rector of Martyr Worthy. [In Bishop's gift, 343/.]

Frederick C. Blackstone, Vicar of Heckfield, and Rural Dean.

William M. K. Bradford, Rector of Westmeon, and Rural Dean. [In Bishop's gift, 600/.]

William Bridges, Incumbent of St. Peter's Church, Lyss.

William Brock, Rector of Bishop's Waltham. [In Bishop's gift, 915/.]

J. B. Burnett, Rector of Houghton. [In Bishop's gift, 438/.]

William F. Burrows, Vicar of Christchurch. [In gift of Dean and Chapter of Winchester: the Chapter appointed by Bishop, 164/.]

- Henry Carey, Perpetual Curate of Aldershott.
William Carus, Vicar of Romsey, Canon of Winchester, and Rural Dean.
[Canonry in Bishop's gift, worth 760*l.*, Romsey Dean and Canon.]
Thomas Clarke, Vicar of Mitcheldever, and Rural Dean.
T. Clarke, jun., Incumbent of Woodmancott.
John Noble Coleman, Incumbent of S. Katherine's Church, Ventnor, I.W.
Adair Colpoys, Rector of Droxford. [In Bishop's gift, 744*l.*]
Thomas Cottle, Vicar of Shalfleet.
E. B. Creek, Incumbent of Swanmore. [In Bishop's gift, 125*l.*]
Anthony Crowdy, Rector of Winnall. [In Bishop's gift, 170*l.*]
Alexander R. C. Dallas, Rector of Wonston. [In Bishop's gift, 967*l.*]
R. Denny, Perpetual Curate of Shidfield. [In Bishop's gift, 100*l.*]
William M. Dudley, Vicar of Whitechurch, and Rector of Laverstoke.
[Whitechurch in Bishop's gift, 205*l.*]
William Stevens Dusautoy, Rector of Exton. [In Bishop's gift, 331*l.*]
Charles S. Fanshawe, Rector of All Saints, Southampton.
Gerald S. Fitzgerald, Incumbent of Christchurch, Portswood. [In gift of Rector of S. Mary's, Southampton, which Rectory is in Bishop's gift.]
Edward Frowd, Rector of Upper Clatford.
Maximilian Geneste, Incumbent of the Church of the Holy Trinity, West Cowes.
William Gibson, Rector of Fawley, and Rural Dean. [In Bishop's gift, 1,179*l.*]
Francis Osborne Gifford, Vicar of Hartley Wintney.
W. D. Harrison, Vicar of South Stoneham. [In the gift of Rector of S. Mary's, Southampton, which Rectory is in gift of Bishop, Stoneham, 500*l.*]
Thomas Goodwin Hatchard, Rector of Havant. [In Bishop's gift, 489*l.*]
James Williams Hatherell, Incumbent of St. James's, Westend. [Virtually in Bishop's gift, 150*l.*, as Christchurch and Stoneham.]
William V. Hennah, Incumbent of East Cowes.
W. N. Hooper, Minor Canon, and Precentor of Winchester Cathedral, and Incumbent of Littleton. [Littleton, Dean and Chapter, Winchester, therefore under Bishop.]
Henry Howell, Incumbent of S. Peter's, Curdridge. [In gift of Rector of B. Waltham, appointed by Bishop.]
F. H. Hutton, Vicar of Leckford.
Charles Jackson, Perpetual Curate of Bentley. [In gift of Archdeacon of Surrey, approved by Bishop, 106*l.*]
Philip Jacob, Rector of Crawley, Canon of Winchester, and Rural Dean.
[In gift of Bishop, Crawley, 690*l.*; Canonry, 760*l.*; Bishop's Examining Chaplain.]
W. Jones, Rector of Morestead. [In gift of Bishop, 180*l.*]
T. C. Kemp, Vicar of Eastmeon. [In gift of Bishop, 903*l.*]
Anthony L. Lambert, Rector of Chilbolton, and Rural Dean. [In gift of Bishop, 430*l.*]
John Law, Rector of Elvetham.
E. McAll, Rector of Brighstone, and Rural Dean. [In gift of Bishop, 515*l.*]
T. M. Macdonogh, Incumbent of Bransgore.
Wyndham C. Madden, Vicar of Fareham. [In gift of Bishop, 530*l.*]
Samuel Maddock, Vicar of Bishop Sutton.
John Pierce Maurice, Rector of Michelmersh. [In gift of Bishop, 671*l.*]
John Powlett McGhie, Vicar of Portsmouth, and Rural Dean.
Frederick Græme Middleton, Perpetual Curate of Medsted. [In gift of Bishop, 580*l.*]

- N. Midwinter, Rector of S. Michael's, Winchester. [In gift of Bishop, 104*l*.]
- W. Norris, Rector of Warblington, and Rural Dean.
- W. Orger, Incumbent of Shirley.
- W. H. Parker, Perpetual Curate of Barton S. Paul's, Whippingham, I. W.
- Charles Richard Pettat, Rector of Ashe, and of Deane.
- William J. G. Phillips, Vicar of Eling, and Rector of Millbrook. [Millbrook in gift of Bishop, 487*l*.]
- Henry A. Plow, Rector of Ovington. [In gift of Bishop, 219*l*.]
- Thomas Robinson, Vicar of Milford.
- J. Aubrey Scott, Rector of West Tytherly.
- Henry W. Sheppard, Incumbent of S. James' and S. Peter's, Emsworth.
- J. De Lasaux Simmonds, Rector of Chilcomb. [In gift of Bishop, 167*l*.]
- Thomas Snow, Vicar of Newton Valence.
- Paulet S. John, Rector of Mottisfont.
- A. H. Stogdon, Incumbent of S. John's, Portsea.
- J. M. Sumner, Rector of Buriton with Petersfield. [In gift of Bishop, 1,194*l*.]
- George Sumner, Rector of Old Alresford. [In gift of Bishop, 556*l*.]
- James Tanner, Incumbent of S. Matthew's, Gosport. [In gift of Bishop, 150*l*.]
- William Thomas, Incumbent of Christchurch, Sandown, Isle of Wight.
- Francis Tyrrell, Perpetual Curate of Milton.
- Henry Osborne, Incumbent of Bitterne, Southampton.
- G. S. Utterton, Rector of Calbourne, Isle of Wight. [In gift of Bishop, 464*l*.]
- Edward Langton Ward, Rector of Blendworth.
- Thomas Alston Warren, Rector of South Warnborough.
- Henry G. Wells, Rector of Kingsworthy, and Rural Dean.
- W. Wilson, Canon of Winchester, and Vicar of Holy Rhood, Southampton. [Canonry in gift of Bishop, 760*l*.]
- D. Williams, Rector of Baughurst. [In gift of Bishop, 188*l*.]
- William Williams, Vicar of S. Bartholomew, Hyde.
- Walter B. Wither, Rector of Wootton. [Dean and Chapter, therefore under Bishop.]
- Thomas Woodrooffe, Rector of S. Maurice, and Canon of Winchester. [S. Maurice, 145*l*. in gift of Bishop; Canonry, 760*l*.]
- I. O. Zillwood, Rector of Compton. [In gift of Bishop, 329*l*.]

The sum total of all the patronage thus unblushingly exercised to influence the free action of Convocation, we have reckoned to be somewhat more than £18,000 a-year; a sum well calculated in all positions of life to do a great deal of work. We do not mean that, because a clergyman has a Bishop's living, he ought not to take an active part in Church affairs; but we simply point to this election as a whole, and deprecate most strongly what has been an overbearing and intimidating line of conduct, managed by the enormous influence which patronage, to the amount we have stated, must always give to a Bishop living in the midst of it himself, and in constant communication with the favoured objects of his power. What would have been said if the Bishop of Exeter had led forth the same band of adherents to fight his battles for the Church? and, indeed, it must have

been a melancholy sight to witness the imbecility of mind and body which was gathered together at Winchester, that it might quash, if possible, the young and vigorous action by which the Church is striving to meet the demands laid upon it. Old clergymen, who had not made their appearance in public for a long time, or who were even so infirm that they were unable to attend the services of the Church when at home, were dragged up to perform this sad and ungracious task of endeavouring to perpetuate a state of helplessness and indolence in the Church, of which they themselves had been, in many cases, too prominent examples. Several who saw all this refused to vote at all, having come for Mr. Haygarth. Yet, in spite of all influence from patronage, and in spite, also, of the systematic control exercised over the Rural Deans, and the abuse poured upon an unhappy individual of them who may express an independent opinion, and in spite of the risk incurred by many of forfeiting the hospitality and general good graces of Farnham Castle, we are glad to have it in our power to congratulate the Archdeaconry, that so many free and independent votes were recorded in favour of Mr. Trench.

Having now reviewed the elections individually, so far at least as is essential to our present purpose, we would invite attention to some general motives, which would seem of late to have guided the minds of the parochial clergy and influenced their votes. The question of High and Low Church has been much brought in, the former as being in favour of the Church's synodical action, and the latter against it. On the whole this has been the real state of the case; but there are many exceptions. Some honest and sincere members of the Low Church party have expressed their willingness to appeal to Convocation as the popular voice of the Church, and therefore as a fit tribunal before which certain differences should be settled; but generally speaking, that party betray the greatest dislike at anything like a fair representative system in the Church. The most energetic motive, however, of the present revival, springs from a wider basis than any one of the many party questions which have been agitating our Church. It is the natural love of harmony and concord, which seeks for some powerful centre on which confidence can be bestowed. The very agitation which has lately been witnessed in the election of Proctors, instead of aggravating the divisions of the Church, has brought together many smaller shades of opinion to act in concert, which of late have been painfully and unnecessarily estranged from each other. It is altogether a false argument, which so many adopt, that Convocation will create party spirit of a more dangerous character than exists where there is no power of self-regulation. It is the smaller suspicions

which exist between one and another, when all are without government, that are more wholly destructive of any useful concord and cooperation in practical things, than are the greater divisions, which by their mutual balance are the natural stimulus of a representative system. The parochial clergy, when Convocation meets and acts, will discuss the questions of the day as external to their own private responsibilities, and therefore in a manner which will not provoke nearly the same amount of bitterness, as when every question seems to be argued for each man by himself in person. It is very plausible for men in public life to say, that there will be grievous divisions of the Church exposed to the world, if Convocation acts. They see at present a sort of picture of quiet clergymen working their parishes undisturbed, to the distant eye, by the *odium theologicum* of religious debate; but a closer inspection of the actual state of the Clergy at this present time, betrays a far more dangerous want of good feeling and of any right understanding of their common cause, a far more practical inability to unite in good works for the glory of God and the good of the Church, than could ever be occasioned by the most exciting debates among their legally authorized representatives assembled in Synod. What is felt to be the great evil now, is in the almost individual isolation of every clergyman, who is left unaided to judge about practical or doctrinal questions. The discussion of such affairs with other clergymen has, when attempted, so often led to unpleasant personal feelings, that a truce is mutually proclaimed, by which the intercourse of social life is tacitly allowed to drag on a sort of deadened existence, unrefreshed by the expression of mutual thoughts on those subjects which are most in the thoughts of all. This kind of dismemberment is more insidious and more dangerous to the ultimate purposes of the Church, than any fair and legitimate discussion between two great parties, such as, if carried on in Convocation, would unite under their respective banners many smaller differences, and afford an open field of discussion to the Clergy generally, not so closely allied to individual responsibilities as to create mutual suspicions. Yet to an external eye, such as we must call even many of our Bishops', the one course seems that of peace and quietness, the other that of disorder and tumult.

But why should Convocation, even if we grant that there will be opposite factions in it, which will carry on eager debates, be so necessarily and exclusively the scene of angry feelings? Why are Clergy, selected for the work by the united judgment of their brethren, to be condemned as unfit for fair and open deliberation? Clergy are in general well educated men, with more than common responsibility to conduct themselves in an orderly man-

ner; they are accustomed to take a prominent position in all public affairs, and are not found behind others in the power of judging about disputed questions, as, for instance, when called on to act as magistrates; and why therefore are they to be set down as so utterly unqualified for public deliberation about religion, as that it is far better to leave all such things even in the hands of that promiscuous body of many and no religions, the House of Commons?

To return, however, to the point we were discussing, viz. the general feeling among the Clergy in favour of some power whereon to place confidence, and to which they may look for the fair discussion and decision of matters that are of interest to them. It may be asked by some few, Why not trust to the good sense and justice of the civil power, with the Queen as head of the Church, with the Bishops in the House of Lords, with the presumed acknowledgment of the Christian religion, still binding on the House of Commons, and with all the courts of law, to legislate and arbitrate in all ecclesiastical matters? This may be asked: but it will be answered, that this is an imposing array of governing powers, but unfortunately, the parties most concerned are singularly cut off from any voice in the government of themselves. The direction of the Church by the secular arm has been tried, and found very incapable of regulating the affairs of an active religious body. The politicians of the last half-century have taught the Clergy a lesson, which they wish seriously and practically to turn to good account.

It may again be asked, Are not the Bishops in their dioceses the links of union and the arbiters of disputed points, which should keep the Clergy in an efficient state of activity and co-operation? Unfortunately it is felt that they are not equal to this task: that individually or collectively there is a weakness and want of resolute purpose, accompanied often with an ungracious irritability, that is the unconscious substitute for the power of equal justice and quiet strength. The Bishops are unnaturally situated at present, in being without that systematic union of the different orders of Clergy which synodical action is meant to supply. There is, in fact, an unhappy jealousy of Bishops among the Clergy, which is not altogether the fault of either party, but of the system of relationship which exists between them. Episcopal power now is alternately feared for its arbitrary nature, and ridiculed for its helpless incapacity. It can appear in sudden bursts of indignant power against one cause of irritation, and against another, when all the Bench are summoned to a conclave at the Bounty Office, they can bring forth what is only a confession of weakness.

But without entering further into this question, we have stated sufficient grounds to prove, in a general manner, that a

certain jealousy of episcopal and civil power over the Church, with some dearly-bought experience of the confusion arising from their recent exercise, have all conduced to make the Clergy desirous of claiming their constitutional rights in ecclesiastical Synod. It is in vain now for the Bishops to talk to the Clergy of the disturbance of peace attending such a mode of action ; indeed, if Bishops would consult their reputation for good taste, they will now see that language of that kind is to be avoided, because it is obviously but a shallow argument to defend their own side of a very large open question, which remains to be settled between themselves and their clergy. They are not impartial judges, for the whole movement has much to do with a conviction among the Clergy that they do not stand in a fair position toward their Bishops, or rather, to take away all idea of personal dissatisfaction, that the mutual relations between the government of the Church and the parochial clergy are not such as to promote, as far as may be, the working energies and the spiritual good of the Church.

Facts seem now to prove the mistaken policy of all such dignitaries as have taken an active part against the movement. They may be sure that there will be great jealousy aroused among the parochial clergy, when they hear those ecclesiastics who are in office and power themselves, taking the invidious line, of denying a fair and representative influence to the rest of the Clergy. The Archdeacon of Middlesex thought fit to deliver a Charge against the active revival of Convocation ; but what was the effect of it upon the Clergy ? When the election came they appointed two men, who were both for the revival, to be submitted to the Bishop's selection. The same course was adopted by the Bishop of Norwich, who, though acknowledging, in his recent Charge, that the counsels of the parochial clergy were needed by the Bishop, and again, that the Church required some mode of adapting its services to the wants of the people, yet arrived at no practical conclusion, but what was evidently the burden of his song, viz. that Diocesan Synods and Convocation were, must be, and should be utterly extinct, and, therefore, that the Clergy need not think any more about them. What, however, was the response which the Bishop himself had the opportunity of witnessing from his Clergy, but a very weak after ? Sitting in his court, for the purpose of returning the Proctor for Convocation whom his Clergy should select, he saw before him some 150 of them, who, without any other candidate being proposed, elected a man pledged before the whole assembly, as determined to make his office a real and active one, if he were chosen to be Proctor.

With one brief glance at the future, we must now conclude our remarks. When the time comes, the Jerusalem Chamber

will assume a very different aspect from what has been the case for the last century on similar occasions. There will be assembled in it churchmen whose names are well known, as active and zealous supporters of Convocation. Having been selected by their brother clergy for a certain work, they will be determined by all legitimate means to accomplish their end. They will bring with them the almost unanimous voice of the parochial clergy in their cause, and they will also, on their own parts, bring talent, station, influence, and a resolute will. There will be men, calculated by nature for rough work, if needful, yet bound by their office, and pledged by the respect of their friends, to prefer a peaceful course. There will be fluent orators, ready debaters, prepared to exert their natural powers, then and there, and also prepared to claim their rights, and boldly state the grievances of the Clergy in other ways, if an attempt is made to check the element of our constitution on which they are acting. We cannot foresee the exact course which will be adopted either by the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Queen's advisers, but we sincerely trust, that, after examining the justice and equity of the case before them, there will be no arbitrary or summary mode attempted, from either of these quarters, for the purpose of resisting so loud an appeal from the whole mass of those clergy who, scattered about the country, are doing the real work of the Church. Nor, again, let the Bishops, by a majority of the Upper House, take upon themselves the responsibility of refusing to sanction the necessary address to the Crown for the royal licence to debate. On grounds which we have already suggested, this would be an odious proceeding, which we should be sorry to describe according to its merits, until it has been done. But, however the first effort of this present Convocation may end, our conviction, expressed at first, remains the same, that we are warranted in stating Convocation to be already an active power. The body of Proctors now elected, are, in many ways, a *power*, which, with the constitutional sanction they possess, must tell upon all the affairs of Church management, and which can obstruct all other legislation for the Church, until their just claims are conceded.

One caution, also, we would suggest to the advocates of Convocation, in case they really find themselves in active debate. The line we have adopted throughout the whole question has been, to treat of Convocation as an old, not a new thing; to claim it as a legal right, to develop its position by legal facts, and to establish our hold on synodical action generally, by keeping a tight grasp on the details of that form, by which it has so long been preserved in a dormant state among us, till the time should come when a period of activity will follow sleep. In accordance with this view, we should advise that the present

legal status of Convocation should be thoroughly established, and in an active state, before any sweeping reforms are attempted. By premature reforms on too large a scale, the whole legal basis of the question may be so confused, so many openings may be given for drawing general disapprobation on parts of the present system, that our enemies may be able to invade the strength of our original foundation, while we are disputing as to what changes there should be in the superstructure. Let the Church keep what she has got and hold it fast, before we make such questions, as the admission of the laity, any very prominent part of the subject. There are, of course, many points which call for reform. The separation of the Provinces is one, and also the inadequate representation of the parochial clergy. But to discuss these is not within our present design. If we look, however, to the history of Europe and America during the last hundred years, we shall see that among numerous attempts at reform, none have been durable, except those that proceeded gradually. Let the reformers, therefore, of Convocation be content to amend it bit by bit, and step by step, not adopting some complete theoretical scheme all at once.

In a question of public interest like that which we have been discussing, in which the newspapers of the day are the objects of review, it may be of use to put on record not only the line adopted by those papers who are favourable to ourselves, but also the line taken by that exponent of a certain phase of the popular mind, justly called 'The Times.' A knowledge of the coarse and ignorant ground taken by this journal may throw light on the justice, the expediency, and even the necessity of the Church in making present claim for the revival of Convocation. We thus conclude by inserting an article from 'The Times' of August 5, with an answer to it from 'The Guardian' of August 11:—

'The serious business of a contested election has been succeeded by a ludicrous and meaningless imitation of its forms. After having elected the Parliament which is to do business and make laws, we proceed, in deference to time-honoured custom, to elect those who are to do nothing at all. It is now 135 years since the Convocation of the Clergy met together for the despatch of business, which consisted on that occasion of a furious onslaught on the character and writings of Bishop HOADLEY. By the Act of Submission passed in the reign of Henry VIII. the Clergy in Convocation assembled are forbidden to enter upon any business without the Royal licence, and yet by a tenacious adherence to old forms, the spirit of which has utterly departed, the Clergy are periodically summoned to meet and choose representatives to compose a body which it is well known will be prorogued as soon as it meets, and dissolved without entering upon business. Any other nation but ourselves would by this time have found out some means of better reconciling practice and theory, and, if Convocation was not to meet, would have found out some means of getting rid of the election of a body which was destined to prove utterly helpless and useless.

Not so, however, the practical English nation. The intolerable evil lay not in the election, but in the deliberations and quarrels of Convocation, and if these be stopt the election is believed to be a harmless formality. We have no objection to the Clergy loading the blunderbuss as often as they please, provided we are sure it is in our power to prevent them from letting it off. In this, however, we may have somewhat miscalculated. It is better that those who are not intended to use fire-arms should not constantly be in the habit of seeing and handling them, and if we are resolved that the Clergy shall not meet in Convocation, it were better to relieve them from the trouble of an ineffective election, which only serves to remind them of duties they are not destined to perform. We are too busy and too practical a people to indulge in idle ceremonies. There is work to be done in all directions, and when we have been at the trouble of constructing a body, it naturally recalcitrates against the sentence of compulsory idleness. For these reasons it would seem that our present course is indefensible on any principle. If Convocation be elected it ought to be suffered to meet, and if it is never to meet it ought on every reasonable principle never to be elected. The present practice is in either view really indefensible.

‘There are not, however, wanting reasons which supersede the necessity of arguing the matter in the alternative, and which seem to show pretty conclusively, if not to the Clergy, at least to the laity, that Convocation ought never to meet again. It is argued—and plausibly argued—that in proportion as the assistance of the State is withdrawn from the Church of England, it ought to seek an indemnification of its losses in greater internal efficacy and more complete organization. It is said that the Church should seek from within that support which is not conceded her from without, and that if she be placed more nearly on a level with dissenters, she ought to be allowed a freedom of action and power of self-government, such as their separation from the State enables them to enjoy. Enthusiastic men sigh for the vigour and self-regulating power of the voluntary system, and believe that these advantages are consistent with the retention of the temporal advantages and preminent political position of the Church of England.

‘We have endeavoured to state these arguments fairly, and we believe they admit of a ready and conclusive answer. All religious bodies which have been able efficiently to organize themselves do this by virtue of the unity of their belief. They not merely call themselves by the same name, but they hold the same creed and profess the same doctrines. As long as the infinite varieties of human judgment occasion a decided difference of opinion a schism takes place, the advocates of a new doctrine separate from those of the old, a fresh unit is formed, and a new society, regularly graduated and articulated, and carrying within itself the same germ of present self-government and future division, is formed. In these bodies compromise is unknown; unity of opinion is the condition of their existence; and they rather weaken themselves by eternal subdivision than admit the possibility of allowing discordant opinions to grow up side by side in the same sect.

‘How different is the case of the Church of England! Moulded into her present shape—not by her own internal energy acting from within, but by Parliament pressing on her from without—she possesses every attribute, every advantage, and every disadvantage of a compromise. Her Articles and authorized formularies are so drawn as to admit within her pale persons differing as widely as it is possible for the professors of the Christian religion to differ from each other. The object was evidently not to give predominance to any particular set of opinions, but to include as large a number of persons as the then feelings of the nation would permit within the precincts of the Church. Unity was neither sought nor obtained, but comprehension was aimed at and accomplished. Therefore we have within

the pale of the Church of England persons differing not merely in their particular tenets, but in the rule and ground of their belief, the one party seeking religion in the Bible with the help of the Spirit, the other in the Church by the means of tradition. This being the true state of the case, what would be gained by calling together an assembly in which these irreconcilable differences would meet each other face to face? Is there any one who seriously thinks that the basis on which the Church of England is constructed is too wide and comprehensive, and that we have anything to gain, either in point of permanence or of justice, in narrowing down her temporal privileges and immunities to a smaller portion of her Majesty's subjects than at present—in increasing the number of dissenters, and, therefore, of persons inimical to any establishment whatever? Or do they suppose that the effect of bringing Low and High Church into contact on the benches of Convocation will be that the one will convince the other, and a difference directly referable to principles as indestructible as the human mind itself, be abolished by argument or be overpowered by clamour? If none of these things are possible, what result can we expect, except that differences will be embittered and magnified by argument and juxtaposition, and a compromise always more defensible in practice than in theory, and rather commendable for its good fruits than for its speculative and logical perfection, be cast to the winds? The same power of freely meeting and deliberating, of discussing and altering, which is essential to the existence of a voluntary church, is destructive to a compromise entered into and carried out under the sanction and by the authority of the State. It is the nature of a compromise, not that people should agree in opinion, but agree to avoid the discussion of points on which they differ. Thus, in America, North and South cannot agree on the slave question, and so they agree not to discuss it at all. To violate this understanding would be fatal to the Union, and to discuss the discordant creeds included within the Church of England would be to destroy the Church. Let those who are pressing on towards this consummation reflect that when, by the indulgence of the restless spirit of innovation, they have destroyed our present Church Establishment, it will be impossible for them, considering the temper of men's minds, and the direction in which the current of men's ideas is setting, ever to reconstruct another equally effective and equally comprehensive.

Such is the view taken by 'The Times,' to which 'The Guardian' ably answers in the following article:—

'Among the many conveniences which are furnished to the world by "The Times" newspaper, there is one which is not so much felt as it deserves to be. It supplies a means of joining issue with public opinion. The office of that newspaper is to divine and represent with ability what are, or in the course of a month or two are likely to be, the opinions of that undefinable part of the English nation which goes by the name of the "public"—a curious and formidable compound of shallowness with shrewdness—justice with prejudice—public spirit with selfishness—conceit with good sense—and generosity with vulgar tyranny. "The Times" gives a tangible and reasonable shape to the feelings and ideas which actuate this huge floating mass, and thus, while it gives them, so far as the case admits of it, the force arising from clearness and coherency, affords an opportunity for direct attack which they would not offer while they were merely unrecognised sentiments, infecting the whole body, but distinctly stated only by a few obscure writers, not claiming to represent any but themselves or their comparatively small party.

'Now, "The Times" has taken up the subject of Convocation, and has distinctly adopted a line of argument which indistinctly actuates more, perhaps, than any other the mass of half thinkers, who have a large share

in governing this country, and who, so far as they care about the matter, would resist any approach to free action on the part of the Church. It contrasts with most convenient sharpness with the argument which Churchmen use on the other side.

'The Church of England, it is said, on the one hand is a religious body, founded on a certain religious belief. It must have an organic and constitutional mode of expressing that belief. In theory, Convocation is such a mode, and circumstances now force upon us the necessity of reducing that theory to practice. The Church of England, replies "The Times,"—for this is the real substance of the answer—is *not* a religious body; she has *no* religious opinions of her own, therefore she does not need a voice to express any. To give her such a voice would be merely to furnish her members with an opportunity of wrangling on a large scale, certain to be used while men are what they are, but wholly destructive to the very law of her existence.

'We shall not attempt to argue this question, but shall merely place the two views in contrast.

'Churchmen consider that the Bible, whether interpreted by individuals, by the early ages, or by the existing Church, contains an immense mass of truth of which part is distinct, part indistinct; part, in theological phrase, "necessary to salvation,"—an integral portion of that Christian truth by the knowledge of which the human soul is trained for eternal life, part not thus necessary. Real and professed Churches have differed to the utmost extent as what is distinct and what indistinct, what material, and what comparatively immaterial, but on the principle all are agreed. All unite in admitting that a line must be drawn somewhere. No body of Christians would allow Mahometanism to be taught in their churches as the religion of the Bible—none would compel all their members to believe precisely alike on the nature of the heavenly joys. But till now it has been considered that, whatever questions might be left open, a certain amount of religious belief was necessary to the existence of a religious body; that the Church of England was such a body, and that her very definite belief was to be found in her Prayer-Book and Articles, which exclude from her body, not only Roman Catholics (though this alone would be sufficient for our argument), but whole masses of so-called heretics, too numerous to be counted by any but a theologian. And we may perhaps remark, in passing, that till within the last ten or twelve years the popular charge against the Church of England has been, not that her formularies and practice were too lax in this respect, but that they were intolerably rigid, and she herself jealous and intolerant in her enforcement of them. And finally, this dogmatism of hers has been distinctly accepted by the State, which *inter alia* has retained to the present day for its Sovereign the title of Defender of the Faith.

'The fact that the Church of England has spoken ambiguously on some points, be they ever so important, does not in any degree interfere with, or modify the fact that she has spoken with all the clearness of which language is capable on others, and those others constitute her religious belief. Whether her definitions are too many or too few, there they are, shaped by her divines, adopted by her ecclesiastical authorities, recognised and enforced by the laws of her country, and forming a basis on which is built a superstructure, comprising some 15,000 Clergy and the laity in communion with them. Whatever differences may exist within that body, no reasonable man can pretend to believe that if Unitarianism were proclaimed to-morrow as the national religion, that body would either cease to exist or become Socinian. In such an event the Church would at once lose all that she holds as organ of the State; she would, in all probability, be speedily robbed

of what she possesses as her own, and a considerable number of her members would follow the emoluments. Further consequences would follow, on which it would be trifling to speculate, since they are among those which the Almighty directs in ways and for reasons which are most peculiarly His own, and which are proportionably inscrutable to us His creatures. But, humanly speaking—and it is possible to speak humanly on such a subject—it cannot be doubted that the old religious body would survive, and would be recognised by all the world as surviving on the basis of that religious truth with which it had previously been identified.

'Now, what says "The Times?" "All religious bodies which have been able efficiently to organize themselves do this by virtue of the unity of their belief. They do not merely call themselves by the same name; but they hold the same creed and profess the same doctrine." True. So far we are agreed. A creed is necessary to an organized religious body. And such we say is the Church of England. But not so proceeds "The Times:"—

"How different is the case of the Church of England! Moulded into her present shape—not by her own internal energy acting from within, but by Parliament pressing on her from without—she possesses every attribute, every advantage, and every disadvantage of a compromise. Her Articles and authorized formularies are so drawn as to admit within her pale persons differing as widely as it is possible for the professors of the Christian religion to differ from each other. The object was evidently not to give predominance to any particular set of opinions, but to include as large a number of persons as the then feelings of the nation would permit within the precincts of the Church."

'According to this view, to say that the English Church is not a religious body is even less than the truth. It might almost be called anti-religious; it does not even represent, but is framed in order to stifle and delude the religious feeling of the nation. The object was "to include as large a number of persons as the then feelings of the nation would permit within the precincts of the Church," or in other words, to exclude from the creed every doctrine which the nation with its then feelings did not insist upon retaining. What exists in the Church of religious belief was forced upon it from without, contrary to its own policy and intention. And it is on behalf of this policy that "The Times" affects to protest—affects, we say, because we find an insuperable difficulty in believing that any clever person (which the writer evidently is) could advance such an argument unless he desired the destruction either of religion in general or of the Church of England in particular. We can imagine a conscious infidel endeavouring by such a course of argument to habituate the popular mind to the idea of a creedless establishment as a sure, though indirect, mode of depriving it of any Christian belief. We can imagine a Roman Catholic overacting the part of a Liberal in his anxiety to urge against the English Church his favourite reproach of Parliamentarianism. We could imagine a German sentimentalist (though not a writer in the English "Times") imagining the possibility of fraternising in some so-called religious appreciation of some indefinite infinite apart from any distinct belief of any actual supernatural truth. But we cannot imagine a man seriously—though ever so coldly—believing in anything that deserves to be called Christianity, and seriously arguing for the maintenance of the *status quo* of the English Church on the ground that she does not lay down religious truth on any point "on which it is possible for the professors of the Christian religion to differ from each other,"—that she has no religious creed, and consequently is not a religious body, but some indescribable and inconceivable entity, a function of Government, an exponent of opinion, a financial arrangement or a compromise.'

ART. IV.—*The Monthly Packet of Evening Readings, 1852;
A Garland for the Year.*

It would be an inquiry, equally curious and profitable, which should investigate that which we may call the domestic influence of the Mediæval Church. How ecclesiastical festivals became seasons of home enjoyment; how holy days were turned into holidays; how the Church's children learnt, in private life, to think and to speak in the Church's way; how, ascending higher, the powers of this world, the governors of the state, fell almost unconsciously into the times and the seasons of her who is not of this world; how, for example, sheriffs were pricked on the morrow of S. Martin; how lawyers reckoned by Hilary or Trinity term; how every class was subject to the same moulding influence; how boys went a *Midlenting*, and peasants hunted the wren on S. Stephen's day, and kings held their Maundy. Merchants, over their ledgers, spoke the language, at least, of religion; till very lately, bills of lading always commenced with the words, '*I, A. B. do send greeting in the Lord God everlasting;*' nor are the formulæ quite obsolete, '*The ship C. whereof D. E. under God is master;*' nor yet that, '*To sail with the first fair wind that God shall send.*' Gems were invested with a thousand mystical significations in the eyes of the jeweller; the country simpler had his Lent Lilies, his Herb Trinity, his Our Lord and Lady, his Alleluia Flower, his Star of Bethlehem.¹ Children began their Alphabet with a *Criscross*; countrymen saw in the ass the token of our Lord's entry into Jerusalem; suicides were buried in a cross way. It was the same influence always and everywhere at work; sometimes beautifully, sometimes amusingly, sometimes extravagantly, but always most really. The Church, whatever her language, was herself vernacular.

We propose to give a few of the national and provincial terms which have been impressed on Ecclesiastical Holydays. It

¹ The Church names of flowers are most ably given in the series of papers which stands at the head of this Article. We know not where we have read a series combining so much of ecclesiastical research, with such a sense of the picturesque, and so much love for English landscape; in fact, every way so perfectly delightful. We recommend it very strongly to our readers, and we trust that the labours of the Author (or perhaps Authoress), will be extended to other parts of nature, when the present set shall conclude with the year. Birds and insects would afford a large scope. To give an instance from the latter:—The Lady-bird, or Lady-cow, (of course called from Our Lady,) is in Spanish the *Vaquilla de Dios* (God's little Cow); in German, the May-Lady; in French, the *Bête à bon Dieu*; in Russ, *Boja Korovka* (God's Cow).

may not be entirely useless to dwell on them; for we are not yet perfectly rid of that stiffness which led men, at the beginning of the movement, to call Christmas Eve the Vigil of the Nativity, and to date letters on the Monday of Pentecost. That a Church should really be national, her terms must be household words, as they have always most been when a national Church was most efficient. Without further preface, we will begin with the commencement of the Ecclesiastical year.

It is curious that the season of Advent should have retained its Latin name everywhere. The Sundays, indeed, were not always reckoned in the same way, the more usual method being to count the first as the fourth, and that nearest to Christmas as the first. The old rule for finding the first Sunday in Advent ran thus:—

Saint Andrew the King
Three weeks and three days before Christmas comes in:
Three days after, or three days before,
Advent Sunday knocks at the door.

The old Hispanic Advent had six weeks, the Sunday next after Martinmas being the first;¹ and this is also the case in the Ambrosian rite.

Church saws fixed the commencement of winter to S. Clement's Day. The usual lines which regulate the beginning of the Seasons are:—

Dat Clemens hyemem; dat Petri ver Cathedratus:
Æstuat Urbanus: autumnat Symphorianus.

We have read them thus in a Cambray Missal:—

Cedit hyems retro cathedrato Simone Petro.
Ver fugat Urbanus; æstatem Symphorianus.
Festum Clementis caput est hyemis venientis.

Or, if the reader wishes a version:—

Winter goes off, and skies grow fair,
When Simon Peter sits in Chair:
Saint Urban bids the Spring be gone:
Symphorian calls the autumn on:
Saint Clement's day the wind and rain
And cold of winter brings again.

And a very fair division too, if we add to the times specified, (February 22, May 25, August 22, and November 21,) the eight or ten days that the correction of the Calendar, at the date when these verses were written, would have required.

¹ When the Dominical letter is A, there are, in fact, seven Sundays in the Mozarabic Advent. But in that case the seventh falls on Christmas Eve, and the office is of that day entirely.

The season of Advent has left few traces in natural names. *Advent-grass* hence receives its title; and in Germany wild geese are called *Advent-birds*, and sometimes, as also with us, *Ember-geese*.

The English Calendar gives the old rule for the discovery of the Advent Ember-days; the Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, after S. Lucy's Day.

Fasting days and Emberings be
Lent, Whitsun, Holyrood, and Lucie;

said the rhyme. The modern Roman use fixes them to the third week in Advent, which must always come to the same thing.

The cristate verses give three of the four:—

Dant Crux, Lucia, Cineres, charismata dia,
Ut sit in angariâ quarta sequens feria.

The Latin name has remained in modern languages, though the contrary is sometimes affirmed, *Quatuor Tempora*, the *Four Times*. In French and Italian the term is the same; in Spanish and Portuguese they are simply *Temporas*. The German converts them into *Quatember*, and thence, by the easy corruption of dropping the first syllable, a corruption which also takes place in some German dialects, we get the English *Ember*. Thus, there is no occasion to seek after an etymology in embers; or with Nelson, to extravagate still further to the noun *ymbren*, a recurrence, as if all holy seasons did not equally recur. In Welsh, Ember-week is *Wythnos y cŷdgorian*, the Week of the Processions.

We proceed to Christmas. In most Celtic languages Christmas Eve is called the *Night of Mary*. It is still observed with great pomp in the Isle of Man, the peasants vying with each other in bringing tapers to church, and in singing carols there. The festival itself is variously named. Our own *Christmas* comes nearest to the German provincialism, *Christfest*. The Romance languages merely retain the Latin name, the French deviating from it most widely in *Noel*. This word became a cry of joy; we find it sung at Angers, during the eight days preceding Christmas, fifteen times at the conclusion of *Lauds*, and it thus came to be used at other seasons of rejoicing. So, Monstrelet frequently tells us of the cry of Noel that accompanied some triumphant procession. The Welsh *Nadolig* is from the same source. The German *Weihnachten* has been derived from *Wein*, as if expressing the festal character of the day. But it is clearly from the inseparable compound *Weih*, which denotes sanctity or holiness, and occurs so often in German ecclesiastical words. Its composition with the word

night, rather than day, is referable to the morning mass with which the solemnity so beautifully begins. In Portugal, *Pascoa*, as the proper term for Easter, is by an easy corruption applied also to the two other great festivals. Christmas is therefore *Pascoa do Natal*.

S. Stephen's Day was in the south of France called *Straw Day*, from the benediction of the straw, which some rituals then appointed. In the north of England it is known as *Wrenning Day*, from the custom of stoning a wren to death, a cruel commemoration of S. Stephen's martyrdom. In the south, the pigeon matches usually there celebrated are a relic of the old rite. In Denmark it was sometimes called 'Second Christmas Day.'

The Holy Innocents had a peculiar appellation in England and Germany only, *Childermas Day*, and *Kindermesse*. In other languages it is simply Innocents' Day. The office of the day throughout the Church was one of sorrow; in many places *Gloria in Excelsis* was not sung: in some not even the *Gloria Patri*. The colour also was black. A trace of this remains in Leigh-upon-Mendip, in Gloucestershire, where, from time immemorial, a muffled peal has been rung on that festival. But, till a very recent period, not only that day itself, but the same day in every week of the succeeding year, was Childermas Day, and was considered highly unlucky. So the *Spectator* tells us of his superstitious hostess:—'As they began to talk of 'family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told 'her, that he was to go into join-hand on Thursday. "Thursday!" (says she:) "no, child, if it please God, you shall not 'begin upon Childermas Day: tell your writing master that 'Friday will be soon enough." I was reflecting with myself at 'the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that any body would 'establish it as a rule to lose one day in every week.' Addison gives the day rightly, for in the preceding year (1710) Holy Innocents fell on a Thursday.

The election of a Boy Bishop, which took place usually on S. John's Day, at night, sometimes gave rise to scenes of a very unedifying character both on Holy Innocents', and on New Year's Day. The latter was, in French, *La Fête des Soudiacres*, or more frequently, *The Feast of Fools*. The former name was intended as a kind of pun between *sou-diacres*, subdeacons, and *souls diacres*, drunken deacons; and both in the East and the West the custom gave the Bishops a good deal of trouble in putting it down, or at least restraining it within due bounds. On the contrary, in the south-east of Europe, the *Missa de idolis prohibendis* stamped quite a different character on the day, by announcing the overthrow of the profane joy which formerly welcomed in the New Year by an Idol Feast.

The Epiphany, as it contains in itself three distinct festivals, so it was to be expected that we should find it known by a variety of distinct names. In the Spanish *Epifania*, and the Italian provincialism, *Befania*, the Greek name is simply retained. In old Spanish, however, we find it called *Apparicion*, derived from the Mozarabic ritual, which gives the *Apparitio Domini*. So in the Abbey of Fontevraud, it was *L'Apparition*. Our common English name, *Twelfth Night*, marks it out as the conclusion of Christmas-tide. For the most part, however, national usages connect its title with the worship of the Magi. So in German, it is *Dreykönigstag*; in Danish, *Hellig Tre Kongers Dag*; in French, *Les Rois*; in Portuguese, *Dia dos Reis*. In England also, to some extent, the festival was known as the *Three Kings' Day*, and the practice of drawing for king is a relic of that use. In Manx, it is *Laa'l-Chybbyr-ushtey*, the day of offering worship. In the East, the case was different. Here, as every one knows, the 6th of January was at first celebrated as the Feast of the Nativity, and Manifestation to the Gentiles, both in one; and the opposite practice was introduced from the Roman Church. The name Epiphany was still, however, applied in many cases to Christmas Day, and the universally received title for our Epiphany was *The Lights*; the Sundays before and after it also deriving their name from that appellation. The title originally bore reference to the illumination of Baptism, instituted, according to the more probable opinion, on that day, and afterwards to the candles with which, as symbolical of that, the churches of the East blaze. There it is still a festival of superior importance to Christmas, and in many churches of mediæval France the case was the same; as at Rouen, where it received the name of the *Star Feast*. Again, the solemn benediction of the waters in the East, has given a title, in some countries, to the day. Thus, in Illyria and Bulgaria it is known as the *Vodocaerscta*, the 'Benediction of the Water'; in Russia, *Creshtshenie*, the Slavonic term for Baptism. In Welsh the festival is sometimes termed *Ystwyll*, gloom-expelling, sometimes *Serenwyl*, Star Festival.

The morrow of the Epiphany was popularly called *S. Distaff's Day*, from the goodwife reassuming her distaff after the Christmas holyday:—

Partly work, and partly play,
Ye must on Saint Distaff's Day.

But this, of course, was simply a jocular appellation. *Plough Monday*, on the contrary, had, in some rituals, its own benediction.

The Sundays after Epiphany have been named solely from

their numbers; it being very rare, even in ancient Missals, to find them called from their introits. In the north of Italy, however, the second is known as *Marriage Sunday*, from the marriage of Cana, related in the gospel for the day.

The Purification was, in one sense, to the West, what the Epiphany was to the East, and has usually received its name from the multitude of tapers employed in the office, with reference, primarily, to the Light to lighten the Gentiles, which was then manifested by the mouth of Simeon. The French Church calls it *La Chandeleur*; in Spain and Portugal it is the *Candelaria*; in Denmark, it is the *Kyndelmisse*; in Germany, as *Lichtmesse*; in Suabia, as *Kerzweihe*, or *Kerzmesse*. In Welsh it is *Gŵyl Vair y Camyllau*, the Festival of Mary of the Candles; in Manx, for a reason we cannot explain, it is *Laa'l Moirrey my Giangle*, the Day of Mary's being tied or secured. But, in the Eastern Church, it derives its name from the meeting of our Lord by Simeon and Anna; and is there termed *Hypapante*; by the Russian Church, with the same meaning, *Srietenie*. And this name was, as so often, transferred to the Latin Church, by which it was written *Hypapanti*; an easy corruption reduced this to *Hypanti*, which was the most frequent mediæval name. In the north of Italy it was often termed *S. Simeon's Day*; in France the name was, in many instances, the same as that in our Calendar—the *Presentation*. We also meet with that of *Susception Day*.

S. Blaise's Day is, in some parts of Germany, *Kleine Kerzmesse*—little Candlemas—because of the bonfires that it was usual (for an uncertain reason) to kindle on that night. One thing is clear—that the custom, not being peculiar to England, could not have arisen in an absurd pun on the saint's name, as some have affirmed.

The week before Septuagesima Sunday is, in the Eastern Church, called the *Exhortatory Week*, because the faithful are then exhorted to prepare themselves manfully for the great fast. The Nestorians term it the *Ninevites' Week*, on account of a fast which they observe in commemoration of the repentance of Nineveh. The Armenians, who do the same, name it, from an uncertain reason, the *Artziburion*. 'At that time,' says a Greek divine, with bitterness that recalls some of Mr. Goode's polemical performances, 'the thrice accursed Armenians observe their abominable fast of Artziburion.' The Saturday of the week was known as *Alleluia Saturday*, because *Alleluia* was then, according to the most usual rule, dropped till Easter. Hence we have the beautiful hymn, *Alleluia dulce carmen*, and the magnificent *Alleluatic* sequence, appointed for that day.

Septuagesima almost everywhere retained its Latin name.

In the Eastern Church it is the *Sunday of the Prodigal Son*, that being the Gospel for the day. The week that succeeds is, in the East, *Apocreos*, because from Septuagesima Sunday meat is forbidden.

Sexagesima also had only its Latin title. In the East it is the Sunday of *Apocreos*; the weeks, at that time of the year, preceding, and not following their Sunday. The ensuing week is, in the East, *Cheese Week*; in Russia, *Butter Week*; because, till the close of the following Sunday, cheese and butter are allowed. The Friday of *Sexagesima* was, in the north of Germany, the *Kind-fét*, or *Kind-tag*, being, by a peculiar rite, the Festival of the Invention of the Child in the Temple.

Quinquagesima. In Germany this is, in many places, called *Pfaffen-Fastnacht* (Priest's Fasting Night), many mediæval councils having ordered ecclesiastics to abstain from meat from that day forward. It was also very widely known as *Esto mihi Sunday*, from the commencement of the introit, *Esto mihi Deum Protectorem*. In the patois of Navarre it is *Dimenge cabée*, a corruption of *Dominica in Capite Jejunii*. In Denmark it is *Fastelavn's Sondag*, Sunday of the Preparation for the Fast. In the East, for the reason given above, it is *Butter* or *Cheese Sunday*.

The following Monday is, in England, *Collop Monday*; because, on that day, the last meat, and that in small quantities, was supposed to be cooked. In Vienne, and the adjacent parts of France, it was (and still is) *Fat Monday* (*Lundi gras*), for the following reason:—Some provincial Councils endeavoured to commence the fast, as in the East, on this day, instead of on the Wednesday; the people compromised the matter by beginning it on Tuesday, and hence this title for the last flesh-day.

Shrove Tuesday. Here, as so often, the English name is beyond all dispute the most beautiful and appropriate of any; expressing the penitence with which Lent should be welcomed in. In Southern Europe it takes its name from the exact reverse, namely, from the Carnival. In Italy it is *Martedì grasso*, as in France *Mardi gras*; also *Martedì di Carnovale*. The Spanish Church terms it *Martes de carnestolendas*; the Portuguese, *Dia do Entrudo*; or, more commonly, *Entrudo* alone; from the old word *entrudar*, to feast. Again, in France, we have *Carême entrant*; or, in the old mediæval form, *Carementramnus*. In Walloon patois, *Mâdicâmentran*. In Dansk, on the same principle as *Quinquagesima Sunday*, it is *Fastelavnstirstag*; in Germany it is usually known as *Fastendienstag*, Fast Tuesday. In Welsh Shrovetide is *Ynyd*, which is probably derived from *Initium Quadragesimæ*, the beginning of Lent, and thus also the Manx, *Oie-innyd*.

Ash Wednesday has, in most Churches, its name from the benediction and the wearing of ashes on that day. Thus, in German, it is *Ascher Mittwoch*; in Dansk, *Aske Onsdag*; in Illyrian, *Cista Srijda*; French, *Le jour de Cendres*; in Spanish, *Miercoles de Ceniza*; in Portuguese, *Quarta feira de cinza*. But, from also being Wednesday in *Capite Jejunii*, it is, in Navarre, *Mercré cabée*, like Quinquagesima Sunday.

Lent itself has three classes of appellations. In the first place, those derived from the season of the year, as our own *Lent*, akin to the German *Lenz*, and identical with the Dutch and the Flemish *Lente*, the season of spring. Next, those which have their origin from the idea of the fast. So in Russ it is *Velekie Post*, the Great Fast; or simply *Post*, the Fast. In Dansk, *Fastetid*; in German, *Fastenzeit*. So, in the Eastern Church, it is simply the *Μεγάλη Νηστεία*. Thirdly, those derived from the number of days it lasts: *Quadragesima* in Latin, *Carême* in French. And this is the case in all the Romance languages, and so also in Welsh, where Lent is *Garaucys*, and, in Manx, *Kargys*. Its weeks, when numerically reckoned, are forwarder by one in the East than in the West. The first week in Lent is, according to the rite of Constantinople, that which follows Quinquagesima: according to the use of Rome it is that which follows the first Sunday in Lent.

The day after Ash Wednesday is named, in some parts of England, *Embering Thursday*.

The first Sunday in Lent. Good old Durandus labours to explain why this should be called *Quadragesima*, when, in point of fact, it is not the fortieth, but the two-and-fortieth, day from Easter. His mystical reasons, if not convincing, are at least beautiful: 'Because Lent reacheth not save to Maundy Thursday, which is the day of absolution; for by means of Lent well observed, and by true penitence, man spiritually cometh to the Supper of the LAMB; as it is written: "Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the LAMB." Again, because the children of Israel, being fed with manna in the desert by the space of forty years, came, through forty encampments, to the Land of Promise. By whose pattern we also, abstaining forty days from the lusts of the body, are refreshed by the word of life, and give ourselves up to prayer, that so we may enter by JESUS CHRIST into the land of the living; even as they by Jesus Nave, that is, Joshua, into the Land of Promise.' The more common name, however, was from the introit, the Sunday *Invocavit*. So we often read: 'The emperor arrived at Metz on the Tuesday after *Invocavit*.' 'The Council was begun on the Wednesday of the week called *Invocavit*.' It was sometimes termed *Quintana*, because five Sundays intervened between it and Easter. Our old vernacular

name was *Shrove Sunday*. In some parts of Germany it was *Alte Fastnacht*, Old Fast Night,—a relic of the ancient commencement of Lent on the following day, before the additional four days were added to complete the forty. In the East it is *Orthodoxy Sunday*, a festival instituted primarily to commemorate the final defeat of the Iconoclasts, but extended to a general commemoration of all triumphs of the Faith.

The second Sunday in Lent is also, from the introit, the Sunday *Reminiscere*. In France it was sometimes called *Transfiguration Sunday*, because that event, according to the use of Paris, formed the Gospel of the day.

The third Sunday, or the Sunday *Oculi*, has not, to our knowledge, any vernacular name in the West, but in the East it is *σταυροπροσκυνήσιμος*, from the Adoration of the Cross on that day.

The fourth, or *Lætare Sunday*, is called both by the East and West, *Midlent Sunday*. In the West it is also termed *Refection Sunday*, partly because the Gospel for the day relates the feeding of the five thousand, partly because it was observed as a little carnival between the two halves of Lent; as now, the *Mi-Carême* in Paris is an occasion of great gaiety and splendour. In Rome, it is the Sunday of the *Golden Rose*, from the benediction of that token of the Pontiff's approbation. It was frequently termed in Spain the Sunday *Mediante*, because it exactly halved the old Spanish Lent, and because the Gospel commences with that word.

Thursday of the Midlent Week is, in the Eastern Church, *Thursday of the Great Canon*, because the hymn of S. Andrew of Crete, known by that name, is then sung.

The fifth Sunday is *Passion Sunday*, because then the Western Church begins her more solemn commemoration of the Passion. Then the two glorious hymns of Venuntius Fortunatus, *Vexilla Regis prodeunt*, and *Pange lingua gloriosi prælium certaminis*, begin to be said. It was also sometimes called *Midlent Sunday*, because it follows the Midlent week; there being many instances in the West, where the Eastern example of considering the Sunday as the last day of the week may be traced. More properly it was called *Midlent Octave*. In Germany we find it named *Black Sunday*, with reference to the veiling of the crosses in black, which takes place at that passage of the Gospel, 'Jesus hid himself, and went out of the temple.'

The Saturday of Passion Week, or as the Eastern Church calls it, Palm Week, was named in the south of Europe, *Alms Saturday*, it being customary to bestow charity on the poor, in remembrance of our Lord's words spoken on that day, 'Ye have the poor always with you, and whensoever ye will, ye may do them good.' In the East, it is appropriately named

S. Lazarus's Saturday, and often, both by East and West, *Palm Saturday*.

The sixth Sunday in Lent has a variety of names, most of them beautiful and appropriate. In England, Holland, Germany, and Denmark, it is *Palm Sunday*; in Italy, *Olive Sunday*; in Spain, Portugal, and France, *Branch Sunday*; in Welsh, *Flower Sunday*. In Russia, it is *Verknie Vosresenie*, *Sallow Sunday*, from the necessary employment of sallows in the procession. For a similar reason, it is in various parts of England, *Willow Sunday*, or *Yew Sunday*. Again, it was named *Tradition Sunday*, because on that day the Creed was taught to the catechumens who were to be baptized on Easter Eve; *Indulgence Sunday*, from an uncertain reason; *Palm Easter*; the *Capitularium*, because it was then usual to wash the heads of the children, who were about to be baptized; *Flower-Easter*; *Easter of the Competents*, or *Pascha petitem*, because of the tradition of the Creed to those who were competent for baptism; *Hosanna Sunday*, or merely *Hosanna*, in the South of Europe, as it is in the Coptic Church. In the Greek Ritual it is simply *Palm Sunday*, though sometimes called *S. Lazarus's Sunday*. In Georgia, by a singular reference to S. Mary Magdalene, it is *Bzobisa Aghebisa*, Prostitution Sunday.

The sixth week in Lent is, in all the Romance languages, as with us, *Holy Week*. The title Passion Week, so often bestowed improperly on it among ourselves, is in Russia given to it by right, *Strastnoe Nedelie*. The Latin term, the Greater Week, *Hebdomada Major*, does not seem to have come into vernacular use. In old French it was called, as it sometimes is still, *La Semaine Peneuse*. The most beautiful term, however, as setting forth its abstraction from worldly labours, and its holy quiet, is that by which it is known in Germany and Denmark, the *Still Week*. In Germany it is also the *Marterwoche*, and *Car* or *Charwoche*, Suffering Week. In the East it is the *Great Week*, and each day has the same epithet, Great Monday, Great Tuesday, &c. Finally, in many mediæval writers, it is the *Authentic Week*; in the sense, we suppose, of *the week*,—the Week that is a week indeed; and so we have found it named in a Mayence Missal of 1519. The Welsh call it *Wythnos y Grog*, the Week of the Cross.

We come now to *Maundy Thursday*. It is rather singular that this day should not have derived its vernacular name from its great institution, the Blessed Eucharist. It had, indeed, in mediæval Latin, the name, *The Birthday of the Chalice*. So Peter of Blois:—

Hoc in Natali Calicis non est celebratum,
Quando Pascha novum vetus est post Pascha dicatum.

But, in modern languages, this did not obtain. In Dansk

we have the name of *Skiertorsdag*, as, in some parts of England, that of *Sheer Thursday*, from the old root *Skier*, signifying pain or affliction. In France it is simply *Jeudi Saint*, a term likely to be confounded with Ascension Day. In German it is *Grüne Donnerstag*, Green Thursday; the origin of the term is much disputed. It is probable, however, that the epithet is here to be taken in the sense of *unripe*, inasmuch as in Slavonia and Carinthia the day is called *Raw Thursday*, with what reference we are quite unable to explain. In Spain, as with us, it is *Juéres del Mandato*, from the performance of the *mandatum*, the washing of the feet. In Portugal it is *Quinta Feira de Endoenças*, Sickness Thursday, on account of the consecration of the chrism for the unction of the sick. In Welsh, with reference to the mocking of our Lord, it is *Iau y Cablyd*, Thursday of Blasphemy.

Good Friday is another example of an English appellation that surpasses in beauty the vernacular terms of other languages. But that we are so completely used to it, we should probably feel what a touching acknowledgment is the name of the work accomplished on that day. In some parts of England it is *Char-Friday*, that is, Passion Friday; a name also in use in Germany. There, however, it is usually called *Still Friday*. Denmark has a far less appropriate name, *Long Friday*. It is not a mark of very high devotion, that the length of the office should be that which has given the title to the day. *Black Friday*, a name common over Southern Germany, gives the popular view of the season, and *Holy Friday* is the somewhat common-place title adopted in most of the Romance languages. In Welsh, it is *Gwener y Croglith*, Friday of the Lesson of the Cross.

Easter Eve has in few modern languages any more recondite name than in our own. In Portugal it is *Sabbado de Alleluia*, from the triumphant resumption of the Alleluia in the first vespers of Easter. In the East, in the same way as the rest of the week, it is *Great Saturday*, except among the Armenians, who call it *Burial Saturday*.

We come now to the Queen of Festivals. And here the Greek and Latin name, in various corruptions, is almost universal; appearing in the French *Pâque*, in the Portuguese *Pascoa*, in the Illyrian *Paska*, and (which is rather strange) in the Danish *Paaske*, and the Welsh *Pasg*. The English *Easter*, and the German *Ostern*, from the goddess *Eostre*, whose feast fell in April, afford a curious instance how the Church, when it suits her, lays hold of a Pagan word, and adapts it to her highest and holiest purposes. This derivation, however, does not seem to have pleased ritualists. So, for example, the piety of Honorius of Autun is more conspicuous than his etymology

in the following sentence :—‘ *Oster* is from *the East*, because as ‘ there the Sun ariseth, who, as it were, dies in his setting, so ‘ here the Sun of Righteousness, which is Christ, who, as it ‘ were, sets in his Death, rises again.’ Others will deduce from *Urstand*, the Resurrection. But these are vain attempts to get rid of an etymology, of which, after all, there is nothing to be ashamed. In Manx, it is *Yn-chaisht*, ‘The Holy.’ In the East, the common title is *Λαμπρά*, the Bright Day. Thus a Cretan ballad, describing the celebration of the principal feasts of the Church :—

τοῦ Χριστουγέννου γιὰ κήρι,
καὶ τοῦ βαίον γιὰ βαία
καὶ τῆς Λαμπρῆς τὴν κυριακὴν
γιὰ τὸ ‘ Χριστὸς ἀνέστη.’

At Christmas tapers kindle,
At Palm-tide Palm-gifts bring;
And then upon *Bright Sunday*
“The Lord is risen,” we sing.

The use is the same in the Russian Church, where Easter Day is the *Svietloe Vosresenie*.

The Octave of Easter is, with us, *Low Sunday*, probably from the contrast between the rapturous joy of Easter, and the more ordinary routine to which we now return. At the same time, in every part of the Western Church, it is a Sunday of the first class. In the Latin Church, it is the *Dominica in Albis*, that is, *in Albis depositis*, because then the recently baptized laid aside their white robes. But the Germans, translating exactly from the Latin, call it *der weisse Sonntag*, for precisely the reason that it is not white. It is as often called the Sunday *Quasimodo*, from the introit. In the canton of Soleure, in Switzerland, it is *Bean Sunday*, on account of a certain distribution of beans which then takes place, and by which the translation of some of the Martyrs of the Theban Legion is commemorated. In the East, it is *New Sunday*, with reference to the Renovation of all things by our Lord’s Resurrection.

Mundi renovatio
Nova parit gaudia :
Resurgente Domino
Conresurgunt omnia.

It is thus named also by the Armenians. The Greeks frequently call it *Antipascha*, and also *S. Thomas’s Sunday*, in commemoration of his conversion on that day.

While in Easter-tide, we must not forget to mention the *Annotine Easter*. This was a commemoration of the preceding Easter, made on that day in the following year. There is a

sequence for this festival—the only one with which we are acquainted—in Mr. Neale's collection, beginning,

Surgit Christus cum trophæo,
Jam ex Agno factus Leo.

As, however, Annotine Easter fell often in Lent, and sometimes in Passion-tide, it was in most Churches transferred either to the Sunday *Quasimodo*, or to the Fourth Sunday after Easter, or in some cases, to Saturday in the Octave. The origin of its institution seems to have been the natural wish of those baptized at Easter, to celebrate the first anniversary of their spiritual illumination.

The Second Sunday after Easter. This, in the Eastern Church, is the Sunday of the Ointment-bearers (τῶν μυροφορῶν), from the Gospel. In the Armenian Calendar, it is *Green Sunday*, because the spring is now, at latest, bursting forth.

The Third Sunday after Easter. This, for a similar reason to that mentioned above, is, in the East, the *Sunday of the Paralytic*. Why the Armenian Church calls it *Beautiful Sunday*, we know not.

The Fourth Sunday after Easter is, with the Greeks, Mid-Pentecost, from dividing the time between Easter and Whit-Sunday. Also, from the Gospel, it is the *Sunday of the Samaritan*.

The fifth is *Rogation Sunday*, with the three Rogation Days following. In Germany this is the *Betsontag*, with the same meaning: in other languages the Latin term seems almost invariably followed. The Oriental Church, retaining the old rule of admitting no fast between Easter and Pentecost, has no such season, and therefore no such name. The Gotho-Hispanic Church, wishing to observe the Rogations, and yet unwilling to break the canon, transferred them either to the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday in the week of Pentecost, or else to the Ides or to the Kalends of December. In the East, Rogation Sunday is the *Sunday of the Blind Man*, from the Gospel.

Ascension Day has scarcely any vernacular name. In some parts of the south of France it was termed *Bread Thursday*, from a distribution of bread which then was made to the poor; probably with reference to that verse of the Psalm, 'Thou art gone up on high: Thou hast led captivity captive, and received gifts for men.' In England it has been known as *Bounds Thursday*; from beating the bounds of the parish, transferred, by a corruption of Rogation processions, to this day. In Manx, it is *Jasdyl*, which they derive from *Jas*, God, and *theill*, the world, because God on that day went up to Heaven from the world. In Russia, they use an especial term for this day, instead of the more ordinary word for *Ascension*: calling it *Voznesenie*, and not *Voschojdenie*. The Eastern Church knows

of no especial title for the festival, except that, in Cappadocia, from an uncertain reason, it was the *Episozomene*.

The Sunday after Ascension is so called all over the West. But in the East it is termed the *Sunday of the Three Hundred and Eighteen*, from the commemoration which then takes place of the Fathers of Nicæa.

Whit Sunday. It is strange that the origin of our vernacular name for the third festival of the Christian year should be so difficult to discover. We will not discuss the disputed question, whether it is named from the white worn by the recently baptized from Easter till Pentecost, or is a corruption of *huit*: this being the eighth Sunday after Easter. The Romance languages have, for the most part, vernacularized the Latin name. But in Spain the day is usually called the *Fiesta del Espirito Santo*; and in Portugal, by the use of the word *Pascha* we already noticed, *Pascoa do Espirito Santo*. In Italy it is *Pasqua Rosata*, because the roses are now in full flower. In Germany, it is *Pfingsten*, probably (for the derivation is doubtful) a corruption of Pentecost. The name will suggest to some of our readers Göthe's beautiful imitation of Reynard the Fox:—

Pfingsten, das liebliche Fest, war gekommen: es grünt und blüthen
Feld und Wald: auf Hügeln und Höhn, in Büschen und Hecken,
Uebten ein frühliches Lied die neuermunterten Vögel, &c.

In Dansk, by an easy abbreviation, it is *Pintse-Dag*. From the season, German every-day speech names a number of common objects: thus, green geese are *Pentecost geese*; the peony is the *Pentecost rose*; broom is *Pentecost-blossom*. In Russ it is *Troitzie Den*, Trinity Day; probably as filling up the commemoration of the blessed Trinity. In the East it is, of course, Pentecost.

The Friday in the Octave is, among the Nestorians, named *Golden Friday*. For that day of the week being a high commemoration throughout the year, this, in its most sacred season, is supposed to bear the palm from the others; and hence its title.

It was not to be expected that *Trinity Sunday*, as a day of such late institution, should have left much trace in modern languages. In old French it was popularly called the *King of Sundays*; also *Blessed Sunday*. In the Eastern Church it is *All Saints' Sunday*, that commemoration being fixed for this day. The office itself was long unsettled in the Western Church. The original collect for the First Sunday after Pentecost was that which begins, 'O God, the strength of all them that put their trust in Thee,' and it is still retained in the Roman Missal as an adjunct to the festival of the Trinity.

The German Church was very tenacious of the old rite. Some celebrated the new festival on the second Sunday after Pentecost, so as to leave the octave clear; large numbers transferred it to the Sunday next before Advent: and this was, we believe, retained in some parts of Rhineland to the last century, if indeed there be not even now a double commemoration. So it was at Orleans till the sixteenth century.

Corpus Christi also, as a late festival, comes under the same head as the last. That, in England, as abroad, it was called from the Body of God, the vulgar oath still remains to tell. The French Church has abreviated it still further, into the *Fête Dieu*.

The Sundays following Trinity are, in the Roman Calendar, as every one knows, called from Pentecost. But in the Sarum, and in most German Missals, they are named, as we name them, from Trinity.

We may observe that in the north of England, and especially in Yorkshire, the Sunday within the Octave of the Patron, or Wake Saint, is called after his name. Thus, at Ripon, *Wilfrid Sunday* is a very great holiday.

It merely remains to notice the other holidays which have received an English vernacular name.

Of these Lady Day shall be the first. That this term was fixed to the Annunciation and not to the Assumption, shows that, in the earlier times of England, the present respective importance of the festivals was reversed. In Dansk it is the same, *Vor Fruedag*; but in other European tongues it is simply the Annunciation. In Welsh it is *Gŵyl Vair y Cyhydedd*, the Festival of Mary of the Equinox; in Manx, prettily enough, *Laa'l-Moirrey-my-Sansh*, the Day of Mary's being whispered to.

Lammas Day, the Feast of S. Peter ad Vincula. It would be most natural to derive this from Loaf-mas, that is, the benediction of the new bread. But when we find the first of August termed in Welsh *Dydd degwm iwyn*, Lamb-tithing day, it is clear that the easier derivative, Lamb-mas Day, is also the true one. The Manx name has in all likelihood the same origin; it is *Laa'l Lhuanys*. *Lhuan* is any creature, more especially a lamb or calf, which comes out of due season. It was probably the absence of an octave, as compared with the great festival of S. Peter, that led to the proverbial idiom, *At latter Lammas*; that is, never: or, as the Danes say, on the 30th of February. In Germany the day is *Kettenfeier*, the Feast of the Chains,—a literal translation of the Latin.

The same feeling which suggested the English benediction showed itself in all the wine countries on the sixth of August. This was the benediction of the new grapes;—and the rite was

often performed, as at S. Martin of Tours, by squeezing a grape into the chalice after consecration. So we have *Le jour des raisins*, in Germany, *Traubentag*; in the Moselle districts, *Liebfrauenmilchtag*, the Day of the Milk of our Dear Lady (from the celebrated wine so called); in the dialect of Alsace and Strasbourg, *Wainbairedag*. The Benediction of the Grapes took place on the same day in the East.

An instance is within our knowledge of the endowment of a Post-Reformation Sermon, "to be preached on Lady Day in harvest," *i.e.* on the Assumption.

Saint Monday is, properly speaking, the Monday after S. Crispin: a great holiday. In Dansk it is *Frimandag*, Holiday Monday: why the Germans call it Blue Monday we know not.

Hallowmas, or *All Hallows*, or *All Holland*, has scarcely any peculiar name elsewhere than among ourselves. In Germany it is simply *Allerheiligen*; and in the Romance languages, a pure translation of *Festum Omnium Sanctorum*.

All Souls. This, in Welsh, is *Gwyl y meirw*, the Festival of the Dead, and sometimes, more poetically, *Gwyl cenad y meirw*, the Festival of the Embassy of the Dead. In Spanish it is *El día de las animas*; in Portuguese, more curiously, it is the *Dia dos finados*, from *finado*, a dead body. In Italy it is the *Giorno de' morti*. In Germany, precisely as with us.

St. Thomas's Eve is, in Manx, *Oie'l-fingan*, the Eve of Cliffs; because men then went out on the cliffs to shoot venison for the approaching Christmas Festival.

This list might, undoubtedly, with greater research, and wider opportunity, be well-nigh indefinitely extended. We believe, for example, that the nearly unknown Basque has very curious ecclesiastical terms: we are told that the Wallachian, notwithstanding its almost literal derivation from the Latin, is rich in the same. In short, wherever the Church was early planted, there her influence over domestic language will appear very strongly; where she was not established till a late period, there such vernacularisms are scarcely, or not at all, perceptible. This, we believe, is true to a great extent in Bohemia, more so in Poland, and still more so in Lithuania. But the examples which have been produced will not have been given in vain, if they lead any one to consider how completely the Church should mingle herself with the household words of her children, and should, even in this sense, become all things to all men.

ART. V.—*Report of the Trial and Preliminary Proceedings in the case of the Queen on the Prosecution of G. Achilli v. Dr. Newman. With an Introduction, containing Comments on the Law and on the course of the Trial; also with the Pleadings and Affidavits; and copious Notes, particularly on the Constitution and Practice of the Court of Inquisition. By W. F. FINLASON, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law, Author of 'Leading Cases in Pleading,' 'Charitable Trusts,' &c. Third Edition.* Dolman. 1852.

WHATEVER may be the defects in regard to knowledge, ability, or discretion—whatever the obliquities in theology, or errors in taste, for which this review may be answerable, there is one merit to which it may lay an indisputable claim, in common, we hope, with the other religious reviews of the country, viz. that it may safely lie upon the drawing-room tables of respectable families. Nor, it is needless to say, do we undervalue this measure of success, which is creditable as far as it goes, though it would be a false and uncalled-for humility to say that we do not aim at something higher. An ordinary reader, however, whose eye casually rested on the title of the publication prefixed to this article, would certainly deserve some excuse, if he came for the moment to an opposite opinion. A review that undertakes a comment on the Achilli trial would seem at first sight to have adopted a certain indifference to the merit of respectability, and in the pursuit of a theological name, to have flung aside its social, as if that were a thing too homely and mediocre to care about. Who can touch pitch and not be defiled? Who can make observations on the Achilli trial which may be fit for the ears of respectable men and women? Such will probably be the idea of many of our readers, on this article first catching their attention. For the sake of such apprehensions, therefore, we hasten to announce that this review does not undervalue and despise the praise of being a respectable one, and that we do not intend to offend the most delicate and refined ear. The inference which we shall draw from this trial will not depend on any of the details of that elaborate interior which divines of the sister Church have so industriously thrown open to the public; it will only require the large and general facts of the case for its support.

We shall commence, then, with asking—and we do it with

some degree of amazement—What could have possessed those divines, that they should have been so zealous and so anxious to make this disclosure, to throw open to the eyes of a Protestant public these most shocking and disgraceful scenes, carried on within the bosom of their own Church? Certainly, if from the individual Achilli proceeds the great danger of the Roman Church; if he personally is the formidable foe, the one agent whose plots are to be undermined, and whose power is to be overthrown, they may be said to have gained a triumph; for they have undoubtedly suppressed Achilli. But the formidable foe of the Roman Church is not the individual Achilli, but the Protestant world, and how as between them and the latter party does the case issue? Without professing any particular sympathy with the proceedings of the Protestant public in the matter of Achilli, we cannot in common candour deny that they have a good defence to make. The news is brought to them one day of the conversion of a distinguished Roman Catholic divine to Protestantism. As they never heard his name before, they cannot be supposed to know anything about his private life and character. All they know is, that he has held places of honour and responsibility in his own communion. Is it not natural that such a convert should be welcomed, and made much of?—that, according to the fashion of the day, he should be encouraged to appear on platforms, write pamphlets, and exhibit his testimony in every possible shape? Who can find fault with a religious party for hailing an accession from the ranks of the foe, and making every use of him? But in a little while charges are brought against the moral character of the new ally, and he is alleged to have lived a profligate life. What course does the party that has welcomed him then take? They compel him to meet these charges in a court of law, and on his failing to refute the evidence for his guilt, they give up all connexion with him, in spite of the shield which judge and jury have thrown over him. The Protestant party then might certainly have shown more caution and dignity, and abstained from parading a new convert before time and further acquaintance had proved him; but no moral offence is attributable to it. On the other hand, the Roman Church has to account for her treatment of, and conduct to, this man, while he was living this immoral life, and while she knew what his character was. She has to account not only for indulgence to, but for the positive promotion to dignities and important spiritual cures, of a known and proved profligate. She has to account for gross laxity of discipline, and indifference to plain moral considerations. As between Achilli and the Church of Rome, then, the issue of this trial is favourable enough to the latter party; but as between

the Church of Rome and the Protestant public, that issue has been anything but favourable to her. It may be said that the discovery that a convert to Protestantism is an immoral man is itself a point gained, and justifies the taunt,—‘See what sort of stuff your converts are made of.’ But the other side may say that an individual instance does not prove much, and that all parties are liable to the reproach of unworthy members. If immoral men have become converts to Protestantism, immoral men have also become converts to Rome. The accession of an immoral convert is indeed an unpleasant fact to the party he has joined. But what is the scandal of such a fact—one which burdens the party affected by it with no real responsibility whatever, (for who could have prevented it?)—compared with that of a definite course of proceeding pursued by a body, which could have acted otherwise, and is therefore strictly responsible for such conduct;—with the scandal of gross laxity, the deliberate patronage and promotion of a known immoral man, the appointment to a succession of spiritual cures of the most tender and trying kind, of a priest against whom their own spiritual courts, secret though they were, had but just proved and recorded abominable offences. What is there in the indiscretion of prematurely parading a new and unknown convert, compared with the moral guilt of this connivance at, this encouragement of vice? We have for our own part no concern with Achilli one way or another. He did not join the Church of England. But that candour, to which even such opponents in theology as Lord Shaftesbury and Sir Cullen Eardly have a right at our hands, obliges us to state clearly the impression which this case has left upon us.

We naturally ask then, with some surprise, what could have induced the divines of the Roman Church to press forward this disclosure so zealously as they have? One would suppose, from the tone which they have adopted, that they had shown us some marvellously bright and perfect system in operation. But the minds of controversialists generally, and especially theological ones, are—happily for their own inward comfort and self-complacency, though not, perhaps, to their credit or real influence as arguers—so constructed that they only see that side of a matter which is favourable to them, and forget the other. The Romanist divines have been so absorbed in the halloo and pursuit of an antagonist, that they have forgotten their own defences; so occupied in exposing another that they have not seen that they were exposing themselves at the same time, disclosing the corruptions and weaknesses of their own system. Had they realized this we cannot but think that their tone would have been a more modified one. And we will apply this remark

especially to the piece of rhetoric which was the immediate cause of this trial. That the inner tone of—we grieve to be obliged to call it—fierce exultation which pervades Dr. Newman's address to Achilli applied to that person individually, we should be the last to believe, because we could not believe this without thinking worse of Dr. Newman than of Achilli himself; for no one can exult over a fallen brother without himself in the very act falling lower. The exultation which marks the passage was not over Achilli, but over the Protestant public by whom Achilli had been brought forward and paraded. Had Dr. Newman, however, reflected how much more his own Church had had to do with Achilli than the Protestant public had; how much more she was implicated in a guilt which her own connivance had fostered, he would, we venture to think, have subdued that triumph.

The impression which a first view leaves upon the mind, as regards the bearings of this case on the Roman Church, is not weakened, but confirmed, when we come to a more accurate inspection. And we will premise with saying, that, whatever statements we put forward in this article respecting Achilli, we do not put forward as our own, but simply as the statements, true or false, of the Roman Catholic party.

The year 1826 finds Achilli a Dominican monk, an ordained priest, and professor of philosophy at the Seminary or College of Viterbo, a city in the Papal States, about forty miles from Rome. As yet no charges have been brought against him, but he bears the reputation of an able and eloquent young divine, a rising ecclesiastic. But gradually the cloud gathers: in the course of five or six years charges begin to spread against him; the Rev. Joseph Giotti testifying that he had by that time acquired a bad reputation. In the year 1833 proceedings were instituted against him in the Bishop's Court at Viterbo for two different offences, the miserable details of one of which were given in the recent trial before the Queen's Bench. A third was shortly added. The Court sentenced him to 'a deprivation of his faculties:' but the sentence was not very efficient. He left Viterbo, and went to Rome; at which place, to use Sir A. Cockburn's words, 'having strong friends,' he was able to defeat justice, and 'the affair was hushed up.'

But the suppression of justice is a small part of that line of proceeding for which the Church of Rome stands responsible in this matter. It might have been expected indeed that the authorities would have been content to have stopped here: it was a sufficiently bold indulgence to such definite and gross crimes. But they proceeded further, and immediately conferred upon him a most important and responsible office, that

of **Prefect of Studies** and **Head Professor** of the College of **Minerva** at Rome, a magnificent ecclesiastical seminary. He was, moreover, as if the authorities considered that a notorious criminal was specially suited to the task of reforming and correcting the faults of others, and was likely to be a patron of that sound discipline which he had so much deserved, and so little experienced,—appointed to accompany the Provincial of the Dominican Order in the Roman States on a Visitation tour, as his adviser and *amicus curiæ*. The writer of an article in the *Dublin Review* of June, 1850, does indeed try to ward off from the Roman Church the disgrace of this appointment, by showing that it was not that kind of appointment which Achilli had described it to be. But he fails in his effort. Achilli may have exaggerated his office, and have been guilty of a misstatement in describing himself as on this occasion ‘Visitor’ of the Dominicans. But the fact is clear that he went on a Visitation tour, and was a companion of the Provincial and Visitor throughout it, and apparently an official and confidential one.

But honours descend thick upon Achilli. A higher and more spiritual office than that even of a professor of an ecclesiastical seminary, or a visitor of an ecclesiastical order, awaits him. The task of the Lent preacher is an especially apostolic one, requiring all the zeal and fervour of an exalted piety. He has to come into the most intimate contact with the heart, and stir up from the lowest depths the religious affections and convictions of a Christian congregation. He has to awaken the dull and lethargic, to soften the obdurate, to calm and soothe the sensitive and timorous soul. The most awful and the most tender labours are entrusted to him; and he is the shepherd of the spiritual flock at the most trying and solemn season of the Church’s year. Even the most lax authorities might have been expected to pause, before they conferred such an office on a man fresh from a trial in an ecclesiastical court, at which the worst offences had been proved against him. But the Roman authorities are bold. At the commencement of 1835, hardly more than a year after the proof of his guilt had been recorded, he received from the Cardinal Archbishop of Capua an invitation to preach the Lent sermons, in the Cathedral, and in the Collegiate Church of S. Maria di Capua, of that city.—The invitation he accepts, receiving together with it a natural appendage to such an office, the authority to hear confessions. Proceeding from Capua to Naples, a new post awaits his acceptance in the latter city. He is appointed Prior of the Convent of S. Peter Martyr. These appointments bring him into the most intimate and delicate connexion with both sexes; they give him, to quote the article just alluded to, ‘access to establishments of female

education,' and to the management and superintendence of 'pious associations of men and women.' Considering the peculiar offences of which he had been guilty, therefore, they are just the appointments which it was most indecent to entrust to him. What wonder if such an official—we quote our contemporary again—'made use of the facilities which his religious character gave him;' if he established a *Pia Unione* of both sexes at Naples, of which one of the fruits was the seduction of a young female member?

We naturally ask, after such facts have been stated, what could have occasioned such appointments; what could have justified them in any way to the minds of those who made them; what excuse there could have been; whether it was possible that the misdemeanours of the promoted ecclesiastic had not reached their ears, so that they promoted him in ignorance of his real character? We look for such circumstances of palliation, but look in vain. Viterbo is about forty miles from Rome. A sentence, therefore, passed in an ecclesiastical court at Viterbo, could hardly have not reached Rome; and besides, the affair, we are told, was 'hushed up' at the latter place: it was therefore known to begin with. The appointment then of Achilli to the professorship in the College of Minerva, was made in the full knowledge of what his character was, and what offences he had recently committed. Again, Capua is something more than a hundred miles on the other side of Rome to Viterbo; so that Viterbo and Capua are about as distant from each other as London and Exeter. It is true, indeed, there were neither then, nor are now, railroads which connect this trio of cities together; nor probably were the coaches between them first rate. Nor probably did the post convey letters from the most northern to the most southern of these cities in the course of the night. Still Viterbo (Rome, we need not say) and Capua are considerable towns. There are regular roads, and there is a regular system of travelling from one to the other. There is also a post which conveys letters—we will hazard the assertion—in three or four days from one to the other of these towns. It would then, we presume, be known at Viterbo that Achilli was preaching the Lent course of sermons at Capua. Now we are told that, at Viterbo, Achilli had a wide scandalous reputation, and also that he was formally condemned in the episcopal court there. When the appointment then of Achilli to the Lent preachership at Capua was made public, was there no one at Viterbo to inform the Cardinal Archbishop of the condition in which his nominee stood as to character? If the secret ecclesiastical tribunal could not speak, or confide even to a princely ecclesiastic its formal record, was

there no one in the whole of Viterbo to write a letter by post to the Archbishop of Capua, to tell what the real fact was. Where were all the pious priests, professors, students of Viterbo, that they could witness the scandal of such a delinquent assuming the spiritual mien, and pretending to awaken consciences, and terrify lethargic sinners,—and do and say nothing? What a mockery of every thing sacred to be seen with unconcern—the affecting appeal, the rousing warning, the eye raised to heaven, the hand waved in energy and emotion, the voice rolling in thunder or softened to a whisper, to express judgment or mercy, the loud summary call to the profligate, the profane, the sensual, to give up their dream of pleasure and turn to God,—the text, urged with apostolic vehemence, ‘Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead’—all this exhibition proceeding from a hardened offender, who had just come out of an ecclesiastical court. We cannot suppose, then, that Capua remained in ignorance of Achilli’s character. The same observations may be applied to the appointment to the Priory of the Monastery at Naples. Naples is about five-and-twenty miles from Capua—an addition, but not a formidable one to the line of posts which connect Viterbo with the scenes of Achilli’s promotion. Intelligence of the appointment at Naples then would, we presume, reach Viterbo; intelligence of the offences at Viterbo would reach Naples.

There is one explanation, indeed, of such an employment of patronage, which deserves notice for its originality, though it cannot be said to satisfy the demands of a rigorous inquirer, or solve the difficulties of an intelligent one. The writer of the article in our contemporary, to which we have referred, accounts for these promotions on the idea that they were conferred with the intention of ‘reclaiming’ the offender. ‘This good man,’ is his remark, alluding to M. Brochetti, the Provincial of the Dominicans, ‘wishing to *reclaim*, if possible, Achilli, and to show how he believed him to be sincerely penitent, took him with him on his tour of visitation.’ ‘He was unhappily,’ our contemporary adds, a few pages after, ‘appointed prior of a convent in Naples, *always in the hope of reclaiming him.*’ These important and honourable posts then, that of conducting, with the Provincial of his Order, a visitation tour, and that of the Headship of a religious house, were conferred upon him with the view of correcting his vices and softening his heart. For the same reason, we presume, he was also appointed to the Professorship of the college of Minerva at Rome, and to the office of Lent preacher in Capua. Now we cannot hope to vie with our Romanist contemporary in the knowledge of the true principles of penance, and therefore we may easily be mistaken on such

a subject: still we must confess that this is the first time we ever heard that the proper method of reclaiming a criminal, was to give him a comfortable and lucrative post in which to repose after his misdemeanour. To us, who are not in the secret on this subject, such a consequence looks much more like a reward than a punishment. Nor should we advise that **such a judicial plan** should be divulged; for it **would certainly** lead to the **increase of crime even more than absolute impunity**. The common supposition has always been that evil actions deserve shame and privation. But here, the criminal, instead of meeting shame and privation, is promoted to a succession of offices which gratify his ambition and comfortably replenish his purse. He is even specially singled out for the task of reforming others, and promoting and enforcing that spiritual discipline of which he has been himself the most signal infringer. Is this the way to soften the heart and correct the morals of an offender, or is it the way to harden and dullen him; to make him suppose that the religious society to which he belongs does not care much for what he has done, and that his offences have been, after all, only the natural results of his calling, with its peculiar restriction and consequent temptations, and were a sort of matter of course?

It may be said, however,—though the defence would not go to show that such a treatment of crime was justifiable, but only to show that some atonement was ultimately made for it, allowing it to be scandalous—it may be said that Achilli was at last brought to trial, and received from the tribunal of the Inquisition at Rome the punishment due to his offences. We say the tribunal of the Inquisition at Rome, for we cannot suppose that the sentence of the episcopal court of Viterbo, earlier in his career, will be adduced. That sentence was plainly ineffective, and was ridden over. It was not allowed the virtue of a judicial sentence, and therefore we shall not count it. But to this defence, partial as it may be, we have some exceptions to make.

In the first place, then, we must remark, that this trial did not take place, this sentence was not pronounced till the criminal's course of guilt and profligacy had reached its tenth year. This is at any rate tardy justice: the year 1831 marked Achilli a criminal; the year 1841 records the sentence of the Inquisition upon him. In the interval between these two dates he pursues his immoral career unchecked, nor unchecked only, but honoured and promoted. For ten years he has the run of the Church's field, he has all the facilities that responsible station can put into his hands for effecting his bad purposes, and he takes ample advantage of them.

But, in the next place, safely as we might concede the small merit of so dilatory a justice to the Roman Church, an attentive survey of the facts of the case forbids us to suppose that even such justice was the consequence of any intrinsic and hearty disgust at immorality, and sympathy with the wrongs of an injured flock. It appears rather to have been a concession, so far as it took place upon the moral ground at all—to a long and wide accumulation of scandal, which could not any longer be resisted. There is a certain growth of crime which, under the worst and laxest judicial systems, must be noticed, and the most cowed and callous public opinion will point out at last an offender with a decision that cannot safely be despised. Some scandal appears to have accompanied Achilli's career from the first. A witness informs us that his reputation was bad at Viterbo. This sense of scandal indeed cannot have been a very potent and indignant one, otherwise it would have compelled an earlier notice of, and obedience to it, than a sentence in the year 1841. But even a weak sense of scandal grows into a strong one if the provocation to it accumulates; and by the end of ten years Achilli seems to have become sufficiently notorious to make it almost unsafe to leave him any longer untouched. He was noticed in the reports of the police as a person who was corrupting the public morals. Indeed, even the residuum of merit, whatever it may be, which the Roman courts may claim, after the deductions we have made, does not appear wholly to belong to them, but to be shared, and that in the greater proportion, by the police. Strange as it may appear, under a system which grudges the State any control whatever over members of the priestly order, even if guilty of civil crimes, and would make all justice in their case ecclesiastical; the secular police seem to have been the prime movers in the matter of bringing Achilli to justice. In the first proceeding against him at Viterbo, the police come forward, though not as prime movers,—for it does not appear which party moved first, the ecclesiastical or the civil,—still, as movers, and authoritative ones. The head of the police in that city put him into his official report—a report from which the writer of the article in our contemporary professes to have 'derived his information' respecting Achilli's conduct in that place. But the conclusive proceedings against him, at the tribunal of the Inquisition, are preceded by a very definite and strong act of the police. 'The Neapolitan authorities,' we quote from the same article an official despatch, with the sight of which the writer had been favoured, 'having satisfied themselves 'with the truth of the charge' [we need not mention what sort of charge], 'took measures for the removal of the delinquent 'friar. This was effected on the 8th of September, 1840. But

'instead of proceeding to the convent assigned to him, he went to a relation's house, whence he returned stealthily to Naples, only to be expelled thence a second time, on the 21st of February, 1841.' 'Be it remembered,' adds our contemporary, 'that it is not the Inquisition that here speaks, nor is it any ecclesiastical, nor is it any Roman tribunal. It is the police of another kingdom.' The Neapolitan police, then, heard the charge which the indignant father brought against the delinquent friar; the Neapolitan police punished the delinquent. But where were the ecclesiastical authorities all this time? where was the episcopal court? 'The history of our Achilli's sojourn at Naples,' says our contemporary, 'was that of a man hiding himself from the observation of the police.' But why should he hide himself from the observation of the police especially? why did this discreet, if not commendable fear, not extend also to the ecclesiastics of Naples? Were the interests of morality less dear to the Church than to the State? Are police officers the natural correctors of priests? Such appears, however, to have been their position at Naples. It is when a priest has been long under the eye of the police, has been inscribed as a black sheep in their reports, and has actually been expelled from the city, that the Roman ecclesiastical court at last takes him to task. The act of the police dates in the February, and the act of the Roman ecclesiastical court dates in the June of 1841.

But a further reduction must be made. It does not appear that even now the moral ground was at all the principal one on which the Ecclesiastical Court stepped forward in Achilli's case. The Court of the Inquisition has been popularly regarded in this country as a tribunal taking cognizance of doctrinal offences only. It appears from the evidence of a Roman Catholic Bishop, Dr. Grant, that it takes cognizance of moral offences also, and the document which was produced in evidence at the late trial before the Queen's Bench, under the signature of the Notary of that Court, certainly makes mention of moral offences. Still we can hardly be wrong in supposing that the Court of the Inquisition is a Court designed for the preservation and guardianship of doctrine principally, and taking cognizance mainly of doctrinal offences. Now the Court which condemned Achilli was the Court of the Inquisition. It is difficult upon the mere fact of the selection of such a court to try him, to avoid the conjecture that some questions of doctrine mixed with those of morals in Achilli's case, and that the former had at least some share in exciting ecclesiastical justice to a sense of its duty.

But we are not left to conjectural inference here. It is confessed by our contemporary that Achilli was arraigned on the

charge of heresy, together with that of immorality. 'It is true,' he says, speaking of the period preceding his trial at the Inquisition, 'that Achilli about this period did begin, if covertly he had not begun before, to speak against faith, and not only against faith, but also against morals; that his language became scandalous, that he perverted others, and that to him was attributed the sad fall, in morals first, and then in faith, of F. Desanctis, a priest of the order of S. Camillus, now in Malta, whither we believe he bore him the partner of his guilt. We have no wish to conceal Achilli's lurking heterodoxy, because we believe it to be in him, as in most apostates, a natural result; corrupt morals necessarily beget a corrupt faith. . . . Achilli therefore was by this time either virtually or in thought, in desire, in wish, perhaps even in intention, no longer a Catholic. And therefore he is acknowledged to have been and to continue a Protestant—a Protestant of five years' standing. . . . Such being the case it is no wonder that he got into troubles with the Inquisition, before which he was summoned in 1841. He was arraigned for his unsound principles, not merely held but openly expressed, in regard to morals and to faith. But he was arraigned also for his gross immoralities from the beginning, including those committed in Capua.'

We may safely leave it to the reader, upon this extract, to form his own conclusion as to the share which the doctrinal and the moral grounds respectively had in the trial of Achilli. It states that he had begun to speak against the faith, also to speak against morals; that he had ceased to be a Catholic, and had become a Protestant in heart: that 'such being the case it was no wonder that he got into troubles with the Inquisition.' Here is an alternation of the moral and the doctrinal ground; but which takes the precedence? If the moral, why is it not first of all said that Achilli was brought before the Inquisition to answer for his immoral conduct? Why, when he had been engaged for ten years in a course of licentious *acts*, is he arraigned in the first instance for his words—for *speaking* against faith and morals? What is this 'speaking against morals,' which is forsooth so much greater an offence than acting against them? Certainly, the systematic defence of immorality would ordinarily show a worse heart than immoral conduct alone would; but as showing this, why not have included it in one first and foremost charge against him of immorality, instead of dividing the two and subordinating both to a charge of speaking against the faith. With such appearances, we shall beg leave to consider, until proof appears to the contrary, that the charge which mainly and principally brought Achilli before the Inquisition was a charge of heresy; though when

the heretic already stood before the tribunal, his immoralities obtained a glad notice as the accompaniments of heterodoxy, even if they got none upon their own intrinsic ground. Looking at the facts of the case from the first, it does certainly appear to us far from certain, that had Achilli abstained from the crowning act of heresy, the Court would have given itself the trouble to investigate his morals. He goes on for years in a licentious course, and is not degraded or even reprimanded; he retains his emoluments, his spiritual rank; it is only when he is discovered to be heterodox, that he is brought to judgment: morals may be connived at, but heresy is unpardonable.

And on this subject we cannot but make the remark, that it would have been more satisfactory had the defendant's side, in the late trial before the Queen's Bench, allowed the whole of the record of the proceedings before the Inquisition to have appeared before the Court, instead of a partial description of it drawn up by the notary; all the counts on which Achilli was arraigned, instead of a selection from them. A selection made by an individual officer of the tribunal, upon instructions received from a party in this country, leaves a residue behind the scenes, of which perfect openness and fairness feel the absence. Nor is it easy to avoid the conjecture, that had the record of the tribunal been allowed to appear whole, or a whole description of it to be given, the charge of heresy would have been seen occupying an inconvenient precedence in it. 'We cannot indeed,' as Sir A. Cockburn justly observes, 'dictate to continental Courts in what form they should draw up their judgments,' but we may fairly require, that however roughly these may be drawn up, the notary who gives us the description of them, should describe the whole of them and not a part. It is certain, from the admissions of the other side, that there were counts against Achilli, at this trial, besides those relating to his immorality. But these latter counts are the only ones allowed to appear in the document produced before the Queen's Bench.

We will take leave of this part of our subject with one remark; and that is, that however solemn the sentence which this tribunal may have passed on Achilli, and whatever the grounds on which it was passed, there is nothing to make us suppose, that it would have been much more lasting or efficient than that of the Court of Viterbo, had Achilli remained in the Roman Church. There is nothing to show that the profession of orthodoxy, a nominal adherence, and a readiness to give his Church the benefit of his eloquence and talents, would not have negated the effects of the last trial, as they did that of the first, and Achilli have been seen in a short time going on much the same as before, preaching Lent sermons, and presiding over monastic and collegiate

bodies. His conversion to Protestantism has at any rate precluded this result, and left the judgment of the Roman Court in fossil permanency and force, unshaken but untried.

We have now another task to perform, and that is, to give our own explanation of these facts—this course of connivance and promotion which we have been contemplating. It will not pretend to the certainty of demonstration, but it will at any rate equal in force and probability the explanation which our contemporary has attempted,—in assigning for the motives of this indulgence, the pious design of ‘reclaiming’ the unhappy offender who was the recipient of it.

Examining these facts upon the principles of common sense, we feel it difficult to arrive at any other conclusion than this: that where immoral acts of a certain class, committed again and again by the member of a priesthood and an order, and known to be committed by him, do not prevent him from receiving promotion to lucrative and high offices, and responsible and spiritual cures, there that class of offences is not regarded substantially as being weighty and heinous. Whether this arises from defective appreciation of the sin itself, or from an indulgence to the peculiar circumstances and temptations of the offender, or from both, the result which is forced upon us is the same—viz. that the sin is substantially not thought much of; that it is regarded as a slip, a peccadillo, not as a serious sin. We do not say that this is the view of the stricter minds, but that it is the view of those who practically represent and administer the system. And for such a view we see some causes in operation in the Roman system, very deserving of attention, if we desire an explanation of that state of things which the recent trial before the Queen’s Bench has placed before us.

The question of celibacy, its merits and its advantages, as compared with those of married life, is too delicate and large a one to be entered upon incidentally and suddenly. But one observation relating to this question shall be made, because it has a very special and direct bearing upon the particular case before us. The observation we shall make, relates to the temper, age, and circumstances in which such a state should be embraced, if it is embraced at all, and the source from which we shall draw it will be the text of Scripture itself. The passages of Scripture directly bearing on the question of celibacy, are, we need not say, few: they are mainly two, one in the 19th chapter of S. Matthew, and one in the 7th chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians. The language in the former passage is this—‘All men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given . . . He that is able to receive it, let him receive it.’ The language of the latter is, ‘I would that all men were even as

'I myself. But every man hath his proper gift of God, one after this manner, and another after that. . . . Concerning virgins I have no commandment of the Lord: yet I give my judgment, as one that hath obtained mercy of the Lord to be faithful. I suppose therefore that this is good for the present distress, I say, that it is good for a man so to be. . . . He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord: but he that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife. . . . And this I speak for your own profit; not that I may cast a snare upon you, but for that which is comely, and that ye may attend upon the Lord without distraction. . . . He that standeth steadfast in his heart, having no necessity, but hath power over his own will, and hath so decreed in his heart to keep his virgin, doeth well.' Now these passages speak first of the unmarried state itself, and secondly, of the qualification for entering into and embracing it. The unmarried state is spoken of as in itself a superior state to the married, and possessing greater advantages for spiritual improvement and the worship of God. The qualification for embracing this state, is the possession of a particular gift of God—a gift not given to all, but only to a select number. And the sign of the possession of this gift is described as a certain state and temper of mind, a strength and resolution, of which the individual himself is conscious, and at the consciousness of which he arrives after serious and sober examination of himself. No language could describe more strongly than S. Paul's, the solid proof which a man ought to have of his capacities, and the search he ought to have instituted into his own heart, before he ventures upon such a trial. He must be as sure as the nature of such proof allows, that he is steadfast in his heart, has no necessity, hath power over his own will, hath decreed in his heart. These are forcible words. It would be ridiculous to suppose that mere boys could look so searchingly into their own hearts, and attain such a knowledge of themselves. Self-knowledge is not so early an acquisition. Such a search obviously implies that the person making it has arrived at full years of discretion, and is of mature understanding; that he is able to doubt himself, to mistrust temporary emotion, and wait for more solid symptoms. Certain powers and a certain temper, a coolness, a sobriety, a due mistrust, which manhood alone possesses, are implied.

But what is the practice of the Roman Church on this subject? Are not whole masses admitted into the profession of celibacy, before they can possibly know anything about their own strength or weakness? Are not crowds of mere boys systematically driven into it, before their tender unformed minds can have

ever directed one real look into themselves? The Council of Trent lays down the age of sixteen as a sufficiently mature one for a *profession*, or the inexorable taking of a vow of celibacy. Now, will any impartial sensible man, who is acquainted with the facts of mental growth, and has observed at what time the human being arrives at maturity,—will any father of a family, any tutor, come forward and declare that he thinks a youth of sixteen is able solidly to acquaint himself with his own capacities, and carry on a cool and grave search into himself?—that he is able to arrive upon satisfactory data at the sober conviction that he is steadfast in his heart, has no necessity, hath power over his own will? can he be reasonably certain of the decrees of his own heart? Is it then according to the rule of Scripture that a youth should, at the age of sixteen, be sent into this state, and placed in a situation of peculiar temptation without the power of withdrawing from it, for the rest of his life? But the assignment of a regular profession, or taking of the vow, to the age of sixteen, only affects the act of profession itself, and therefore only guards the formal and technical entrance into the state of celibacy. Under the Roman system, the youth is practically handed over to that state long before he is formally admitted to it. He is put at a very early age, while a mere child, into a train which ultimately carries him to the act of profession, a result which he cannot prevent, unless he is endowed with an independence and power of mind which children have not, nor indeed ought to have. How is a mere child to be expected to oppose the designs of his parents, who bring him up to be a priest or a monk as a mode of livelihood? How can he possibly lift himself out of the circumstances which surround and control him? He must take what line of education is offered him, or have no education at all. How can he be expected to know, or to think of, the result at all, or find out his objection in the first instance? As a matter of course he finds himself in a train of education for being a monk; as a matter of course he takes the vows when he is told to do so. It may be proper to add, that the assumption of ‘the religious habit,’ which is an incipient act of profession, though not attended by the vow, is allowed by the Council of Trent to take place, in the case of girls, at the age of twelve; and that this permission is construed by many, as Thomassinus informs us, to extend to children of the other sex as well. We have no means at present of ascertaining what is the practice of the Church of Rome in this respect, nor is the distinction one of much importance. Practically the religious habit is imposed, when the boy is put into a regular train of education for being a monk. The Council of Trent may lay down formal rules against enforcing

or enticing children, but can such rules prevent the natural working of a system? Can they prevent friends and relations, at the persuasion of the priest, or as a means of getting a burden off their hands, or for the more creditable object of securing a provision for the child himself, putting the child into training for the monastic life; and can they make the child know of the existence of such rules, or give him the power to take advantage of them? It is ludicrous to suppose that they can. These rules, then, exist on paper; they are very convenient to refer to and parade when a charge is brought; but it is a mockery of common sense to pretend that they can be any solid safeguard against the exertion of a complete practical control over a child, in the matter of choosing this profession of life for him. Indeed it must be observed, that the principal authorities of the Roman Church hardly disclaim this result, or rather positively approve of it. The whole discussion in Thomassinus implies that it is a very good thing to dedicate children from the earliest years to a monastic life; and eminent casuists, of whom one, Medina, was himself present at the Council of Trent, interpret the restrictions of the Council in favour of allowing not only a parental dedication of children, but the reception of them within the monastic walls themselves, before the age of reason; though it is allowed that a licence from Rome is necessary in this case. It is admitted indeed by these casuists that children are no longer *obliged* now, as they were in the middle ages, by the laws of Church or State, to ratify the parental dedication by taking the vows themselves, but they add that they ought, and would be expected so to do.

The prevailing sentiment, then, in the Roman Church, is in favour of beginning the monastic life in childhood before the age of reason. Under the influence of this general idea children are brought up and put into training for that life, while they are no more than children. And finally, the inexorable vow is taken by them at an age when, if they are no longer children, they are certainly not men,—at the boyish age of sixteen.

The practical treatment of this subject by the Church of Rome, thus—independently of the question of vows, which is a distinct question, and into which we do not here enter—expressly contradicts the treatment of it in Scripture; and whereas Scripture describes the qualification for the state of celibacy as a special gift of God, not given to all; in Roman practice, on the contrary, it is regarded simply as a power, which any Christian whatever has; and its possession is counted on in the case of any chance person, picked up out of the mass, with the same confidence with which the ordinary faculties, moral and intellectual, are counted on. It is treated

as a mere matter of education, as if youth could be brought by education to the true celibate frame, just as they are brought by education to the power of reading and writing. It is quite true, that up to a certain point, we have the full right to reckon up an individual's possession of moral and religious powers; and it is that right which justifies us in bringing up any man whatever to be a Christian, notwithstanding the trials and responsibilities of the Christian state. But those moral and religious powers which we have a right to reckon on, are those which enable a man to lead an ordinary Christian life, and those only. We know that to every baptized person these powers are guaranteed, and therefore we have a right to educate any baptized person for the ordinary Christian trial. The case is altered when the trial which is contemplated is an extraordinary one, and when no guarantee exists for powers and gifts capable of surmounting it. If we commit any chance person to such a trial, we do it upon our own responsibility, notwithstanding any training which we may give him; and if he fails, and falls into greater sin thereby, we share his guilt. But the Roman Church does commit chance persons to this extraordinary trial. She commits them to it at an age, when she cannot possibly know whether they have the special gift or not. The Gospel treats the trial as one for individuals here and there to encounter, she regards it as a trial for the mass; for a chance pick out of the mass is on the same level with the mass. The Gospel prescribes to the individual a searching examination of himself, in order to ascertain the presence of this gift; the Roman Church practically requires no self-examination at all, for she commits him irrevocably to the trial, before he has the power to make it.

But we shall be told, that we do not calculate sufficiently on the grace of the new dispensation, and the powers of a renewed nature. We hear somebody saying,—You talk like a pagan. This trial is indeed too difficult for the natural man, but the Holy Spirit enables the members of the Church to meet this, and much greater. We have already answered this plea. We can know no more about the grace of the new dispensation and its operation in members of the Church, than what the Bible tells us. And the Bible expressly says, that this grace does not include the gift in question; this gift being a special one, given to some, and not to other members of the Church.

Now observe the natural results of a system which thus contradicts the rule and counsel of Scripture on this subject. The first result is, that many fail in the trial to which they are so unwarrantably exposed. The next is, that discipline is obliged to relax, and lower its estimate of the sin. Too many fall, to

enable ecclesiastical authority to exercise primitive severity toward the offenders; for the standard which the Court takes must always depend considerably on the practice of the people. The law cannot afford to have too many transgressors, and must shut its eyes. From connivance to promotion the step is short. The man's formal position is not touched; his own ambition, his serviceableness to the body, his talents, eloquence, knowledge, if he possesses them, remain. He is made use of for carrying on the system, and the system gives him his wages.

Such is the picture which the late trial before the Queen's Bench has placed before our eyes. It is very hard to suppose, judging by ordinary rules, that the long toleration and promotion of a man, known to have the character which Achilli had, could have gone on, if that class of offences had not lost, in the priestly and monastic order, that rarity which keeps up the standard of their guilt. Imagine it to be a rare, a most extraordinary thing for a cleric to commit such a crime: and that one day it is discovered that a particular cleric has plunged into the deepest crimes of this sort: would there not be something unaccountable in the immediate promotion of such a man to preside over ecclesiastical seminaries, and preach Lent sermons? The converse then approves itself, and is required to satisfy that want which we feel, as rational creatures, for some consistent account of the facts which come before us. He was promoted, because the estimate of his offence was not a high one: and the estimate was not high, because the offence itself was not sufficiently rare. A whole state of things is before us, which is perfectly intelligible upon this supposition, but which without it is not intelligible.

It is true, cases like that of Achilli do not turn up every day. But we cannot argue from the fact that they do not come out, to the fact that they do not happen. Should we, for example, but for the single circumstance that Achilli had turned Protestant, have ever heard one single word of the enormities of this particular person, Achilli? To us it appears very evident we should not. They would have been inscribed in the register of the Episcopal Court of Viterbo, in the register of the Holy Office at Rome; they would have occupied the reports of the police: but the registers of Italian Church Courts, and the reports of Italian police are not public documents. Who in this country would have been a bit the wiser for information contained in these occult rolls of parchment and secret ledgers? Achilli was in bad odour again in society; but the bad odour which surrounds a man is after all often a very limited one. A particular circle knows certain things against him; but out of this circle these facts do not transpire. By cases of immorality

coming out, we mean their coming out so as to be known to the world at large;—those of Achilli would have never come out in this sense, would never have reached Protestant ears, had he not turned Protestant. Then, Viterbo, Rome, Capua, Naples, which had been all so silent hitherto, could speak out; the police could supply, upon solicitation, useful extracts from their black book to appear in our contemporary, the ‘*Dublin*.’ The bad odour in which Achilli had lived could then be wafted across the sea. The Holy Office could send a voice from its caverns, and anybody and everybody that knew anything against the heretic could communicate it to the English press. But where was all this information before? Where it would have remained for ever after, had not Achilli become a convert,—in the confinement of official parchment, and the narrow circle of towns-talk? We cannot argue then from the fact that such cases do not come out and reach Protestant ears, to the fact that they do not occur. Of course, such cases are kept snug, are confined to the friendly knowledge of members of the communion. It is not to be expected that one religion should communicate its own scandals for the triumph of another. We observe in the evidence of some of the witnesses at the recent trial, sufficient proof of a systematic concealment of priestly scandals. A witness on being asked by the counsel whether she had told her own mother of her fall, replies, ‘No, because the Confessor forbade my mentioning it, as Achilli was an ecclesiastic.’ The concealment was used toward her own dearest and nearest relation; and the reason for it was not natural shame and remorse, but the religious duty of hiding the immorality of a priest. And where such a course is urged by a Priesthood as a religious duty upon the people, it is not difficult to guess on what a large scale concealment may take place. A double wall of concealment thus hides the misdemeanours of the priestly body from the eyes of the world at large. There is a cover at the fountain-head, and if they penetrate through this, they only ordinarily find their way into an inner and home circle of ears—a local sphere, the scandal of which never reaches the great world. But individual cases may let out a whole state of things.

There is only one answer we can think of to these observations, viz. that immorality in priests alienates them in heart from their own communion, and leads to their conversion to Protestantism; so that the fact which occasions the publication of such crimes, and therefore the publication itself, is coextensive with their occurrence. But will the assertion be seriously made, that immorality and conversion do thus go together. If it is, all we can say is, that it does not deserve serious notice;

it is an assertion and no more; and it is in violent contradiction to numerous disclosures mediæval and modern.

Will it be objected that this is an invidious line of remark, and that we are wanting to make out as bad a case as possible for the Roman Church, and squeezing out by inference what we cannot obtain by regular evidence? We answer—Here is a case before us. We did not go to look for it; it has been obtruded upon our eyes; but coming as it does before us, we must and ought to have some view or other about it. It is no little matter: it is an important and weighty disclosure of some of the interior of a system of which we are generally obliged to be external spectators only; it is one of those large facts which support an argument. Nor does it by any means stand alone; but it is a type of a regular class of discoveries which time after time take place respecting the Roman system and its working. No one, indeed, can look at all the circumstances of Achilli's case, and really suppose it to be a single case.

We shall end with two cautions to the Romanist party, as regards their language about individuals, and about their own system; cautions which this whole discussion has very naturally suggested.

First, with respect to the individual Achilli, and such like offenders, our Romanist friends call them 'wolves.' They are very free in the use of this term: it is their account of them: they are 'wolves,' and that is all that is to be said. The Roman Catholic Editor of the Report before us appends to his labours a motto from S. Augustine:—'Let not the sheep discard their clothing, because the wolf sometimes conceals himself therein.' Now this is a true account in part, but it is only a part of the truth; and we shall not allow it to pass without supplying it with its proper complement. The wolf Achilli 'concealed himself in sheep's clothing:—'granted: but when did he conceal himself therein? At the age of seventeen. At that early age he took the inexorable vow, assumed the monastic habit, and committed himself once and for all to an extraordinary state of life, and extraordinary trials. Can the first step, then, and that is a most important one, in this career of concealment be properly called his own act? 'He put on,' says our contemporary, 'in innocent youth and with guileless heart, before God's altar, the holy habit, as the wedding garment of the Lamb.' But, in the name of Scripture and of reason, we ask, is 'innocent youth' the age at which such an ordeal should be imposed? Can 'an innocent youth' know himself and his own powers? can he search his own heart, and find if he is steadfast, has no necessity, has power over his own will, has effectively decreed in his own heart. Our contemporary describes with a sentimental glow the sup-

posed innocence, youth, and guilelessness of the commencing Achilli, in order that he may contrast it with the misery and guilt of the ultimate Achilli; but never was sentiment more displaced, and never did a contrast more recoil upon an arguer's head. S. Paul does not describe innocent, guileless, unsuspecting, inexperienced youth, when he describes what are the tests of being qualified for this state of life. No: he describes the inner working and self-sifting of a *man's*, a full-grown and mature man's mind. He had not before his mind, when he wrote that chapter, 'innocent youths,' committed when they could not help themselves, and when they could not know themselves, when they were little more than tools in the hands of those who controlled them to this extraordinary state of life and its unceasing ordeal. Talk of the 'wolf,' then, as much as you please; but what if the shepherds pulled in the wolf by the head and shoulders; what if, when the wolf had eaten two or three of the sheep, the shepherds gave him a comfortable kennel in the midst of the fold, 'in the hope of reclaiming him;' what if his reformation was under such circumstances slow, and he ate several more of the sheep: what if the shepherds, still bent upon a kindly reformation of the wolf, in order to melt and captivate him by an act of unqualified trust in his sincerity, send him on a commission to bring in some stray sheep; and what if the wolf concludes an affectionate appeal to these wanderers with a meal made out of some of them? In that case the fact is certainly too evident, that he is a wolf; but neither are you good shepherds. The good shepherd does not stand by while the wolf time after time devours the sheep, and reserve his indignation till the time when the wolf has taken it into his head to leap over the walls of the fold, and is off elsewhere—then, and not till then, when all the mischief has been done, and a controversial end is to be gained, with pious horror to shout, Oh, wolf! dreadful wolf! Follow the rule of the New Testament, then, we say to the Roman Catholics; cease to supply your monastic orders by entrapping 'innocent youths,' and committing them inexorably to trials, of their power to sustain which you can have no evidence; lay upon men's shoulders only such burdens as the Gospel authorizes you to lay, and lay these burdens upon the shoulders that are able to bear them, according to the best proof you can have of their strength. Do this, and then you may shout 'Wolf,' when the man fails in the trial. But do not, when you lay the burden upon unascertained strength, condemn the fallen man as a wolf, and free yourselves from all blame. Do not, when you, and not he, are the really responsible party for the undertaking of the trial, throw all the responsibility upon him when he fails in it. Do not,—when your own connivance has encouraged the repetition of

failure, till the fallen man has fallen much lower than he did at first,—throw the accumulation of blame entirely at his doors, as if you yourselves were no sharers in it. Do not do this, even in the case of the worst, the deepest criminals. Not even in the case of Achilli can we allow the breach of plain, simple justice, which is involved in parading, with the exulting precision of place and date, the catalogue of his sins, without one single thought on the premature committal of him to the trial. Never till that day comes, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest, can it be known whether a deep, an incalculable wrong was not done to this man by that act of his Church. It is easy, according to superficial notions of justice, to shove aside the case of such a man, as if he could have no rights and no wrongers, and because he is now a criminal had always been an outlaw. But no one can possibly tell how far his first offence originated in his having had a, to him, unduly hard trial put upon him; how far the succeeding offences were consequences of the first, and therefore how far the whole ultimate accumulation of guilt may fall back step by step upon the original act of his Church, though not, of course, to the relief of himself from responsibility. This is a mysterious subject. All we know is that a course of sin when once begun has very soon the effect of hardening the mind, and that the beginning of sin may be a trial which ought not to have been placed upon a man. We cannot cut this matter short by saying,—The man had freewill, therefore he could have avoided the sin, therefore he was not wronged by the trial. Scripture has a larger and more complex mode of treating this subject. It treats man certainly as having freewill, but the sort of freewill which it describes is a mystery, and not a single definite power cognizable by the understanding. It is clear from Scripture that such freewill as the Gospel secures to us, is not a power of doing anything whatever of a moral or spiritual kind; because Scripture says expressly, that a man may have one gift or spiritual power, and not have another. But though it is as clear as the day that this is the view of Scripture, and though it is sufficiently clear that, if it is, Achilli was wronged in having a trial imposed upon him at an age when he could not know whether he had the corresponding gift,—not once has it occurred to the controversialists of the Roman Church to acknowledge this wrong. Yet, if a clear wrong has been done to a man, even though it be one single one, and though he himself be the vilest criminal under the sun, that wrong ought to be acknowledged; especially if it was done at a critical and telling time. Dr. Newman may say, You, Achilli, are the scandal of the Roman Church: but how can we possibly know, whether Achilli may not say with truth—yes,

and with a truth which, in spite of, nay, rather in consequence of his very sins, will be recorded in the Divine register,—You, the Church of Rome, have been an offence unto me. The Roman controversialists had, indeed, a clear right to remind Achilli that he had disqualified himself by his crimes for appearing as a witness and preacher against the Roman Church. But that right ought to have been exerted with forbearance, and under the check of the consciousness that Achilli himself had his ground of complaint, and a real one against Rome. But so far from being conscious of any wrong on their side, or being checked by it, they have, on the contrary, with the blindness of men who can see no fault in the system to which they belong, taken especial pains to urge that very point, that the vow taken at the age of seventeen did include the state of celibacy, to urge it—will it be believed?—as against Achilli, and for themselves. They have been possessed with the spirit of folly to that degree, that they have mistaken a clear argument against them for an argument in their favour, and have called the special attention of the whole world to this injustice in their system. At the late trial before the Queen's Bench, the counsel of the defendant was instructed to fix upon the vow which Achilli took at the age of seventeen, the special interpretation of a vow of celibacy. The unfortunate man himself, indeed, endeavoured to evade the force of the vow, on what principle, we confess, we are unable to see, except on the general one of denying all acts whatever that were charged upon him by the opposite side. But a witness on his own side expressly fixes this meaning upon the vow.

‘Dominico Pogge, formerly a Dominican monk, now principal of a Protestant educational establishment at Seacombe, near Liverpool, cross-examined by Sir A. Cockburn: “You were one of the Fathers?” “Yes,” “What vows did you take?” “I took the vow of obedience as a Dominican, but always thought, that though not explicitly, implicitly those of ‘poverty’ and ‘chastity’ were included. The book of Ferraris is one of authority, but there are things in it which have become obsolete.” “But this is an edition of 1783, and it states, *Tria vota, paupertatis, castitatis, et obedientie, sunt essentie religionis ex jure divino*. Now is this so; that the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, are of the essence of the religious life?” “All that is perfectly true, according to the belief of the Church of Rome.” “So that it would be an essential part of the vow taken by a Dominican, to obey the injunction of chastity?” “Certainly.”’

The other caution which we shall give to our Romanist friends, is one on which the limits of this article will not allow us to enlarge. But we will give it in two words. It relates to their language respecting their system. Do not boast too much of the effectiveness of your system. Undoubtedly it is effective. But how is that effectiveness obtained? Is it not at the cost of a clear violation of the rule of the New Testament—that rule

which only echoes after all the voice of reason, the instincts of charity,—that no one should be committed to extraordinary trials before his strength can be ascertained? What gives your Church its effectiveness, is your system of celibacy. That system supplies you with a powerful and disposable force. But is not your practical system, nay, your formal system, as set forth by your authorities on this question of celibacy, at variance with the plain recommendations of Scripture? Do you practically regard Scripture as inspired on this question, or rather, do not you take a line of your own, quite independent of whatever Scripture may say? If so, the effectiveness of your system is not after all so enviable a one; there is a blot upon it which it cannot wipe off. When you boast of your effectiveness, your antagonists have only to go to the New Testament. They see there, as plain as words can speak, a whole different view of this question of celibacy, to that of your Church. They can feel confident that under whatever obstacles their own system may labour, it is not all right with yours. You look to effectiveness, as if that were the one object which a Christian Church ought to aim at, and as if there were no rules, no limits laid down, in Scripture or reason, by which this aim should be modified. So long as you can get your force up, whether by conscription or by guile, by whatever recruiting arts, you care not; the result is obtained: your force is collected; your system is effective. You are quite satisfied; you boast; you call the attention of the world to your success. You say—Look at us, how strong we are, how effective we are. What is the natural result of this system, proceeding upon human ideas which have thrown off the check of Scripture? Tremendous scandal. Shocking disclosures from time to time take place, which show what the interior working of such a system, in a greater or less degree, always is. What then is your reply? Oh, these scandals are necessary: we must run the risk of them, if we are to have an *effective* system. But who told you of any Divine command to be effective at all risks? We never heard of one. There is no such command. You have invented it. We allow then the effectiveness of your system, and while we allow it, we do not grudge it you too much. We think the first command to be attended to, is the commandment of charity, the rule of the Gospel. We are ready to allow that our own shortcomings may be owing to other and not so good reasons; but so far as the observance of that rule takes away from the effectiveness of our system, it is not a weakness to be ashamed of.

ART. VI.—*The Study of Words.* By the Rev. R. CHENEVIX
TRENCH, B.D. London: John W. Parker.

THERE is no test by which to measure a man's state of thought, education, and intellect, so accurate as his choice of words. It may, indeed, be only a truism to assert this; but, at least, it is a truism not enough in men's thoughts, and not used as it might be as a safeguard against pretenders and shallow thinkers. For most men, if they would exert their powers of discrimination, are judges of a clear address, and are alive to the charm of nicely fitting words, well adjusted to the thought they clothe. Accurate thinkers cannot talk—much less write—in a slovenly fashion. Loose talkers cannot be accurate thinkers, and we may well mistrust the reasoner who would turn us from an established train of thought if we can detect in his own line of persuasions terms applied at random, and arguments set forth in a vague and uncertain phraseology.

That man ought to inspire no confidence who uses his words without weighing them, who attaches to them different meanings as suits his purpose, and who is so little alive to his own inaccuracies that he takes for granted his hearer follows him in all his changes, and accepts every term in the sense in which he uses it: showing himself to have no fixed unchangeable definitions in his mind, no other idea of the meaning of words than that which he assigns to them at the moment, and remaining all the while blind to the confusion and mistiness of thought, which this habit propagates and engenders. And yet how many talkers, preachers, and writers might be thus described who have made some figure in the world; how many unprofitable disputes have arisen and been maintained, at the expense of truth and charity, solely by the zealous efforts of this band of vague and yet positive thinkers!

But, happily, all inaccurate talkers do not think it necessary to give wide circulation to their errors. Our concern, taking up the subject from the volume before us, is rather with the mass of mankind who are content to talk well or ill to their own immediate circle. And whatever sphere this is, a man shows by his choice of words what fruit he has gained from the experience and education which have fallen to his share. Man's first use of language, like the first life of language itself, is of its literal simple phrases, perfectly expressive of plain wants and simple thoughts. Conscience keeps him, it may be, tolerably clear, in his apprehension of the first abstractions that come in his way,

helping him to a notion of 'good' and 'bad' apart from his nurse's definition; but in process of time he finds himself in possession of a large vocabulary, the offspring of the world's thought, wisdom, and genius, which, as he avails himself of it, may, either guide him to the comprehension of the deepest, purest truths;—the very words themselves, if duly weighed, so many trains of thought worked ready to his hands, facilitating study and clearing the mind for still further attainments:—or, if adopted without reflection, simply lead him astray into regions beyond his powers: the habit which he thus acquires of misapplying the most delicate vehicles of thought with all their infinite shades of meaning only plunging him into deeper confusion of ideas, while at the same time it beguiles him into vanity, rash assertion, and the whole train of evils which follow upon the use of high-sounding words to which the mind cannot give substance. Avoiding this error, and still shrinking from the labour of thought, he may indeed confine himself all his days, though not by a conscious exercise of choice, to the circumscribed range of terms and symbols which satisfied his childhood, or which are forced upon him by his calling in life; but this paucity of words betrays the absence or total neglect of the higher powers of the intellect, which cannot grow without words to embody them. The man without a clear comprehension of the words he uses, and a tolerably full vocabulary, is in no proper sense educated or formed. He can neither think deeply, nor express himself forcibly, nor converse accurately, nor appeal effectually to the reason of others, nor touch their feelings. For all this, correct and expressive language is absolutely necessary: even religion must be invested with true and powerful words to be duly apprehended; while all acknowledge its influence in enlarging, refining, and elevating the language of those who have had no other teacher, so that, when roused by the occasion, the ignorant can be eloquent, and having learned sacred truths through divine words, can apply those words with convincing force and propriety.

A careful study of words, then, is one of the main helps that education can give to the intellect, and no intellect, however clear, can work without this training. For though a good understanding, unaided by formal instruction, can arrive at an accurate comprehension of that branch of language which comes within nearest reach and most familiar practice, and can use it with powerful effect, no penetration can of itself give clear insight into terms beyond this range; therefore, the deepest thinkers are always most anxious to impress upon others—not the ignorant and thoughtless only, but their most enlightened readers—the necessity of study and agreement upon the terms and

words to be used in the subject on which they are entering. Keenly discriminating themselves—feeling the force of every slight deviation of meaning—none are so alive to the danger others run of separating words from the ideas connected with them, and of the magnitude of the evils which may result from any confusion on this point. ‘Although,’ says Bacon, ‘we think we govern our words, yet certain it is that words, as a Tartar’s bow, do shoot back upon the understanding of the wisest, and mightily entangle and pervert the judgment; so as it is almost necessary in all controversies and disputations to imitate the wisdom of the mathematicians in setting down in the very beginning the definitions of the words and terms, that others may know how we accept and understand them, and whether they concur with us or no. For it cometh to pass for want of this, that we are sure to end there where we ought to have begun, which is in questions and differences about words.’ In another place, drawing from the reflection of the inability of men to comprehend accurately, and in the same sense, many of the words they use,—originated, as these words were, by the higher class of intellects for subtle and delicate uses above the discrimination of the vulgar,—the following charitable and consolatory inference: ‘A man that is of judgment and understanding shall sometimes hear ignorant men differ, and know well within himself that those who so differ mean the same thing, and yet they themselves would never agree; and yet if it come so to pass in that distance of judgment which is between man and man, shall not we think that God above, that knows the hearts, doth not discern that frail men in some of their contradictions intend the same thing, and accepted both?’

South, after a masterly definition of what words ought to be, falls into an opposite strain from the dispassionate philosopher, and one more congenial to his caustic humour, showing the mischief which unavoidably follows from the misapplication or confusion of them. ‘The generality of mankind is wholly and absolutely governed by words and names, without, nay, for the most part, even against the knowledge men have of things. The multitude, or common rout, like a drove of sheep or an herd of oxen, may be managed by any noise or cry which their drivers shall accustom them to. . . . As for the meaning of the word itself, that may shift for itself; and as for the sense and reason of it, that has little or nothing to do here; only let it sound full and round, and chime right to the humour which is at present agog (just as a big long rattling name is said to command even adoration from a Spaniard), and no doubt, with this powerful senseless engine the rabble-driver shall be able to carry all before him, or to draw all after him, as he

'pleases; for a plausible insignificant word in the mouth of an expert demagogue is a dangerous and dreadful weapon.'

To the same purport, but in graver language, Mr. Trench quotes Hooker as saying, 'The mixture of those things by speech which by nature are divided is the mother of all error.' Locke has devoted two chapters to the abuse of words, and the evil of using them without distinct ideas, or of applying them sometimes to signify one idea and sometimes another. 'A definition,' he says, 'is the only way whereby the precise meaning of moral words can be known.' And the study which is here demanded for the right comprehension of questions in morals and philosophy is by masters of style held as essential to a proper enjoyment of works of fancy and imagination. Addison holds that a man cannot enter into a good metaphoric description without previous accurate knowledge of language; 'For, to have a true relish and form a right judgment of a description, a man should be born with a good imagination, and must have well weighed the force and energy that lie in the several words of a language, so as to be able to distinguish which are most expressive and significant to their proper ideas, and what additional strength and beauty they are capable of receiving from conjunction with others. The fancy must be warm to retain the print of those images it hath received from outward objects, and the judgment discerning to know what expressions are most proper to clothe and adorn them to the best advantage. A man who is deficient in either of these respects, though he may receive the general notion of a description, can never see distinctly all its particular beauties; as a person with a weak sight may have the confused prospect of a palace that lies before him without entering into its several parts, or discerning the variety of its colours in their full glory and perfection.'

It is for want of this careful self-cultivation that the reading of men in general does them so little good—affects them so little one way or another. It is because they see things and receive ideas in the dim misty way here described; because they have no powers of discrimination to exercise, no nice judgment to be satisfied, no taste by which to measure the efforts of others, and are mainly influenced in the absence of these more healthful impulses by a vague curiosity and a desire to be amused; content to be startled, diverted, horrified, by means which they do not analyse, and to the nature of which they are indifferent. Mr. Trench has done good service to literature as well as to morals, by his very interesting little volume bearing on this subject, and addressed ultimately, through his original hearers, to the class in whom want of thought and choice in their reading

is most excusable, as being a subject on which too little has hitherto been taught them, and with whom the pressure of other pursuits tells against hard reading of any kind. The present volume on 'The Study of Words,' consists of six lectures, first read by Mr. Trench to the pupils of the Winchester training-school, and still bearing traces of oral delivery, in some inaccuracies of style, but composed on so simple and popular a plan, as certainly to engage and sustain the attention of those readers not yet exercised in severer studies, for whom he designs them; while the most critical and experienced will find matter worthy of an attentive perusal. A popular work on this subject is a want supplied; and it was because Mr. Trench felt this want, that he has given his lectures a wider publicity, as he explains in his preface:—

'Had I known any book entering with any fulness, and in a popular manner, into the subject matter of these pages, and making it its exclusive theme, I might still have delivered these lectures, but should scarcely have sought for them a wider audience than their first, gladly leaving the matter in their hands, whose studies in languages had been fuller and riper than my own. But abundant and ready to hand as are the materials for such a book, I did not; while yet it seems to me that the subject is one to which it is beyond measure desirable that their attention who are teaching, or shall have hereafter to teach others, should be directed; so that they shall learn to regard language as one of the chiefest organs of their own education and that of others. For I am persuaded that I have used no exaggeration in saying, that in many a young man "his first discovery that words are living powers, has been like the dropping of scales from his eyes, like the acquiring of another sense, or his introduction into a new world;"—while yet all this may be indefinitely deferred, may, indeed, never find place at all, unless there is some one at hand to help him and to hasten the process; and he who so does will ever after be esteemed by him as one of his very foremost benefactors.'—*Preface*, p. iv.

It is certainly a great step gained, when the mind does think over the words it meets with or which it uses; and that truly deserves the term education which sets the thoughts naturally and without effort into this current. Making the mind not merely a recipient of facts, but competent to weigh and judge, apt at subtle distinctions, able to penetrate under the surface into the full meaning of what is presented to it. And Mr. Trench is right, that even to the very young this study might be made interesting—as there is no better test of a child's intellectual progress than its accurate use of the words at its command. 'And,' as he says to the future schoolmasters whom he is addressing,

'as you will not find, for so I venture to promise, that this study of words will be a dull one when you undertake it yourselves, as little need you fear that it will prove dull and unattractive when you seek to make your own gains herein the gains also of those who may be here after committed to your charge. Only try your pupils, and mark the kindling of

the eye, the lighting up of the countenance, the revival of the flagging attention, with which the humblest lecture upon words, and on the words especially which they are daily using, which are familiar to them in their play, or at their church, will be welcomed by them. There is a sense of reality about children, which makes them rejoice to discover that there is also a reality about words, that they are not merely arbitrary signs, but living powers; that, to reverse the words of one of England's "false prophets," they may be the fool's counters, but are the wise man's money; not like the sands of the sea, innumerable disconnected atoms, but growing out of roots, clustering in families, connecting and intertwining themselves with all that men have been doing and thinking and feeling, from the beginning of the world till now.—P. 24.

This *fact*, perfectly understood, even before the mind can go any way towards proving it, is knowledge—and that best kind of knowledge which leads to thought and a respectful sense of other men's labours. The boy learns that there is something to be known even about the simplest and most familiar words, which all men do not know; and that a word could not be changed at random for one possessed of no history or derivation, without so far degrading the language and the speaker who uses it; of which the records of slang afford abundant evidence. A thought which may well lighten the task of acquiring a foreign tongue, assisting him, by some sense of the utility of his labours, through the many toilsome hours the acquisition of a dead language may cost him; which he is too often encouraged to consider waste of time, and the acquisition of barren words as opposed to living knowledge, not only by his own superficial questionings but by other superficial thinkers, who have neither his youth nor his weariness of his task as an excuse for the shallowness of the argument. It is something to realize that he cannot fully understand the meaning of his own tongue and the force of its terms without this labour, and that if all abandoned it, its history would fall into oblivion. Bearing on this subject, Mr. Trench has some good illustrations.

‘But seek, I would further urge you, to attain a consciousness of the multitude of words which there are, that, now used only in a figurative sense, did yet originally rest on some fact of the outward world, vividly presenting itself to the imagination; a fact which the world has incorporated for ever, having become, as all words originally were, the indestructible vesture of thought. If I may judge from my own experience, I think there are few intelligent boys in your schools, who would not feel that they had gotten something, when you had shown them that to “insult” means properly to leap as on the prostrate body of a foe; “to affront,” to strike him on the face; that “to succour” means to run and place oneself under one that is falling, and thus support and sustain him; to “relent,” (connected with “lentus,” not “lenis,”) to slacken the swiftness of one’s pursuit; “to reprehend,” to lay hold of one with the intention of forcibly pulling him back from the way of his error; that to be “examined” means to be weighed. They would be pleased to learn that a man is called “supercilious” because haughtiness with contempt of others expresses

itself by the raising of the eyebrows or "supercilium;" that "subtle," (*subtilis* for *subtextilis*) is literally "fine-spun;" that "imbecile," which we use for weak, and now always for weak in intellect, means strictly, (unless indeed we must renounce this etymology,) leaning upon a staff, (*in bacillo*), as one aged or infirm might do; that "chaste" is perfectly white, "castus" being a participle of "candeo," as it is now generally allowed; that "sincere" may be, I will not say that it is, without wax, (*sine cerâ*), as the best and finest honey should be; that a "companion" is one with whom we share our bread, a messmate; that a "sarcasm" is, properly, such a lash inflicted by "the scourge of the tongue" as brings away the *flesh* after it; that "desultory," which, perhaps, they have been warned they should not be in their studies, but have never attached any very definite meaning to the warning, means properly leaping, as a rider in the circus does, from the back of one running horse to that of another, this rider being technically called a "desultor;" and the word being transferred from him to those who suddenly and abruptly change their courses of study.—P. 196.

To this illustration of the moral use to be drawn from a knowledge of derivations, leading the youthful thinker ages back, to the first makers of the term, and to the vivid sense in which it must have been first applied, we shall add, though it comes in another connexion, the author's further lesson on the importance of an acquaintance with other languages, as furnishing the only storehouses for fresh words and further extensions of ideas: a vast benefit in the early days of our language, but not of much practical importance in the present time, and in the present stage of the English tongue, which, enriched as it has been from all the stores of dead and living languages, is an instrument now adapted to all the refinements and abstractions of thought. Believing it to have attained maturity, it should be our object rather to preserve it unimpaired, than to add to it without the most vigilant and jealous caution, and under urgent and acknowledged necessity.

* But to return to the more deliberate coining of words. This will often find place for the supplying of discovered deficiencies in a language. The manner in which men most often become aware of such deficiencies is, through the comparison of their own language with another, and a richer; a comparison which is forced upon them, so that they cannot put it by, when it becomes necessary for them to express in their own tongue that which has already found utterance in another, and so has at any rate shown that it is utterable in human speech. Without such a comparison, the existence of the want would probably have seldom dawned even on the most thoughtful. For language is to so great an extent the condition and limit of thought—men are so little accustomed, indeed so little able, to meditate on things, except through the intervention, and by the machinery of words, that nothing short of this would bring them to a sense of the actual existence of any such want; and it is, I may observe, one of the advantages of acquaintance with another language besides our own, and of the institution which will follow, if we have learned that other to any purpose, of these comparisons, that we thus come to be aware that names are not, least of all the names which any single language possesses, coextensive with things, (and by "things," I mean subjects as well as objects of thought, whatever one can *think* about,) that a multitude of things exist,

which, though capable of being resumed in a word, are yet without one, unnamed and unregistered; so that, vast as is the world of names, the world of realities is even vaster still. Such discoveries the Romans made when they attempted to transplant the moral philosophy of Greece to an Italian soil; they found that many of its words had no equivalents in their own tongue, which equivalents therefore they proceeded with more or less success to devise for themselves, appealing with this view to the latent capacities of their own tongue. For example, the Greek schools had a word, and one playing no unimportant part in some of their systems, to express apathy on the absence of all passion and pain. As it was absolutely necessary to possess a corresponding word, Cicero invented "indolentia," as the "if I may so speak," with which he paves the way to his first introduction of it, manifestly declares.'—P. 111.

In spite of our acknowledged obligations to the past, in spite of the fact, that unless there had been inventors and innovators in old times, who boldly ventured to intrude a new sound on men's ears, without which we of the present day should find ourselves sadly straitened in our vocabulary, we yet think there is no point in which it is so natural to be conservative, and, as we have said, jealous of any change whatever, as in words. We fully acquiesce in the opinion of Ben Jonson, partly excepted against by Mr. Trench, that 'a man coins not a new word without some peril, and less fruit; for if it happen to be received, the praise is but moderate; if refused, the scorn is assured.' It is a sentiment at least which every age will make more true.

Words are a part of ourselves: they are the dress of our minds: and as he is seldom the wisest man who makes the first change in the fashion of his garments, though others may be led afterwards to adopt his invention; so the coiners of new words, and those who are eager to take up and patronise the novelty, must bear the charge of fancifulness and even affectation, unless they have some stringent necessity to plead for the innovation. There is a paper in 'The Spectator' on this subject, upon the introduction of French military terms, complaining that the newspapers, in describing our victories, used so many dark expressions, 'reconnoitre,' 'carte blanche,' 'Gasconade,' &c. that many a prudent citizen, after having read every article, had to inquire of his next neighbour what news the mail had brought.

Some prejudice we ourselves must own to the preacher who enjoins on us a *prayerful* spirit. Who does not a little question the school or else the cultivation of the man who commends his friend or his friend's book as *talented*? nor do we think the better of a person, who, in his zeal against that other new invention, '*shams*,' must talk of *actualities*, and such desperate attempts at being more real than reality itself. Though when once a word has gained any sort of footing, even if originally

open to graver objections, and of less respectable parentage, than the affectations we have adduced, its chances of spreading are so great, that each day ought to make us more lenient towards the users of it. We remember the time when the ladies of our acquaintance would have felt it as impossible to frame their lips to such words as—we pause ere we write them—*humbug* and *bore*, as to any word of undoubted impropriety; now, if the accent be but soft, and the pronunciation refined, we are forced to take in good part, what is meant in all simplicity. Men have incorporated these and similar words into the language, and being in their nature expressive, they will present themselves as the first representatives of ideas, and force themselves into society too good for them.

The question of synonyms, to which Mr. Trench devotes his fifth lecture, is one of more practical importance where a language has attained or approaches to maturity. We do not wish to increase our possessions where our territories are already so wide, but to ascertain the full value and resources of those we have. In an accurate feeling on this point lies indeed the difference between a loose and a forcible style; in the power of choosing, amongst many words or expressions which approximate to our meaning, the one which alone exactly expresses it; for if the idea or image is a distinct one, it is probable that there is only one perfect *best* way of saying it; though there may be a hundred which will tolerably represent it. 'Every word,' it has been said, 'is appropriate to some one idea or set of ideas, whose unaltered image that medium alone is formed precisely to transmit. The image conveyed through any other media would be dimmed, distorted, multiplied, magnified, or diminished, and the purpose of language not only frustrated but perverted.' This axiom enforced would make talking and writing a serious matter with most men. But any enforcement of the exact, definite, inalienable meaning of words brings us to the reflection how infinitely various are men's powers in this respect. We all are acquainted with some talkers, and very lengthy talkers too, whose words are no other than a sort of loose wrapper to their meaning—not from hypocrisy, but because they have (either through natural dimness of perception, or defective and narrow education, or the habit of unreflecting talk,) no real notion of the meaning of words; their conception is dressed up in fragments,—it has no garments of its own. We are left to guess what may be intended underneath, as through the coating of some cast or mould, which shows a distant uncouth resemblance of the image within, but no likeness. This, however, is an extreme case, though every one must know some one of whom such a description would not be over-

drawn; and all must be familiar with the fatigue and labour of mind which is the portion of the listener under such discourses. Ordinary talkers and writers can approach their meaning a little closer,—or, we should say, they have a more definable meaning,—but still such an one as may be as well expressed by a dozen different terms. They do not seek for accuracy, they have no desire for it: there is no necessity for one word more than another to give body to an image or a notion which is vague till determined by the form which chance rather than choice moulds it into. To such we can attend without effort, but their talk makes no impression—it is the average conversation of mankind. There are others who, having a vivid and distinct meaning and no physical hindrances to a free expression, say the thing they mean; their arrow hits the mark—we feel that no other words would have admitted us into their inner mind as clearly. Now these, whether they know it or not, whether it is the fruit of study or a happy intuition, are yet adepts at the finer arts of discrimination; they can distinguish with the skill of a philologist, though it may be unconsciously, the minute, delicate points of difference in terms that have a general resemblance, which pass in most minds for the same; they can choose words whose associations will bring the subjects home with liveliness and energy to our hearts. All judicious study of words must help towards the attainment of this art, so far at least as to secure against looseness and incorrectness of expression. Eloquence and felicity cannot be taught. Mr. Trench thus introduces this part of his subject after his first definition of the term:—

‘Synonyms, then, as the word is generally understood, and as I shall use it here, are words with slighter differences already existing between them, or with the capabilities of such:—neither on the one side absolutely identical; but neither, we may add, on the other, only very remotely related to one another; for the differences between these last will be self-evident, will so lie on the surface and proclaim themselves to all, that it would be impossible to make them clearer than they already are, and it would be like holding a candle to the sun to attempt it. They must be words which are more or less liable to confusion, but which yet ought not to be confounded: words, as one has said, “*quæ conjungi, non confundi, debent*,” words in which there originally inhered a difference, or between which, though once absolutely identical, such has gradually grown up, and so established itself in the use of the best writers, and in the instinct of the best speakers of the tongue, that it claims to be recognised and openly admitted by all. But here an interesting question presents itself to us, which is this: How do languages come to possess synonyms of this latter class, which are differenced not by etymology or other deep-lying and necessary distinction, but only by usage? Now, if they had been made by agreement, of course no such words could exist; for when one word had been found which was the adequate representative of a feeling or an object, no further one would have been sought. But languages are the

result of processes very different from, and far less regular and formal than this. Various tribes, and each with its own dialect, kindred indeed, but in many respects distinct, coalesce into one people, and cast their contributions of language into the common stock.—P. 143.

Thus we have supplied from these sources various terms originally of the same signification; but as a language grows and has need of expression for more complex ideas, these terms separate from one another, and are gradually applied to distinguish different degrees and shades of the same idea, and in course of time become confirmed in their new distinct uses. In illustration of this process, Mr. Taylor, in his book on English Synonyms, adduces the words 'to *recal*, to *repeal*, to *revoke*, to *call back*. To *recal* is English, to *repeal* is French (*rappeler*), and to *revoke* is Latin (*revocare*), for the same idea, to call back.' Our conversation is English; we *recal* our directions to servants and other family arrangements. Our laws are French; we *repeal* acts of parliament. Our oratory is Latin; we *revoke* a panegyric, a denunciation, a promise, or a threat. To *repeal* is legally, and to *evoke* solemnly, to *recal*. We *recal* things, we *call back* persons. Again, in the words to *uncover*, to *discover*, to *detect*: the first is Saxon, the second French, the third Latin, for the same action of removing the cover; but to *uncover* is merely to take off the covering; to *discover*, is to lay bare that which was covered; and to *detect*, is to lay bare that which was intended to be concealed. And Mr. Trench instances the words 'trick,' 'device,' 'finesse,' 'artifice,' and 'stragem,' as an example of the numerous sources from which we get similar words: *trick* being Saxon, *devisa* Italian, *finesse* French, *artificium* Latin, and *stratagema* Greek, all originally expressive of the same idea, but now invested with different shades of meaning.

But where the etymology and the source are the same, custom still assigns differences of meaning. Custom, it has been said, is law in the matter of words; etymology only the commentary, enabling us to ascertain more clearly what the law of custom is, which it is the synonymist's business to trace out. Take the various derivatives of *effect*: *effective*, *efficient*, *efficacious*, *effectual*; as ingeniously adduced by Mr. Taylor. Causes, which have usually a share in producing a given effect, are called *effective*; which have actually a share, are called *efficient*; which have a large share, are called *efficacious*; which have a decisive share, are called *effectual*. These differences arise from custom; in the following examples etymology is the guide: *distinction*, *diversity*, *difference*, *discrimination*: separation by the touch (*dis* and *tango*) makes a distinction; by turning apart (*dis* and *verto*) makes a diversity; by carrying asunder (*dis* and *fero*) makes a difference; by affixing a mark (*dis* and *crimen*) makes a

discrimination. Distinction is therefore applied to delicate variations; diversity, to glaring contrasts; difference, to hostile unlikeness; and discrimination, to formal criticism. Or again, in *attractions* and *allurements*: where attractions draw (*ad* and *trahere*), allurements beckon (*ad* and *lurrer*) towards the possessor; attractions are natural, and allurements are contrived, invitations. The attractions of beauty, the allurements of coquetry.

As examples are the great charm of this subject, we will give Mr. Trench's list of synonyms from different languages:—

'The two causes which I mentioned above,—the fact that English is, in the main, a compromise between the languages spoken by the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman, and the further circumstance that it has received, welcomed, and found place for many later additions, these have together effected that we possess in English a great many duplicates, not to speak of triplicates, or even such a quintuplicate as that which I adduced just now, where the Saxon, French, Italian, Latin, and Greek, had each given us a word. Let us mention a few duplicate substantives—Anglo-Saxon and Latin. Thus we have "shepherd" and "pastor," "feeling" and "sentiment," "hand-book" and "manual," "shire" and "county," "ship" and "navy," "anger" and "ire," "grief" and "dolour," "love" and "charity," "feather" and "plume," "forerunner" and "precursor," "freedom" and "liberty," "murder" and "homicide," "moons" and "lunes,"—a word which has not been met with in the singular. Sometimes, in theology and science especially, we have gone both to the Latin and to the Greek, and drawn the same word from them both; thus, "deist" and "theist," "numeration" and "arithmetical," "Revelation" and "Apocalypse," "temporal" and "chronical," "compassion" and "sympathy," "supposition" and "hypothesis."—P. 149.

From nouns we pass on to verbs and adjectives, which each have many duplicates, as to 'heal,' to 'cure,' to 'soften,' to 'mollify,' 'almighty,' 'omnipotent,' 'shady,' 'umbrageous.' And examples follow of synonymous adjectives where the nouns have no synonyms, drawn from that list of adjectives given by Horne Tooke, where our language has adapted foreign adjectives to English nouns, as 'burdensome' and 'onerous,' 'priestly' and 'sacerdotal,' 'kingly' and 'regal,' 'bloody' and 'sanguine.' Though not to the point here, the fact is a curious one, how many of our Saxon nouns have no adjective derived from them, but are indebted for them to the Latin and French, as 'mouth,' which has 'oral,' 'side,' 'lateral,' 'word,' 'verbal,' 'being,' 'essential,' 'cat,' 'feline,' 'sun,' 'solar,' 'spring,' 'vernal,' 'end,' 'final,' 'money,' 'pecuniary,' 'thing,' 'real,' &c. But now to give Mr. Trench's distinctions, where we beg to dissent from his opinion of the present meaning of our word charity. The confounding of charity with alms-giving is a vulgar error rather than a received use. While the 13th chapter of 1 Corinthians is read in our churches, this mistake cannot prevail; those who use 'charity' in a technical sense know that they do so.

'But to return; if we look closely at those other words which have succeeded in maintaining side by side their ground, we shall not fail to observe

that in almost every instance they have asserted for themselves separate spheres of meaning, that although not in etymology, they have still in use become more or less distinct. Thus we use "shepherd" almost always in its primary meaning, keeper of sheep; while "pastor" is exclusively used in the tropical sense, one that feeds the flock of God; at the same time the language having only the one adjective, "pastoral," that, of necessity, is common to both. "Love," "charity," are used in our authorized version of Scripture promiscuously, and out of the sense of their equivalence are made to represent one and the same Greek word; but in modern use, "charity" has come almost exclusively to signify one particular manifestation of love, the supply of the bodily needs of others; "love" continuing to express the affection of the soul. "Ship" remains in its literal meaning, while "nave" has become a symbolical term used in sacred architecture alone. So with "illegible" and "unreadable," the first is applied to the handwriting, and the second to the subject-matter written; thus, a man writes an illegible hand; he has published an unreadable book. So, too, it well becomes boys to be boyish, but not men to be "puerile," &c.
—P. 152.

We must cut short our examples of the process of desynonymizing—a long word, which the wealth of our language has rendered necessary. One instance Mr. Trench gives of successful practice in this art, which is interesting. Until Wordsworth's day, though there was a sense of difference between the words 'imagination' and 'fancy,' yet they were continually confounded. The poet of our age has once and for ever assigned its peculiar place to each. Certain it is that so accurate a writer as Addison does confound them, as where, in his course of interesting papers on the Imagination, he says, 'By the pleasures of the imagination or fancy (which I shall use promiscuously) I here mean such as arise from visible objects,' &c. And again; 'Besides, the pleasures of the *imagination* have this advantage above those of the understanding, that they are more obvious and more easy to be acquired. It is but opening the eyes, and the scene enters; the colours paint themselves to the *fancy*,' &c. While Bacon, we are sorry to say, instead of nicely discriminating between the two, confounds both these faculties divine, with *lying*; only distinguishing between the lie of imagination and the lie of falsehood. 'The mixture of a lye,' he says, 'doth ever add pleasure. . . . One of the Fathers, in great severity, called poesy *vinum demonium*, because it filleth the imagination; and yet it is but with the shadow of a lye. But it is not the lye which passeth through the mind, but the lye that sinketh in, and settleth in it, that doth the hurt.'

Some good things on the moral value of synonyms are said, for which we have not space at length; in the distinctions, for instance, between *apprehend* and *comprehend*, as when we can apprehend truths which are yet above our comprehension; between 'opposite' and 'contrary,' where again it is possible to believe *opposite* truths but not contrary ones; and again between

'compulsion' and 'obligation,' 'discovery' and 'invention,' 'instruction' and 'education,' 'vengeance' and 'revenge.' The following words are ably discriminated, which are very generally used promiscuously:—

'Or consider the following words: "to hate," "to loathe," "to detest," "to abhor." Each of them rests on an image entirely distinct from the others; two, the first and second, being Anglo-Saxon, and the others Latin. "To hate," is properly to be *inflamed* with passionate dislike, the word being connected with "heat" and "hot;" just as we speak, using the same figure, of persons being "incensed" with anger, and of their anger "kindling;" "ira" and "uro" being perhaps related. "To loathe" is properly to feel nausea, the turning of the stomach at that which excites first natural, and then by a transfer, moral disgust. "To detest" is to bear witness against, not to be able to keep silence in regard to something, and to feel ourselves obliged to lift up our voice and testimony against it. "To abhor" is to shrink shuddering back, as one would from an object of fear, an hissing serpent rising in one's path. Our blessed Lord "hated" to see His Father's house profaned, when, the zeal of that house consuming Him, He drove forth in anger the profaners from it; He "loathed" the lukewarmness of the Laodiceans, when He threatened to spue them out of His mouth; He "detested" the hypocrisy of the Pharisees and Scribes, when He proclaimed their sin, and uttered those eight woes against them; He "abhorred" the evil suggestions of Satan, when He bade the tempter to get behind Him, seeking to put a distance between Himself and him.'—P. 161.

The following nice distinction throws a new light on the value of the study of words, as an aid to the conscience, often perplexed between obedience to its demands, and what is due to society; by suggesting, as it does, a cautious etymological weighing of synonyms; where an acquaintance with the literal meanings of words may enable us to avoid exaggeration, and pay a compliment and speak truth at the same time. We could almost have wished Mr. Trench had pursued further the science of truthful good-breeding, and given us a conscientious form for 'not at home,' or for civilly and honestly accepting an unwelcome invitation.

'There is often a moral value in the possession of synonyms, enabling us, as they do, to say exactly what we intend, without exaggeration, or the putting of more into our words than we feel in our hearts, allowing us, as one has said, to be at once courteous and precise. Such moral advantage there is, for example, in the choice which we have between the words "to felicitate" and "to congratulate," for the expressing of our sentiments and wishes in regard of the good fortune that happens to others. To "felicitate" another, is to wish him happiness without affirming that his happiness is also ours. Thus out of that general goodwill with which we ought to regard all, we might "felicitate" one almost a stranger to us; nay more, I can honestly "felicitate" one on his appointment to a post, or attainment of honour, even though I may not consider him the fittest to have obtained it,—though I should have been glad if another had done so; I can desire and hope, that is, that it may bring all joy and happiness to him. But I could not, without a violation of truth, "congratulate" him, or that stranger whose prosperity awoke no lively delight in my heart;

for when I "congratulate" a person, (con gratulor,) I declare that I am sharer in his joy: that what has rejoiced him, has rejoiced also me. We have all, I daresay, felt, even without having made any such analysis of the distinction between the words, that "congratulate" is a far heartier word than "felicitate," and one with which it much better becomes us to welcome the good fortune of a friend; and the analysis, as you perceive, perfectly justifies the feeling. "Felicitations" are little better than compliments; "congratulations" are the expression of a genuine sympathy and joy.—P. 165.

There is a spurious sort of synonyms which we would gladly see set down by those writers who can so nicely weigh the value and force of real ones; which are indeed better described as periphrastic sayings; those numerous methods, we mean, by which would-be wits and fine writers succeed in never 'calling a spade a spade.' It must have been synonyms of this order of which the Arabian writer spoke, when he gloried in his language containing fourscore words for honey, and a thousand for a sword, two hundred names for serpent, and five hundred for a lion. Some of these words, we will be bound to say, went considerably out of the way to convey the idea either of a sword or a lion, and he must have been no inconsiderable scholar who should know at once what object all the names meant; just such erudition is, by masters of this style, required of us. We should be glad to know how many names some historians have framed for the word 'king,' names infinitely perplexing to short memories and plain understandings, which have to keep up an exact knowledge of all the titles, moral qualities, and social relations of the king under discussion, without which the battle may be won, or the alliance contracted, and we not be made the wiser, because we can never get clearly to know who fought the one or engaged in the other. It is still worse with works of humour and fiction, where, often, the author cannot get along, far less his reader follow him, for the endless delays into which his fancy betrays him. The allusions are so continual as every moment to break the thread of the narrative, till in admiring his curious expedients for never calling a husband a husband, or a horse a horse, we lose all interest in what the husband or the horse is doing. We do not dispute that there are occasions when a thing is more vividly described by its accidents than its inherent qualities. It may once have given point to a description to say that such an one mounted his Rosinante, if it is of consequence that we should know the horse to have been a lean one, but the oftener we are called off from the rider to think of his horse—we wish the author to be assured—the less we shall care about the rider. Nothing is so irksome as continual interruption to the train of thought. Yet it is very true all the notion some writers have of wit is comprised in this perpetual misnaming. It has been well said

of these men, that they are like mountebanks, — they make a man a wit by putting on him a fantastic habit. This indeed is no new way of being clever, the old essayists complained of it in their day, and quote a distich from a poem, every line of which is a riddle, very much to our point, which we give as a less invidious example of our meaning than a modern instance might appear. The poem is describing a bonfire, in which—

‘ The Cynic’s rolling tenement conspires
With Bacchus his cast-coat to feed the fires.’

Certainly, says the commentator, the reader must consider twice or thrice before he will know the Cynic’s tenement is a tub, and Bacchus his cast-coat, an empty hog’shead. One merit, indeed, these enigmas possess over their modern successors,—they even now have an air of originality, whereas, the style we censure is the very essence of all that is trite and stale. Nothing ever seems said for the first time, and the mind, perplexed already, is still further tasked to recal where it has heard all this false humour before.

From the uses and abuses of a luxuriant vocabulary,—the gradual acquisition of a developing, progressing, discovering, reading, talking, thinking, reasoning, disputing, travelling community,—the transition is strange to those distant nations, or to those neglected portions of our own, with whom speech itself is being cut short—whose language is like an autumn tree, dropping its leaves, one by one, from failure of that sap of thought which should sustain them—who lose words by ceasing to use them, or to occupy themselves with the ideas of which they are the signs.

In his argument for the divine origin of language,—a direct gift from God to man at his creation,—as opposed to the infidel theory that the primitive condition of man was the savage one, Mr. Trench explains his view to be, not that man had his language ready formed to his hand in its fulness, but the structure of it; not the names of everything that met his eye or his reason, but the power of *naming* and of expressing the relation of things to each other. The language of the savage, so far from possessing this healthful power of growing and developing, shows—as all who analyse it bear witness—marks of decay; is evidently a ruin of something nobler and better than it is now, with traces still of cultivation, intelligence, and religion, which are rapidly becoming fewer and fainter. One by one, words expressive of abstract ideas or the usages of civilized life drop away, and with them departs the power of reviving the lost thought or humanizing custom, so that both the language and the habits of savage life must retrograde, till aided from without.

The following are interesting illustrations of the truth of this melancholy fact:—

‘ Moffat, in his *Missionary Labours and Scenes in South Africa*, gives us a very remarkable example of the disappearing of one of the most significant words from the language of a tribe sinking ever deeper in savagery; and with the disappearing of the word, of course, the disappearing as well of the great spiritual fact and truth whereof that word was at once the vehicle and guardian. The Bechuanas, a Caffre tribe, employed formerly the word “Morimo,” to designate “Him that is above,” or, “Him that is in heaven,” and attached to the word the notion of a supreme Divine Being. This word, with the spiritual idea corresponding to it, Moffat found to have vanished from the language of the present generation, although here and there he could meet with an old man, scarcely one or two in a thousand, who remembered in his youth to have heard speak of “Morimo;” and this word, once so deeply significant, only survived now in the spells and charms of the so-called rain-makers and sorcerers, who misused it to designate a fabulous ghost, of whom they told the absurdest and most contradictory things. And as there is no such witness to the degradation of the savage as the brutal poverty of his language, so is there nothing that so effectually tends to keep him in the depths to which he has fallen. You cannot impart to any man more than the words which he understands either now contain, or can be made intelligibly to him, to contain. Language is as truly on one side the limit and restraint of thought, as on the other side that which feeds and unfolds it. Thus it is the ever-repeated complaint of the Missionary, that the very terms are wholly, or nearly wholly, wanting in the dialect of the savage, whereby to impart to him heavenly truths, or indeed, even the nobler emotions of the human heart. Dobrizhoffer, the Jesuit Missionary, in his curious *History of the Abipones*, tells us that neither they nor the Guarinies, two of the principal native tribes of Brazil, possessed any word in the least corresponding to our “thanks.” But what wonder, if the feeling of gratitude was entirely absent from their hearts, that they should not have possessed the corresponding word in their vocabularies? Nay, how should they have had it there? And that this is the true explanation is plain, from a fact which the same writer records, that although inveterate askers, they never showed the slightest sense of obligation or of gratitude, when they obtained what they sought; never saying more than, “This will be useful to me,” or, “This is what I wanted.”—P. 18.

Another cause for the decay of this language is given by Dobrizhoffer, not bearing on our author’s argument, but curious in itself, and illustrative of the way in which uncivilized dialects may change and lose themselves; perplexing and confounding all inquiry into their source. These Abipones, and other kindred tribes speaking originally the same language, had the custom of abolishing the name of every one who died. Thus, as every one took his name from some visible object, a new name for this object must necessarily be substituted for the old one. These new titles being, it may be supposed, arbitrary, and not spreading beyond the use or knowledge of the tribe itself, it is easy to understand how soon languages originally alike, must lose all other resemblance but that of construction. Whether these savages had exhausted all the good names in their his-

torian's time, we know not, but they had certainly begun with the bad ones; one of their leading heroes being entitled Chief, or Lord Liar. *Nomine suo dignissimus*, as Dobrizhoffer says.

Even in our own country, in the lower classes, those who, from neglect, intemperance, and different forms of vice, are sunk lowest in the scale, this same decay of language may be observed. We believe that a searching inquiry into the actual vocabulary of many of our fellow-citizens would astonish even those prepared to be surprised by its miserable scantiness and poverty, and its lack of all power to express abstract or spiritual ideas. The desolation never can be ascertained in its real extent. Children drawn from the courts and alleys of crowded, neglected neighbourhoods to be taught and instructed, betray something of the evil. Their total ignorance of all words of dignity or elevation is a serious obstacle to their receiving ideas of that character. No one can tell how little the simplest truth can work its way into a mind weighed down by a low and degraded phraseology. For as it is the tendency of language, as it enlarges and refines itself, to give secondary meanings to words, to raise them from the literal to the figurative, and to apply to the actions and operations of the mind terms originally applied to bodily actions and visible objects, till the figurative meaning supersedes the literal in our minds, and of words whose flight leads us up to heaven, we do not remember that their nest was on the ground,—so in the degradation of language, an opposite order prevails. It resorts again to literal meanings and takes visible objects for its sole mode of expressing even spiritual things. Instead of embracing the idea, the vulgar are engrossed with the physical objects connected with it, they cannot get beyond what they see, and hear, and touch: having yielded to the tyranny of the senses, they are now their prey, and are confined within their range. Examples must be inadequate, and what is worse, they must be vulgar.—But as a faint illustration of our meaning: The teacher of a Sunday school has occasion to administer a reproof. He is grave and affectionate, he seeks to bring mind to bear on mind, to wake the conscience, to appeal to the feelings, to lift the intellect into a higher region of thought. The rebuke is not ill taken, not sullenly or in bad temper, but the culprit on reporting the occurrence, through no intentional disrespect, simply because he knows no other form of expression, says he has had a 'jawing,' and the reprover hears it whispered round that 'he's been "jawing" Dick Thompson;' this being the received word for clamorous upbraidings in scenes where, perhaps, wholesome reproof is little heard; and descriptive of the distortions of passion on the countenance, not of any mental operation: for in all cases where

body and spirit mingle, the tendency of the vulgar is to confine themselves to the consideration of the *body*. Thus death is always alluded to by them as it concerns the body, with eager appreciation of every circumstance bearing on this body's decay and dissolution. A lady in a mourning dress knocks at the door of a woman of this class where she has often visited. Mourning, of course, is associated with the idea of death. With the thoughtful of every degree, this is a complex idea. They think of loss, of the grief of the survivor, of a spirit departing to a new world, till the vast range of sympathies opened out for the dead and the living throw into the background the thought of dissolution and the grave. Not so with the observer here. In her the sight of a black gown raises no images but those of mortality—a coffin, a mound of loose earth, the sexton with his mattock standing by an open grave. No feelings are awakened of tenderness, compassion, or mystery; only curiosity to know who can be the subject of these terrors, suggesting at once the startling question put to her visitor without preface or delay, '*Have you buried one of your children?*' Even in the religion of the vulgar, where some ideas have been received of a future life, some knowledge of Christian truths, still the body *represents* the soul, and as their minds cannot or will not follow the soul's workings apart from it, they confound the aspirations of the heart with their outward manifestation. Ejaculations, which should be regarded simply as natural expressions of strong inward feeling, become the very thing to be desired for itself, and a person's salvation is considered secured, if, in the article of death, he has 'hallooed,' or, as it is familiarized, 'hollared a deal.' There is no awe in the vulgar mind,—we use this term '*vulgarity*' to describe a state of mind, not a condition of life, though of course, those scenes where it can find freest development are our present concern, and furnish our instances—no care to distinguish between the noble and the base, the sublime and the familiar; everything is reduced to the lowest standard; as where a hired nurse could find no more appropriate or elevating figure to express the tranquil departure of an old woman under her charge, though speaking gravely, and with an intention to convey a correct idea, than that 'she died as easy as an old shoe.' Yet, dull as the mind must be and dead to impressions, to resort to such a comparison, she could not have said this but from utter want of appropriate words and an ignorance that there were such. But we have dwelt long enough on a point which cannot be proved without some breach of rule and propriety. Such of our readers as have any experience of the dialect of the lowest classes, could readily add to our list of examples from a vocabulary which has never yet found its way into dictionaries or any respectable publication; a vocabulary rich enough in its

own line, but from which every term expressive of dignity or elevation is excluded.

It is time to draw our remarks to an end, though many interesting and suggestive portions of these lectures yet remain untouched. Their popular character is sustained throughout. The thoughtful reader, whatever his previous ignorance, is never carried beyond his depth, while the illustrations are so well chosen that he will, perhaps, be surprised to find himself warmly interesting in a subject which he had previously set down as dull and repulsive. It is, however, to be regretted that the style and composition,—we presume from carelessness,—are too often suited neither to the subject of the book nor its readers. The subject of words cannot be far separated from their right placing; Mr. Trench calls them jewels; we wish he had, in many cases, been more careful about their setting. It is a point in which clearness of style is more than commonly essential, for the reader is, as a first step, put into a critical frame of temper, and being called upon to criticise words, the next step is to criticise wording. Being led to think of our old masters of language, we cannot but sometimes institute comparisons between their classical accuracy, their clear order, the 'sweet tune' of their sentences even in prose, their majestic march, with the shambling gait, the mere getting along of some moderns. Our progress through some of the sentences in this little work reminds us more of a walk through a ploughed field than of a march of any kind or to any tune: its ups and downs being in very fair analogy with the alternations of assertion, and qualifying parentheses, which seems to form the system of their composition. The excuse no doubt is, that the lectures were at first orally delivered, and that a good reader can make anything he pleases of his own style; but we still cannot comprehend how Mr. Trench, who has shown in his verse a power of charming the ear as well as the understanding, could suffer such sentences as the following to pass from his pen to the press. As where he quotes 'The Spectator's' complaint of the introduction of new slang words, and then says:—

'In regard of "mob," abbreviated as we see from "mobile," the multitude swayed hither and thither by each gust of passion or caprice, this, which that writer plainly hardly expected, while he confessed it possible, has actually taken place.'—P. 125.

Again, in accounting for the gradual decay of language amongst savages, we have the following sentence, which we suspect would defy the parsing powers of the most practised of his auditors:—

'When wholly letting go the truth, when long and greatly sinning against light and conscience, a people has thus gone the downward way,

has been scattered off by some violent revolution from that portion of the world which is the seat of advance and progress, and driven to its remote isles and further corners, then, as one nobler thought, one spiritual idea after another has perished from it, the words also that expressed these have perished too.—P. 17.

It may seem fastidious or querulous to be thus critical in the order of sentences, with whose matter we so fully agree; but accuracy of style is so essential to the life of books, and even to their present utility, that we cannot see a good book suffer from an awkward and careless style without a protest. We will conclude with the following happy example of the rich fulness of means which lies in single words, which it is one of Mr. Trench's points to prove:—

'Let me illustrate that which I have been here saying somewhat more at length by the word "tribulation." We all know in a general way that this word, which occurs not seldom in Scripture and in the Liturgy, means affliction, sorrow, anguish; but it is quite worth our while to know *how* it means this, and to question the word a little closer. It is derived from the Latin "tribulum," which was the threshing instrument or roller, whereby the Roman husbandmen separated the corn from the husks; and "tribulatio" in its primary significance was the act of this separation. "But some Latin writer of the Christian Church appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of a higher truth; and sorrow, distress and adversity being the appointed means for the separating in men of whatever in them was light, trivial, and poor, from the solid and the true, their chaff from their wheat, therefore he called these sorrows and griefs 'tribulations,' threshings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner."

'Now in proof of my assertion that a single word is often a concentrated poem, a little grain of gold, capable of being beaten out into a broad extent of gold-leaf, I will quote in reference to this very word "tribulation," a graceful composition by George Wither, an early English poet, which you will at once perceive is all wrapped up in this word, being from first to last only the expanding of the image and thought which this word has implicitly given:—

"Till from the straw, the flail the corn doth beat,
Until the chaff be purgèd from the wheat;
Yea, till the mill the grains in pieces tear,
The richness of the flour will scarce appear.
So, till men's persons great afflictions touch,
If worth be found, their worth is not so much,
Because, like wheat in straw, they have not yet
That value which in threshing they may get.
For till the bruising flail of God's corrections!
Have threshèd out of us our vain affections;
Till those affections which do misbecome us,
Are by the Sacred Spirit winnow'd from us;
Until from us the straw of wordly treasures,
Till all the dusty chaff of empty pleasures;
Yea, till His flail upon us He doth lay,
To thresh the husk of this our flesh away;
And leave the soul uncover'd; nay, yet more,
Till God shall make our very spirit poor,
We shall not up to highest wealth aspire,
And then we shall; and that is my desire."—P. 7.

It will be well if the study of words and the investigation into their force and meaning, wherever pursued, may not stop with the intellect, but become, as they well may, a question with the heart, teaching it to weigh and consider with the more anxious care, as it is enlightened by knowledge, and taught to realize its responsibilities, how it shall acquit itself of a great duty:—ever bearing in mind the awful sentence which identifies the breath of our lips with our inmost thoughts and conscience,—‘By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.’

ART. VII. *Japan: an Account, Geographical and Historical, &c.*
By CHARLES MAC FARLANE. London: Routledge. 1852.

IN defiance of Mr. Mac Farlane's assertion to the contrary, we maintain that even educated persons know little or nothing about Japan. And yet it is called an Empire, and Mr. M'Culloch assures us that it contains 50,000,000 inhabitants: its population we believe actually reaches to half this amount. As far as general impressions go, the ordinary floating feeling—we cannot call it knowledge—about Japan, is, that it seems to realize a good deal the notions conveyed by Swift's Flying Island. We get to think of it as of some Atlantis of the East: a mystery and marvel seldom or very partially revealed to the sons of men. We hear of it as a place surrounded by prejudice as by a wall of brass: a polity complete and total in itself: a great exception to the family of mankind: like the fabled river of antiquity, it is a people which flows through the ocean of society but never mingles with the common stream of humanity. And then the whole world takes offence at this. While we are writing, the government of the United States is meditating an expedition to compel Japan to be neighbourly and civil, and to observe the conventional Law of Nations: that is to say, Western civilization is resolved to open out Japan—not for the sake of Japan, but for the necessities of Western civilization.

It is argued that no nation has a right to occupy an exceptional position: that commerce is, like the air, a chartered libertine; that no people has a right to say, I will not trade with others, except upon my own terms. If the Japanese systematically refused food and water, and the means of repairs to ships, we should say that the American claim was not unreasonable. No nation has a right to block up the highway and to prevent legitimate traffic with others. If it does not choose to trade itself, it must not present an hindrance to trading with others. It is very well to say that Japan must be treated as though it did not exist, and that our proper course is to take it upon its own grounds, and simply avoid it. But common sense revolts at this theorizing: the Japanese Empire lies right across some fifteen degrees of latitude: it is a physical obstruction if it does not conform to the natural laws of mankind. Navigation involves certain abstract rights, which are not so much a matter of common consent as of antecedent natural justice. A ship in distress has claims for water, wood, and fresh provisions, and for means of refitting and repairing accidents. These claims are not a matter of political agreement, but are physical results from the mere constitution of the planet. And in this sense, and for fundamental elementary

necessities, the earth and sea are common property. But as a fact, Japan does not refuse these elementary rights. To take only our own vessels: in 1791 the 'Argonaut' received wood and water. The 'Providence' landed its crew for nautical observations on the coast of Yesso, and refitted. The 'Phaeton,' Captain 'Pellew,' in the early part of the present century took in water. The 'Samarang' was in 1845 supplied with stores by the Japanese authorities; and magnetic observations were, though very reluctantly, permitted. In 1849, Captain Mackinon of H.M.S. 'Mariner,' received vegetables and water from the islanders.

What the Japanese decline is, to trade with any other country except on their own terms. Acutely enough, they guard against the slightest violation of their principle of exclusion. In all the cases which we have mentioned payment for supplies sent on board was refused. The transaction was one of natural charity, not of commerce. Under these circumstances the question is simply whether we can, or ought to, force such a people to trade with us whether they like it or not. The vague series of conventionalisms known as the Law of Nations, has certainly never been accepted by Japan. Vattel is not a text book at Jeddo, nor even in Bundum, which Peter Heylyn affirmed to be 'an university bigger than Paris.' We hardly think that it is fair to quote Puffendorf and Grotius to a community of this sort. And it is difficult to pick a quarrel with Japan. If the Japanese refused assistance to a shipwrecked vessel, this might be the pretext for forcing their ports. As it stands, all that the American President can say is, 'Japan is within 'twenty days' sail of California: Japan has coal, and it would be 'very useful to our steamers: Japan has admirable productions, 'both natural and manufactured; the States have the same: 'reciprocity and trade are very good things: friendly commercial 'intercourse is a great blessing,' &c. But as the Japanese cannot or will not see this, the serious question remains, whether there is any inherent right in one nation, or in all the nations of the earth collectively, to force an outstanding member of mankind into the commercial brotherhood. Speech is a great blessing, and necessary to the existence of society, but if any individual is so sulky or so unmanageable as to decline conversation, we doubt the natural right in his neighbour to make him talk.

Nor are our doubts lessened when we survey the anomalous and extraordinary history of Japan. It was unknown to recent research, till the noble Venetian, Marco Polo, at the end of the thirteenth century, noticed it. The first European who seems to have visited it was Fernam Mendez Pinto, the Portuguese adventurer, whose name, very unjustly, has been considered equivalent to mendacity itself. This visit was in 1542: the

Portuguese were most hospitably received, and allowed free traffic. Seven years after a fugitive Japanese fled to Goa, and was converted to Christianity. The Portuguese, combining worldly wisdom with a deep sense of spiritual duties, at once saw the opening both for trade and the Gospel which Japan afforded: and as early as 1551 the splendid and successful mission of Xavier to Japan had been terminated by the Jesuit apostle's death. Fifty churches and tens of thousands of converts composed the Japanese Church of twenty years later. During the whole of this time—

'The Portuguese,—mariners, merchants, padres, and all,—were received with open arms, not only at Bungo, but at whatsoever other part of the empire they chose to repair unto. The local governments and the minor princes, who then enjoyed a considerable degree of independence, vied with each other in inviting them to their ports and towns. They went wherever they pleased, from one extremity of the empire to the other, and by land as well as by sea. The merchants found a ready and a most profitable market for their goods; the missionaries, an intellectual, tolerant people, very willing to listen to the lessons which they had to teach them. There was no *one* established, dominant religion in the country; the most ancient faith was split into sects; and there were at least three other religions imported from foreign countries, and tolerated in the most perfect manner. Moreover, a faith, said to be of Brahminical origin, and which had been imported from India, was, at the time, widely spread among the people. This faith bore so near a resemblance to the doctrines introduced by the Portuguese, that it must have greatly favoured their reception. It appears to have comprised the *existence, death, and resurrection of a Saviour born of a virgin*, with almost every other essential dogma of Christianity, including the belief in the Trinity. If this be a true statement and correct description, and if we then add to it the tradition, that this form of religion was introduced under the reign of the Chinese emperor Mimi, who ascended the throne in about the fiftieth year of the Christian era, can we avoid admitting the conclusion, that some early apostle reached the eastern extremity of Asia, if not the islands themselves of Japan? Then the pomp and impressive ceremonials of the Roman church, and the frequency of its services, delighted the impressionable Japanese, who, in all probability, would have paid far less attention to a simpler form of worship. The first missionaries, moreover, were men of exemplary lives—modest, virtuous, disinterested, and most tender and charitable to the poor and afflicted. They sought out cases of distress; they attended the sick; and some knowledge they possessed of the superior science of medicine, as practised by the most advanced nations of Europe, was frequently of great benefit to the natives, and another means of facilitating their conversion. Xavier quitted Japan for China in 1551, and died on the second of December of the following year, at Shan-Shan, on the Canton river, not far from Macao; but he left able and enthusiastic missionaries behind him, and others soon repaired to the country.'—*Mac Farlane's Japan*, pp. 4—7.

Without discussing Mr. Mac Farlane's assumption of an apostolic journey to Japan, it is unquestionable that Nestorian missionaries had penetrated into China at a very early period. The celebrated inscription proves this. Whether Buddhism, which is not the original religion of Japan, is, according to

a singular conjecture, a diabolic anticipation of Christianity, or whether much of its present rites and doctrines are not rather corruptions of the Gospel, it is enough to feel convinced that Buddhism does present in itself a singular caricature and distortion of the Gospel. It does not quite appear whether the Japanese Christians were converts from Buddhism, or from the older and national religion of the Sintoos, which seems to differ little from the common Indian systems. The question would be important whether such a resemblance as Buddhism offers of Christianity would be an aid or an obstacle to conversion? The fact however remains, that in less than half a century from its rediscovery, Japan was at free commercial intercourse with the whole western world, and was the seat of a flourishing and promising Church. Before, therefore, we are so especially angry with the Japanese for their seclusion from the world, the inquiry is of immense interest, how the present state of things came about, and who is responsible for it.

It is plain that two hundred and fifty years ago the Japanese ports were open to all ordinary commercial intercourse. The Portuguese had a monopoly of it, chiefly because they had no competitors. Such, however, presented themselves with the seventeenth century. One William Adams, an Englishman, sailed as pilot to a 'fleet of Hollanders,' equipped for the Indian trade in 1598. During this voyage a storm brought him to the Japanese coast. But strange vessels had at that period become suspicious. It is undeniable that Dutch and English ships, if not avowedly buccaneers, acted very piratically. The obligation of treaties ceased at the line. On the Spanish main it was simply Rob Roy's law. We can quite therefore account for and admit 'the evil report made by the Portuguese of the English and 'Dutch.' The Portuguese could not esteem them as other than pirates. The consequence was that William Adams was detained in Japan until the day of his death. But he did his work: he opened the trade to his Dutch friends, who, in 1609, 'came to 'the court of the Emperor, where they were in great friendship 'received, conditioning with the Emperor to send yearly a ship 'or two; the first of which, arriving in 1611, was well received, 'and with great kindness entertained.'

When we say that the Japanese ports and commerce were open to all traders, it must not be understood that, two hundred and fifty years ago, either in Japan or anywhere else was trade carried on with that freedom from local restraints which now generally prevails. What we mean is, that, under regulations, any European community might have got a commercial footing in Japan. Trade was then generally conducted by corporations and factories rather than by individual enterprise. Even in our

own East India trade, up to a comparatively recent period, the quantity of exports and imports was fixed. It was at that time considered necessary to keep up prices by restricting trade. To throw tea and spices overboard is a practice not yet forgotten. It is quite conceivable, therefore, how early in the seventeenth century commercial intercourse with Japan might be free; and yet with a restriction on the number of vessels and amount of commodities permitted to enter its ports.

Before the year 1620, then, the Portuguese and Dutch factories were established side by side on a small island, called Firando, looking over the Korean-straits. They were not likely to prove themselves pleasant neighbours or agreeable guests. Of course in those days the Dutch in Portuguese eyes appeared only as heretics, if not atheists; while the Dutch returned the compliment by stigmatizing their brother Christians as mere idolaters. The mutual hatred and suspicions existing between Holland and Portugal were not likely to impress the calm and inquiring Japanese with exalted notions either of Christians in general or Europeans in particular. Nor were the native Christians such as had kindled under Xavier's words of fire, or had melted before his glow of love. Persecution had commenced on the part of the heathen; the Christian orders were divided against each other; Dominican and Franciscan were mutually misrepresented, and stumbling-blocks innumerable were thrown in the Japanese path to the Gospel, and this we fear by Christian hands. The sad history of the proscription of the Gospel in Japan may be told in few words. The Christians may have become rapacious; but it is certain that old powerful heathenism at last found out that toleration of Christianity was in the end treason to Buddhism and Sintoism. No religions could co-exist with the Cross. Christianity must be accepted or destroyed. The Japanese nationalists preferred the latter part of the alternative. The arrival of more missionaries was first forbidden; then conversions were prohibited; at last, a persecution terrible as that of Decius commenced. In 1614 the native converts who would not recant were crucified and tortured; the churches were destroyed; the schools closed, and the profession of Christianity in a Japanese declared illegal. Hitherto the foreign Christians had not been persecuted; but Portuguese missionaries were constantly evading the law. The commercial result was the restriction of foreign trade to the little island of Desima.

But worse remained. A real, or suspected, plot against the Japanese government, said to have been entered into by the Japanese Christians, implicated the Portuguese. It is curious, to say the least, that the documentary evidence of this plot was found in 'a Portuguese ship captured by the *Dutch*.' Whether

the Dutch invented the plot, or only took advantage of it, we cannot pronounce. It is indisputable that they denounced it to the Japanese government; and the result was, that the Portuguese were banished for ever from Japan and its dependencies. Nor was this all. From 1637 commenced the exclusive policy of the Japanese of which Europeans complain. The proclamation which decreed that 'the whole race of the Portuguese, with their mothers, nurses, and whatever belongs to them, shall be banished for ever,' goes on to set forth—

'That no Japanese ship or boat, or any native of Japan, should henceforth presume to quit the country under pain of forfeiture and death; that any Japanese returning from a foreign country should be put to death; that no nobleman or soldier should be suffered to purchase anything of a foreigner; that any person presuming to bring a letter from abroad, or to return to Japan after he had been banished, should die, with all his family, and that whosoever presumed to intercede for such offenders should be put to death, &c.; that all persons who propagated the doctrines of the Christians, or bore that scandalous name, should be seized and immured in the common gaol, &c. A reward was offered for the discovery of every padre or priest, and a smaller reward for the discovery of every native Christian.' --*Ibid.* p. 48.

Here it is obvious to remark, that whichever version of this incident is true, whether the Portuguese did enter into a political plot against the Japanese government, or whether the Dutch, out of mere jealousy to Portugal, invented the conspiracy, and the Portuguese complicity with it, the result is the same. The Japanese expelled Europeans, and restricted their intercourse with the whole world, on account of European intrigue. They acted in self-defence. Their policy might be short-sighted and bigoted: but the Europeans compelled it. We are only witnessing and suffering under the untoward results of the duplicity and intrigues, or the treachery and bigotry, of the seventeenth century.

This was the hour of temptation to the Dutch, and they were not proof against it. Bitter rivals both in commerce and religion to the Portuguese, they did all they could to exasperate the contest between the Portuguese and Japanese. If they did not cause the Portuguese expulsion, they mainly contributed to it; and this under the most discreditable and degrading circumstances. Though nominally a dispute between Japan and Portugal, it was, in fact, a controversy between Heathenism and Christianity. The Dutch took their side and kept it. They ranged themselves with persecution and apostasy. We avail ourselves of Mr. Mac Farlane's judgment in the case, and he is not a prejudiced witness:—

'Though deprived of their padres, or European teachers, and though menaced, not only with imprisonment, but also with torture and death, the converts persevered in their faith. Oppression drove them into open rebellion; and they took refuge, and made an heroic stand against the

troops of the emperor in the province of Simabara. The imperial government called upon the Dutch to assist them in their war against these Christians; and the Dutch promptly gave the aid required of them. The fact is admitted by all their own countrymen who have written about Japan, from their first writers in the middle of the seventeenth century, down to the year 1833. M. Fischer, the very last on the list, says that the Dutch were *compelled* to join in the persecution against the stubborn remnant of that Christian host. Others would soften the matter by saying that the Dutch *only* supplied the heathen Japanese with gunpowder and guns, taught them a little artillery practice, and sent ammunition, arms, and troops in their ships to the scene of action. But Kämpfer, who was only a German in the Dutch service, most distinctly and positively assures us that the Christian traders acted as auxiliaries and belligerents. The stronghold of the native Christians was an old fortified place, which the emperor's troops could not take.

"The Dutch, upon this, as friends and allies of the emperor, were requested to assist the Japanese in the siege . . . M. Kockebecker, who was then director of the Dutch trade and nation, having received the emperor's orders to this purpose, repaired thither without delay, on board a Dutch ship, lying at anchor in the harbour of Firando (all the other ships, perhaps upon some intimation given, that some such request was like to be made to them from court, set sail but the day before), and within a fortnight's time he battered the old town with 426 cannon-balls, both from on board his ship and from a battery which was raised on shore, and planted with some of his own guns. This compliance of the Dutch, and their conduct during the siege, was entirely to the satisfaction of the Japanese, and although the besieged seemed in no manner of forwardness to surrender, yet, as by this cannonading they had been very much reduced in number, and their strength greatly broken, M. Kockebecker had leave at last to depart, after they had obliged him to land six more of his guns for the use of the emperor."

"A recent writer, a right-hearted and right-minded American, says,—"The walls of Simabara were unquestionably battered by the Dutch cannon, and its brave defenders were slaughtered. Some apology might be made for this cooperation at the siege of Simabara, had its defenders been the countrymen of Alva, or Requesens, or John of Austria, or Alexander Farnese. But truth requires that the measures of Kockebecker should be regarded as the alternative, which he deliberately preferred to the interruption of the Dutch trade."

"It appears that the siege was converted into a long and close blockade, and that when the indomitable converts of Xavier were reduced, and in good part exterminated by famine, a storm and an atrocious massacre ensued, none being spared, because none would recant and beg quarter; but men, women, and children being all butchered in heaps. In this war of religion, according to the most moderate estimate, there fell on both sides 40,000 men. According to the papists, the number of native Christians alone was far greater than this, and all the atrocities and horrors of the Diocletian persecution were repeated, exaggerated, and prolonged. The magnitude of the holocaust does indeed afford some measure of the depth and tenacity with which Christianity, in its Roman form, had struck its roots into the soil.

"Over the vast common grave of the martyrs was set up this impious inscription:—"So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know, that the King of Spain himself, or the Christians' God, or the great God of all, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head."—*Ibid.* pp. 49—52.

The Dutch, however, were disappointed in their hopes: they

derived less benefit from their intrigues and apostasy than they expected. One of themselves, Kämpfer, admits this:—

“ By this submissive readiness to assist the emperor in the execution of his designs, with regard to the final destruction of Christianity in his dominions, it is true, indeed, that we stood our ground so far as to maintain ourselves in the country, and to be permitted to carry on our trade, although the court had then some thoughts of a total exclusion of all foreigners whatsoever. But many generous and noble persons, at court and in the country, judged unfavourably of our conduct. It seemed to them inconsistent with reason that the Dutch should ever be expected to be faithful to a foreign monarch, and one, too, whom they look upon as a heathen, whilst they showed so much forwardness to assist him in the destruction of a people with whom they agreed in the most essential parts of their faith (as the Japanese had been well informed by the Portuguese monks), and to sacrifice to their own worldly interests those who followed Christ in the very same way, and hoped to enter the kingdom of heaven through the same gate. These are expressions which I have often heard from the natives, when the conversation happened to turn upon this mournful subject. In short, by our humble complaisance and connivance, we were so far from bringing this proud and jealous nation to any greater confidence, or more intimate friendship, that, on the contrary, their jealousy and mistrust seemed to increase from that time. They both hated and despised us for what we had done. In the year 1641, soon after the total expulsion of the Portuguese, and the suppression of Christianity among the natives, we were ordered to quit our comfortable factory at Firando, and to confine ourselves, under a very rigid inspection, to the small islet of Desima, which is more like a prison than a factory. So great was the covetousness of the Dutch, and so strong the alluring power of the Japanese gold, that rather than quit the prospect of a trade, (indeed most advantageous,) they willingly underwent an almost perpetual imprisonment, for such in fact is our residence at Desima, and chose to suffer many hardships in a foreign and heathen country, to be remiss in performing divine Service on Sundays and solemn festivals, to leave off praying and singing of psalms, entirely to avoid the sign of the cross, the calling upon the name of Christ in presence of the natives, and all the outer signs of Christianity; and lastly, patiently and submissively to bear the abusive and injurious behaviour of these proud infidels towards us, than which nothing can be offered more shocking to a generous and noble mind.”—*Ibid.* pp. 52—54.

To this miserable islet, Desima, the Dutch are confined; the island is only 600 feet long, and is joined to the Japanese city, Nagasaki, by a bridge strongly guarded. The most rigid watch is held on the Dutch; no females are allowed in their community. Their vessels are searched, the guns and ammunition removed, and the crews are only allowed ‘to refresh themselves’ in this filthy prison, Desima; a fit punishment for their treason to the faith and their brethren. They have the gold for which they bartered the gospel duties, but it is poured molten down their throats. With respect to their practical renunciation of Christianity, we follow Mr. Mac Farlane:—

‘ All who serve the Dutch, or have any close dealings with them, are bound to take a solemn oath of renunciation and hatred of the Christian religion, once, twice, or even three times a-year; and, at least at one of

these ceremonies, they are made to trample under foot crosses and crucifixes, with the image of the Redeemer upon them. The ill-meant, mocking, impious jests of Voltaire, as to the Dutch going through the same ceremony, may not have been, at every period, quite destitute of truth. As Lutherans or Presbyterians they may have entertained no more reverence for crosses and crucifixes and images of saints, than was felt by our English Puritans, who, in the days of their prepotency, found a rude delight in destroying such articles, and treating them with every imaginable disrespect. The Portuguese, when driven to despair through their hated rivals, nearly involved the Dutch in their own ruin by announcing to the imperial government that they were Christians like themselves. It behoved the Dutch to convince the Japanese that there was the widest difference between them; that they belonged to a sect quite hostile to that of the Portuguese; that they hated Pope, Jesuits, Franciscans, Dominicans, and all manner of monks and priests. We can, therefore, easily credit that, if put by the Japanese government to that test, the Dutchmen would not much scruple to trample upon the cross in the manner described by Voltaire. A bigoted Presbyterian would even find a pleasure in so doing. An old Nangasakian joke is, that a Dutchman, at the time of the great persecution, being surprised in some place by the Japanese police, and being asked whether he were a Christian, replied, "No! I am a Dutchman." We fear, indeed, that after any lengthened residence in the country, such religion as these Dutchmen carried with them was almost wholly evaporated. The life led in their prison at Nagasaki was little calculated to foster devotional feelings. Kämpfer says that in his time they lived like a set of heathens,—that the principles of Christianity were so little conspicuous in their lives and actions, that the Japanese were absurd in fearing that they would attempt the conversion of the heathens.—*Ibid.* pp. 57, 58.

After this Mr. Mac Farlane must have ventured upon a gentle jest, when he goes on to observe: 'But good and religious men have gone through this ordeal without any detriment to their faith or morals; so let not these remarks be taken as uncharitable, or as disrespectful to the Dutch.'

It is, perhaps, fortunate for us that we were never subjected to the like temptations. The history of the English commercial intercourse with Japan does not admit of abridgment, and it is curious as an almost solitary instance of English failure in trade:—

'Through the help and admirable diplomacy of Adams, a commercial treaty, or a series of privileges, more favourable than any ever enjoyed by Portuguese or by Dutch, was granted to the English, and apparently without any demur or delay on the part of the imperial court.

'The first article in these original privileges of 1613 runs thus:—"We give free license to the King of England's subjects, Sir Thomas Smith, Governor, and Company of the East India Merchants, for ever, safely to come *into any our ports* or empire of Japan, with their ships and merchandise, without hindrance to them or their goods; and to abide, buy, sell, and barter, according to their own manner with all nations; and to tarry so long as they will, and depart at their pleasure."

'The second article exempted English goods from all manner of customs or duties; the third granted to the English full freedom of building houses in any part of the empire, which houses, at their departure, they might freely sell; the fourth article placed the property of any English subject that might die in the empire under the sole control of the captain, merchant, or English resident, and exempted entirely all English subjects, whatever their offences, from the somewhat summary process of Japanese

law; and the three remaining articles were all in the same liberal and most friendly spirit.

These privileges were, however, somewhat modified in 1616, when the English, wherever they might arrive on the coast, were ordered to repair immediately to the port and town Firando, there to sell their merchandise, and not to stay at, or trade, in any other port whatsoever. But it was ordered at the same time, that, in case of contrary winds or bad weather, the English ships might abide in any other port, without paying anchorage duties; and the people were enjoined to treat such ships in a friendly manner, and to sell them whatsoever they might require. At the same time, all the other valuable privileges of 1613 were confirmed. Captain Cock, who established himself at Firando, and remained in the country long after the departure of Saris, paid more than one visit to the imperial court at Jeddo.

Our factory at Firando, or rather, perhaps, those who managed their shipments in England, made an injudicious selection of merchandise, sending out commodities which were not in request in that country. In this manner the trade was conducted, rather at a loss than profit; and this, with some other circumstances of discouragement, induced the East India Company prematurely to abandon the experiment.

"Of the English," says a recent English writer, (Rundall,) "it is simply to be observed, that in their commercial project they failed, and that they retired with honour, and regretted, from the scene of their misadventure." In the year 1623, after upwards of 40,000*l.* had been uselessly expended, they entirely withdrew from that country and trade.—*Ibid.* pp. 66—69.

From that time to the present the Japanese have maintained their policy, not, as we have said, without justification. And we have been thus minute in our historical statement, because we doubt whether here or in the United States much is known of the antecedents of the present state of things in Japan.

We were attracted to the name of Japan, chiefly on account of the commercial interests involved in the proposed American expedition to these islands. Proposed, we say, for we have not heard much of it lately. If this expedition is undertaken as one of aggression, we cannot doubt but that the Americans, fertile in expedients for aggrandisement, will find some occasion for mortal quarrel with the poor islanders. One presents itself *in limine*: it is the practice of the Japanese authorities to surround all foreign ships on their arrival with a triple circle of guard-boats. A ship-of-war may not unreasonably regard this as an insult. A *casus belli* is at once established; and a pretext for a collision given. A lesson is to be read: the Japanese towns are battered, and immense destruction of life and property ensues. The local authorities, military and civil, are held responsible at the seat of government. With one consent they all rip up their bowels—the prescribed method of suicide—in atonement for neglect of duty. The Americans occupy and retain an island on the coast: the old story between China and England is repeated, and free-trade and the Gospel once more enter Japan, through seas of blood. Whether in either case, that of China or Japan, the best course is adopted, either for

recommending our commercial policy or our religion in these places may be questioned.

But having reached Japan, we may as well survey the mysterious region to which an isolated circumstance has transferred some share of public curiosity. The islands forming the combined Japanese and Kurile archipelago are of considerable length, and very scanty width. Adopting Humboldt's parallel view of the original conformation of the Atlantic islands as the summits of a submerged chain of mountains, it seems not improbable that a similar origin may be given to the Japanese group, which is only a single member of a prolonged chain of volcanic peaks, ranging from Kamschatka through the Aleutian, Japanese and Philippine Islands, down to the southern tropic. They are all volcanic,—indeed, some are active volcanoes; and they present an axis more or less parallel with that of the coast. This gives a great diversity of climate; and, as is well known, by the variation in the isothermal lines, the cold region comes down very far on the eastern coast of Asia. The Japanese possessions, therefore, range from a semi-tropical climate to one approaching to that of Kamschatka. We read of the bamboo as indigenous to Japan, and most extensively used; the camphor-tree and tea-tree are grown in the most southern island, but the Kurile islands, to which the empire extends, have no better climate than that of Norway. This accounts for the very different terms in which travellers describe Japan,—at one time as the chosen seat of fog and frost and storm, at another, as equal to the garden of the Hesperides.

Mr. Mac Farlane, in what he says of the physical geography of Japan, is neither scientific nor consecutive. Indeed, in the absence of any detailed account, we are left to pick up such information from the most scanty and scattered intimations of various writers. At Nagasaki, the southern port, the thermometer is said to range between 35° and 98° Fahrenheit. At Jeddo, the capital, snow falls every year. The population of this place was once reckoned at 2,000,000. It is doubtless a large place, and larger because it is built after the old Oriental type, in which, as in the interior cities of China, as we learn from Mr. Fortune, vast open spaces are enclosed within the walls.

There is a largeness and roundness in the older oriental descriptions, which certainly satisfies the mind and fills it with a composing sense of breadth and magnitude. Japan, as described, is no exception. Everything seems to be on the most imposing scale. Miaco, the ecclesiastical capital, contains precisely, we are assured, 6000 temples. Marco Polo, speaking of Japan, which he dignifies with the sonorous name of Zipangu,

assures us that the great 'palace was roofed with gold considerably thick,—covered with it as we cover churches with lead.' The palace of the Kobo with its gardens is, we are assured, eight miles in circumference: this palace must be of the same aspect as that which

'In Xanadu did Kublai Khan
A stately pleasure-house decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran.'

But there are no rivers of any size in Japan; the narrowness of the islands and the general bearing of the elevation preventing it. The Fudsi Jamma, compared to the Pico in Teneriffe, is the highest volcanic peak, and is said to be 12,000 feet high; the height indeed of the Pico—which is only 3,000 feet short of that of Mont Blanc. It cannot be so high as this, for the Dutch speak of 'the snow seldom melting on it.' We conceive that in such a climate as that of Jeddo, near which the mountain is laid down in the maps, the line of perpetual snow must be below 12,000 feet. The largest island, Nippon, is in length 900 miles; the greatest width of any of the group is about 100 miles.

The government of Japan is remarkable: it recalls the double kings of Sparta—dare we say of Brentford? There is a Secular Emperor, the Kobo, and an Ecclesiastical Emperor, the Mikado or Daïri, who reign co-ordinately. Such at least is the common account; but one which we cannot assent to put in this vague way. The government was a sort of theocracy, because an especial sanctity was attached to the person who reigned. In all early states of society the sacerdotal and kingly offices were considered identical. The emperor ruled by divine right and by inheritance, and was the representative descendant of the gods; we do not find, as in the later developments of Buddhism, that he was an incarnation of the Divinity. In fact, this latter view (the Thibetan) may only have arisen from the literal translation of a metaphor. But as in Thibet so in Japan, the theocracy was a convenient theory for the aristocracy of the sacerdotal caste. The emperor in Japan, or the Dalai Lama in Thibet, seems to lead the life of the Lucretian gods. The Mikado lives shut up in his palace, 'with one wife and twelve concubines, plenty of paper, books, and music.' But the dignity is dreary enough.

"Even to this day," says Kämpfer, "the princes descended from the family, more particularly those who sit on the throne, are looked upon as persons most holy in themselves, and as Popes by birth. And, in order to preserve these advantageous notions in the minds of their subjects, they are obliged to take an uncommon care of their sacred persons, and to do such things, which, examined according to the customs of other nations, would be thought ridiculous and impertinent. It will not be improper to give a few instances. The ecclesiastical emperor thinks that it would be very prejudicial to his dignity and holiness to touch the ground with his feet: for this reason, when he intends to go anywhere, he must be carried

thither on men's shoulders. Much less will they suffer, that he should expose his sacred person to the open air; and the sun is not thought worthy to shine on his head. There is such a holiness ascribed to all parts of the body, that he dares to cut off neither his hair, nor his beard, nor his nails. However, lest he should grow too dirty, they may clean him in the night when he is asleep; because, they say, that what is taken from his body at that time hath been stolen from him, and that such a theft doth not prejudice his holiness or dignity. In ancient times, he was obliged to sit on the throne for some hours every morning, with the imperial crown on his head, but to sit altogether like a statue, without stirring either hands or feet, head or eyes, nor indeed any part of his body, because, by this means, it was thought that he could preserve peace and tranquillity in his empire; for if, unfortunately, he turned himself on one side or the other, or if he looked a good while towards any part of his dominions, it was apprehended that war, famine, fire, or some other great misfortune, was near at hand to desolate the country. But it having been afterwards discovered, that the imperial crown was the palladium which, by its immobility, could preserve peace in the empire, it was thought expedient to deliver his imperial person, consecrated only to idleness and pleasure, from this burthensome duty, and therefore the crown, alone, is at present placed on the throne for several hours every morning. His victuals must be dressed every time in new pots, and served at table in new dishes: both are very clean and neat, but made only of common clay, that, without any considerable expense, they may be laid aside, or broken, after they have served once. They are generally broken, for fear they should come into the hands of laymen; for they believe religiously, that if any layman should presume to eat his food out of these sacred dishes, it would swell and inflame his mouth and throat. The like ill effect is dreaded from the Daïri's sacred habits; for they believe that if a layman should wear them, without the emperor's express leave or command, they would occasion pains in all parts of his body."—*Ibid.* pp. 171—173.

But what is really an exceptional case is, that this theocracy descends occasionally to females, and that the spiritual emperor may be, in short, an empress. The throne, when vacant, is filled by a nominée of the Council; that is, the Pope is elected by the Cardinals. Elected we say, for though the succession is nominally in a right line, yet the Council determines who is the nearest heir, which, in a country where polygamy is permitted, opens a large door to external interest.

The rise of the secular emperor seems to have been this:—Japan was a strictly feudal state; the separate dukes and counts, as we should call them, only paid a nominal obedience to the spiritual emperor. Then arose, as in Europe, the great struggle between the Suzerain and the independent holders of fiefs. We all know how it terminated in Europe, by the king calling into existence a burgher, or middle class, and throwing himself on the municipalities. The kings of France and England dissolved the powerful confederacies of the nobles—in Japan matters took the opposite course. In feudal countries there will always be some prominent baron, some Warwick or the like, who holds the real sway. He commands the army in the West—in

the East he is Vizier. It requires but a single step to make the office of Mayor of the Palace hereditary; this process was effected in Japan, and the Ziogun, the officer who held this dignity, though he did not at first assume the imperial name, soon acquired all the real power of the empire. The first Ziogun assumed office about the middle of the twelfth century, so that some strange political affinity and change in social relations was working on the Seine and in Nippon at the same time. He was not then, nor is he now, theoretically joint emperor with the Daïri; he is only the secular king. He held all the real power, but a certain theoretical supremacy is reserved to the Daïri, or Mikado, the ecclesiastical emperor. It was not till 1585 that the title Ziogun, General-in-Chief, was expanded into that of Kobo, which is the present appellation of the (so-called) secular emperor. It is only in this sense that Japan has two emperors; that Church and State both bear imperial sway, and that a conjoint, yet separate dynasty, celestial and terrestrial, rules without collision or interference. Curiously enough, the fate which overtook the Daïri has pursued the Kobo; the lay and spiritual emperors are both reduced to shadows, the sovereignty either of Church or State is merely ideal and fictitious; the Daïri sleeps away his torpid existence at Miaco, the self-torturing shadow of departed greatness, while the Kobo is immersed in dignified, but unauthoritative, seclusion in his palace at Jeddo. The charmed slumbers of the famous king in the 'Sleeping Beauty,' are the only parallel for the imperial state of Japan.

We must, however, remark, that the political history of Japan, since the expulsion of the Portuguese, is very scanty. This principle of dualism, which the lay and clerical empires present, is said, with what truth we know not, to pervade other Japanese institutions.

It remains to give some account of the religion of Japan, which, from the extremely perplexed and conflicting statements on the subject, is far from easy. The recognised religion, as we said, is Sintooism, though it would be hard to say what Sintooism is. The Japanese, however, seem to have solved the problem which causes so much trouble to European states. There is an established religion, and there is the most perfect toleration—purchased, as such a system only can be purchased, by an entire surrender of principle on every side. The Kobo sends an embassy, or goes on a pilgrimage to his ecclesiastical elder brother, the Sintoo Emperor, and at the same time builds a Buddhist temple; while the Daïri, the prince and priest of Sintooism, allows the easy importation of strange gods into the sacred temples of his own faith. In fact, it is the height of

politeness for different religious professors to attend the worship of the gods of their friends. The only thing, as of old, which is proscribed, is Christianity; neither the Japanese nor the Roman empire would refuse the Cross its intercommunion in rites. It is the exclusiveness of the Gospel which is its scandal.

Sintooism was perhaps originally a form of Sabæanism; its chief divinity is the Goddess of the Sun. She is worshipped through the mediation of inferior gods and deified mortals. Some doctrine of a future state, and of rewards and punishments, is retained; but the actual duties of religion consist in, 1, Preservation of pure fire; 2, Purity of the heart and body; 3, The observance of festival days; 4, Pilgrimage; and, 5, The public and private *cultus* of the inferior gods and saints—the Kami. These last seem to be the ordinary Teraphim of the eastern, and Penates of classical worship. The temple and domestic worship is thus described:—

‘The religious observances on festival days appear to be very simple and very short. The worshipper, clad in his best clothes, approaches the temple, performs his ablutions at a tank, kneels in the veranda opposite a grated window, through which he can fix his eyes on the mirror; he then offers up his prayers, and a sacrifice of rice, fruit, tea, sackee, or the like; deposits a little money in a box, and takes his departure, to spend the rest of the day in sports and pastimes, or in the manner he thinks best. According to Kämpfer, they conclude their ceremonies at the temple by striking three times upon a bell, which is hung over the door, believing the gods to be highly delighted with the sounds of musical instruments. “All this being done, they retire, to divert themselves the remaining part of the day with walking, exercises, sports, eating and drinking, and treating one another to good things.” The temple must not be approached with a downcast spirit or a sorrowful countenance, for that might disturb the placid beatitude of the Kami.’—*Ibid.* pp. 209, 210.

The domestic rites of the ancient and dominant Japanese religion are not well known. If Siebold, from whom the account is taken, is to be trusted, the last sentence, apart from its awkward phraseology, in the following extract is very curious:—

‘At home in every Sintoo house, each meal is preceded by a short prayer, and in nearly every garden or courtyard attached to such house, there is a miniature mya, or temple. The Sintoo priests are called *Kami-Nusi*, or the hosts or landlords of the gods; they dwell in houses built within the grounds attached to the temples. The money deposited by the worshippers goes into their purse, and the oblations of rice, fruit, tea, and the rest, go to their kitchen and table. They have thus the means of hospitality, and are said to exercise it liberally to strangers. The Dutch, however, always found, that in their case, a return in solid cash was expected, and that these temple-visits were very expensive. Celibacy is no tenet of the Sintoo; the Kami-Nusi marry, and their wives are priestesses, to whom specific rites and duties are allotted. It appears that they act as god-

mothers general to all the female children of their sect that are born in Japan, giving them their names, sprinkling them with water, and performing other ceremonies."—*Ibid.* pp. 210, 211.

We need hardly remark, that the parallel which Mr. Mac Farlane seems to suggest between what he calls the Japanese Pilgrimages and the Romanist devotion to shrines, is singularly inaccurate. The sacred regulation of the law for all the males to appear at Jerusalem, is a closer parallel. However, as the writer whom we have hitherto followed has compiled with general accuracy, we may take his facts apart from his inferences:—

‘Pilgrimage is the grand and most sanctifying act of Sintoo devotion. There are no fewer than twenty-two shrines in different parts of the empire, which are frequented annually, or more frequently by the devout. The most conspicuous, and most honoured of all—the very Loretto of the Japanese,—is Isye, with its ancient temple of Ten-sio-dai-zin, or the Sun Goddess. The principal temple is surrounded by nearly a hundred small ones, which have little else of a temple than the mere shape, being, for the most part, so low and narrow, that a man can scarcely stand up in them. Each of these temples, or little chapels, is attended by a priest. Near to them live multitudes of priests and functionaries, who call themselves the messengers of the gods, and who keep houses and lodgings to accommodate travellers and pilgrims. . . . The principal temple itself is a very plain, unpretending edifice, and evidently of great antiquity, though not quite so old as the priests and devotees pretend. According to the latter, the Sun Goddess was born in it and dwelt in it, and on that account it has never been enlarged, improved, or in any way altered. Among the priestesses of the temple, there is almost always a daughter of a spiritual emperor.

“Orthodox Sintonists,” says Kämpfer, “go in pilgrimage to Isye once a-year, or at the very least once in their lifetime; nay, it is thought a duty incumbent on every true patriot, whatever sect or religion he otherwise adheres to, and a public mark of respect and gratitude which every one ought to pay to the Sun Goddess, as to the protectress, founder, and first parent of the Japanese nation. . . . This pilgrimage is made at all times of the year; but the greatest concourse of people is in their three first months, March, April, and May, when the season of the year and the good weather make the journey very agreeable and pleasant. Persons of all ranks and qualities, rich and poor, old and young, men and women, resort thither; the lords only of the highest quality, and the most potent princes of the empire excepted, who seldom appear there in person.

“An embassy from the emperor is sent there once every year, in the first month, at which time also another with rich presents goes to Miaco with presents to the ecclesiastical hereditary monarch. Most of the princes of the empire follow the emperor’s example.”—*Ibid.* pp. 211—213.

We cannot say, however, that when we read that the certificate of having appeared at the sacred shrine is considered as a plenary remission, and that in the available form of a piece of printed paper it is sold, with all its virtues, to all who can afford to pay for it, and who do not choose to go to the expense in time and trouble of a personal visit to Isye, we are forcibly

reminded of the abuses connected with the system of indulgences.

What the ordinary writers on Japan think proper to call religious orders and monasteries, are only the Buddhist Lamacovics, which the readers of our recent paper on M. Huc's Travels are not likely to have forgotten. A society of female devotees, whom Kämpfer thinks proper to compare with the nuns, or at least, Beguines of Europe, 'of no particular faith, and of very doubtful morality,' much more pointedly resembles the devotees of Mylitta in the temples of Babylon.

Japan, however, like China, seems to have passed its culmination. In religion, as well as in arts, these great mysterious countries are on the decline. The popular superstitions seem to have a very slight hold on the vulgar mind; Buddhism has the strongest, but, perhaps, because it is a double system, presenting a vague Pantheizing philosophy for the initiated, and the most sordid idolatry for the lower classes. The accounts seem to combine in representing the apparently inconsistent facts, that all religious persons, priests and the like, are the objects of popular ridicule and contempt, and yet that the temples and shrines are well attended, and supplied with pecuniary support. It is even doubtful whether, in the extreme East, an individual ever prays, or has any personal belief in God; his religion is simply and nakedly vicarious; it is the business of the priest, or Lama, to pray for him, or to grind out prayers in the Thibetan Prayer-mill. If he pays for this he thinks that he may safely despise the instrument of his devotions; so long as he gets his religion done for him, he has no further concern with it. In some such way as this, the conflicting accounts which we read of Chinese and Japanese religion, must be understood; for it is common in popular works to describe them both as a religious people, and as entire atheists.

It would be quite superfluous in this place to give any detail of the philosophic religion of Japan—the *Suto* or 'way of the philosophers'—because it is only the abstract and mystical esoteric Buddhism, which, perhaps, scarcely differs from the Indian and kindred Pantheism. The high spiritualistic Oriental philosophers differ rather in terminology, and not much in that, than in ideas. They believe, generally, or affect to believe, in a universal soul and spirit, sustaining but not creative, which is diffused through the universe and animates all things, which absorbs souls and intelligences as the ocean receives the rivers and waters. This is the philosophic faith which the educated classes in Japan, as throughout the East, affect to hold. They conform to the popular religious observances by way of exam-

ple, and as thinking it better that the vulgar should profess, or conform to idolatry, rather than to nothing.

The public worship of Buddhism is well described by Mr. Fortune in his elegant and instructive volume, 'The Tea Districts of China :—

'Anxious to see the whole of the Buddhist service, I took my station at one of the passages leading to the large temple a few minutes before the priests assembled. I had not been there long before an old priest walked past me to a huge block of wood, carved in the form of a fish, which was slung from the roof of one of the passages. This he struck several times with a wooden pole, and a loud hollow sound was given out which was heard over all the building. The large bronze bell in the belfry was now tolled three times; and the priests were observed coming from all quarters, each having a yellow robe thrown over his left shoulder. At the same time an old man was going round, beating on a piece of square board, to awake the priests who might be asleep, and to call the lazy ones to prayer.

'The temple to which the priests were hurrying, was a large building, fully 100 feet square, and about 60 feet in height. Its roof was supported by numerous massive wooden pillars. Three large idols—the Past, the Present, and the Future, each at least 30 feet in height—stood in the middle of the temple. An altar was in front of them, and more than a hundred hassocks were on the floor in front of the altar for the priests to kneel on during the service. Ranged on each side of this spacious hall were numerous idols of a smaller size, said to be the representatives of deified kings, and other great men, who had been remarkable for piety during their lifetime.

'Entering with the priests, I observed a man lighting the candles placed upon the altar, and burning incense. The smoke of the incense as it rose in the air filled the place with a heavy yet pleasing perfume. A solemn stillness seemed to pervade the temple. The priests came in one by one, in the most devout manner, scarcely lifting their eyes from the ground, and arranged themselves on the right and left sides of the altar, kneeling on the hassocks, and bending down lowly several times to the idols. Again the large bell tolled,—slowly and solemnly at first, then gradually quicker; and then everything was perfectly still.

'The priests were now all assembled, about eighty in number, and the services of the temple began. I took a seat near the door. The priest nearest to the altar now rang a small bell, another struck a drum, and the whole eighty bent down several times upon their knees. One of them then struck a round piece of wood, rather larger than a man's skull, and hollow inside, alternately with a large bronze bell. At this stage of the ceremonies, a young priest stepped out from amongst the others, and took his station directly in front of the altar, bowing lowly and repeatedly as he did so. Then the hymn of praise began. One of the priests, apparently the leader, kept time by beating upon the hollow piece of wood, and the whole of the others sang or chanted the service in a most mournful key. At the commencement of the service, the priests who were ranged in front of the altar, half on the right side and half on the left, stood with their faces to the large images. Now, however, they suddenly wheeled round and faced each other. The chanting, which began slowly, increased in quickness as it went on, and when at the quickest part suddenly stopped. All was then silent for a second or two. At last, a single voice was heard to chant a few notes by itself, and then the whole assembly joined, and went on as before.

'The young priest who had come out from amongst the others now took

his station directly in front of the altar, but near the door of the temple, and bowed lowly several times upon a cushion placed there for that purpose. He then walked up to the altar with slow and solemn steps, took up a vessel which stood on it, and filled it with water. After making some crosses and gyrations with his hand, he sprinkled a little of the water upon the table. When this was done, he poured a little from the vessel into a cup, and retired slowly from the altar towards the door of the temple. Passing outside, he dipped his fingers in the water and sprinkled it on the top of a stone pillar which stood near the door.

While this was going on the other priests were still chanting the service. The time of the music frequently changed:—now it was fast and lively,—now slow and solemn,—but always in a plaintive key. This part of the service being ended, all knelt lowly before the altar, and when they rose from their knees a procession was formed. The priests on the right of the altar filed off to the right, and those on the left to the left, each walking behind the other up the two sides of the spacious hall, and chanting as they went a low and solemn air, time being kept by the tinkling of a small bell. When the two processions met at the further end of the building, each wheeled round and returned in the same order as it came. The procession lasted for about five minutes, and then the priests took up their stations in front of the altar, and the chanting went on as before. A minute or two after this the whole body fell upon their knees, and sang for a while in this posture. When they rose, those on the left sang a part of the service by themselves, then knelt down. The right side now took up the chant, and, having performed their part, also knelt down. The left side rose again, and so they went on for ten minutes, prostrating themselves alternately before the altar. The remainder of the service was nearly the same as that at the commencement.

This striking ceremony had now lasted for about an hour. During the whole time a thick screen had been hanging down in front of the large door, to keep out the sun's rays. Just before the conclusion of the service the curtain was drawn aside, and a most striking and curious effect was produced. Streams of ruddy light shot across the temple, the candles on the altar appeared to burn dimly, and the huge idols seemed more massive and strange than they had done before. One by one the priests slowly retired as solemnly as they came, and *apparently* deeply impressed with the services in which they had been engaged. Nearly all the priests adjourned to the refectory, where dinner was served immediately. The Buddhists eat no animal food; but they manage to consume a very large quantity of rice and vegetables. I have been perfectly astonished at the quantity of rice eaten by one of these priests at a meal. And yet, generally, they look poor and emaciated beings, which is probably owing as much to the sedentary lives which they lead as to the nature of their food.—*Tea Districts of China*, pp. 304—309.

It has been said or thought, that the toleration of different sects is a promising omen for missionary work in Japan: and it has actually been proposed, should an entrance ever be forced or yielded in the great barrier against national intercourse which these singular islands have for so many centuries maintained, that the Christian Missionaries should place themselves under the protection of the spiritual Emperor. If, it is said, Christianity would come down from its transcendental and exclusive position, if it would renounce the right of total inde-

pendence, the cross might once more triumph over the centimannous deities of Buddhism. Now we are far from saying that the Portuguese mission was without its faults, or that we should not do well, did the occasion offer, entirely to avoid that interference with secular politics, which, sooner or later, becomes the bane of all Jesuit missions; and through which in Japan, the Church planted by Xavier fell. But there are two especial difficulties connected with any Japanese Mission. In recognising the government of the country, and in submitting to its ordinances, it is difficult to see how a mission could distinguish between the co-ordinate secular and ecclesiastical authorities. While the Mikado or Dairi claims to be the son and representative of Deity, so long as the spiritual Emperor is not only protector of the sects but himself inherits the theocracy, so long as an innate holiness is ascribed to his person, and so long as he claims to exercise the attributes of Divinity, the power of causing famine and pestilence, and the like, it seems all but impossible for any Christian Mission to recognise the Mikado at all, or his authority.

The separation of the state authority into two (theoretically) independent functions, and the necessity of recognising both, is then one especial difficulty in the way of evangelizing Japan; and it is one of recent growth, for in Xavier's days it had not taken its present definite form. Add to this that Christianity has been tried and rejected: an apostate country is harder to reclaim than a simply heathen one. The Gospel is a savour of death unto death. It is hoped, however, that if Christianity were presented with simpler rites, and in direct antagonism to that form of it against which the Japanese are so prejudiced, 'a troop of reformed missionaries might again have a chance of success:' so we are told; but we must not forget that Japan has received and rejected the Gospel, under Roman Catholic auspices: it has in the person of the Dutch seen something of its reformed aspect. If the one has repelled, the other would not be likely to attract, either the philosophizing from his supersensual contemplations, or the vulgar from his sensual idolatries. The Christians of Xavier's church might provoke a popular tumult, by insulting the *Dii minorum gentium* of Sintoism or Buddhism: all that the Japanese know of Christianity, under any other form, is that presented by the Hollanders, who helped the Japanese idolaters to massacre the Japanese Christians. These are ill omens for the evangelization of Japan; and though we do not, and dare not, for a single moment, doubt of the ultimate success of our own Church, in the great work of Oriental missions, if fairly presented in its

own principles, yet what has already been detailed of Japan will serve to show what especial hindrances it must encounter, if the work of planting the cross in Nippon should be reserved for us,—or for our American brethren.

Of late years the subject of missions has been taken up with some better approaches to philosophy and common sense. But we shall never succeed in Missions, if we suppose that an ordinary gentleman, of less than ordinary capacity, with nothing to offer to the subtle professors of Brahmanism and Buddhism, than the Bible, and the Prayer Book, with its unvarying ritual, constructed for England, and English tastes, will make the least impression on the great Oriental mind. Few of our readers have, perhaps, realized the vastness of the system to be attacked; Buddhism and Brahmanism combined far exceed in numerical strength Christianity under its varied forms. The statistics of religion combine in representing Buddhism alone as nearly equalling the Gospel in point of numbers: some accounts give Buddhism a clear superiority. The ordinary computation of the population of the globe, according to religious profession—we take that adopted by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—is:—

Christians	260,000,000
Jews	4,000,000
Mahometans	96,000,000
Idolaters of all sorts	500,000,000=860,000,000

This table does not vary very fatally from the more scientific enumeration furnished by Mr. Keith Johnstone, in his 'Physical Atlas,' which, adopting the above method of division, would stand thus:—

Christians	286,000,000
Jews	5,500,000
Mahometans	116,000,000
Idolaters	484,000,000=891,000,000

It is frightful, however, to remember, that this awful aggregate of the sum of idolaters, is made up, according to Mr. Johnstone, in particulars of—

Buddhists	245,000,000
Brahmanists	133,000,000
Pagans	106,000,000=484,000,000

An unauthoritative and anonymous table, given by Mr. Mac Farlane, shows still more alarming proportions: we believe them to be an exaggerated statement of Oriental religion:—

Mahometans	252,000,000
Buddhists	315,000,000
Brahmanists	111,000,000

But anyhow, we have nearly four hundred millions of religionists not strictly worshippers of wood and stone, but under its Brahmanical and Buddhistic varieties, professors of a religion which claims to have a deep and commanding philosophy, which numbers educated and thoughtful men in its ranks, which is old, venerable, full of great associations, and abounding in lofty pretensions. Against all this we have to offer Christianity, externally crippled, and internally weakened by divisions. In the plenitude of his heathen scorn, when the Japanese emperor was once asked to proscribe Christianity, he replied, 'We have already thirty-four sects of our own; the Christians will make the thirty-fifth; this will do no great harm; let them remain.' But when Christianity is next proffered to the proud feudality of Japan, it will not be in the shape of a thirty-fifth faith, one compact and intelligible, but in the perplexing form of twice thirty-five denominations of Christians, repeating with exaggerations the terrible warning of the strife between Portuguese and Dutch. The enmity between two bodies of Christian professors destroyed Japanese Christianity once; what we have next to try is, whether the Japanese will be indifferent to the sight of eight or ten rival Missions, all proclaiming the Gospel, and all 'thoroughly convinced,' and thoroughly proclaiming their convictions, 'of the difference between the Church of Rome, and the reformed Churches.' To this obstacle we must reconcile ourselves as we may; it is one common in days of division, to every Church, and to 'all denominations;' it is no especial hindrance to the Church of England. We make up our minds to it, and expect it, and fight it as we can. All that we can do is either to face it, or to abandon missionary work altogether.

There remain, however, certain specialties, which account for the little success which our recent Missions have had in grappling with the Oriental mind. We do not undervalue the Tinnevelly successes, and the like; they are, however, recent and partial. And they, which is most thankworthy, show that 'the common people hear the Gospel gladly.' But as regards the great labyrinth of Indian metaphysics, and Buddhist theosophy, have we penetrated even the outskirts of the jungle? What impression has been made upon those hundreds of millions of souls? Can we expect any impression? Passing by that deadliest curse upon missionary purposes, the evil lives of Christian professors, what machinery have we to grapple with the systematic unbelief of the East? What with Islam?

It is comparatively easy for very common-place people, and with very ordinary means, to displace Fetichism, or to substitute the worship of Almighty God for that of a black stone; but

confront a missionary of the ordinary 'Society'-stamp with a great religion, which professes the loftiest doctrines and the purest principles of abstract morality—which preaches the beauty and holiness of self-sacrifice—which inculcates the necessity of prayer without ceasing, and the deepest meditation upon spiritual mysteries—which is ascetic and charitable—which commands self-examination and the most minute watchfulness over every thought, and deed, and word, and work; and all that we can say is, that he requires a very different training from what among ourselves he receives. The foundation of S. Augustine's College has led to some expectations of an improved state of things. We believe that these expectations will not be disappointed; but beyond this admirable institution we have a right to scrutinise every quarter where aid can be legitimately demanded. There is a Sanscrit professorship, and there are Sanscrit scholarships at Oxford. It is not unfair to inquire, what assistance the Church has derived from these endowments, in coping with Buddhism in the strongholds of its influence and successes? We say it without bitterness or contempt; but what can be expected from a divine of the calibre of Bishop Smith, of Victoria, who has only signalled himself by squabbling with the American missionary bishop, Dr. Boone, about precedence and jurisdiction? What we want—and to supply the want we can never begin too early—is a body of men of the highest education, who shall be able to grapple with refined infidelity of the most specious forms in Benares, Canton, and Jeddo.

A story is told somewhere of a resolution, which some well-meaning persons came to for converting Southern India by a liberal distribution of Butler's Analogy in the vernacular, having failed by the preliminary difficulty of universal ignorance as to what was the Tamil for analogy. It is a fact, that after some years of Anglo-Saxon missions at Hong Kong, the American and English missionaries cannot settle, either for themselves or each other, the Chinese word for God, in its Christian sense. Such difficulties are not confined to a single theological term. The instance is adduced only to show that the very highest education, and the greatest intellectual powers of Europe, will be taxed, when they enter into controversy with the higher forms of Oriental religion.

Neither will it help the Missionary cause if the way to Jeddo is opened by British or American steamers and cannon. The Japanese, as a people, we believe, regret the policy which shuts their ports to European civilization and European trade. Much, however, as in their hearts they might welcome the downfall of

the moribund political system, which estranges Japan; we question whether the propagation of the Gospel would be benefited by its connexion with bloodshed and revolution. It is a misfortune that the English Church must be in Chinese eyes connected with the opium war; not a misfortune that the Bishopric of Victoria was founded as soon as we settled at Hong Kong; but a deep and abiding misfortune, that the first which was heard in so many Chinese provinces of England, was in connexion with the Nemesis, and 'the devil's ships.' The Gospel of Peace and a British broadside are hard things for the Chinese intellect to reconcile.

However, we are venturing on subjects perplexing, if not painful; we will therefore turn to a more promising aspect of the Japanese character, and, as it is connected with our last observations, some account of Japanese learning, and of the general diffusion of education, will not be out of place:—only premising that the Japanese language is monosyllabic,¹ that paper made of bark is said to have been used as early as the seventh century, and that the art of printing from engraved wooden blocks is some centuries older than its European invention or introduction.

'From the moment the Japanese acquired a written language, their literature advanced rapidly, and it appears to have improved from age to age. Unfortunately, in Europe, it is scarcely known; but from the few Japanese books that have fallen into the hands of learned foreigners, and from the accounts left us by the Missionaries and other travellers, it is evident that these people possess works of all kinds,—historical compositions, geographical and other scientific treatises, books on natural history, voyages and travels, moral philosophy, cyclopædias, dramas, romances, poems, and every component part of a very polite literature.

'The wide diffusion of education, which has been more than once mentioned, is of no recent date. The first of all the Missionaries who visited the country found schools established wherever they went. The sainted Xavier mentions the existence of four "Academies" in the vicinity of Miako, at each of which education was afforded to between three and four thousand pupils; adding, that considerable as these numbers were, they were quite insignificant in comparison with the numbers instructed at an institution near the city of Bandone; and that such institutions were universal throughout the empire.

'Nor does it appear that these institutions have decreased in modern days. Speaking of the early part of the present century, M. Meylan states that children of both sexes and of all ranks are invariably sent to rudimentary schools, where they learn to read and write, and are initiated into some knowledge of the history of their own country. To this extent, at least, it is considered necessary that the meanest peasant should be

¹ A Jesuit once said of it, that it must have been invented, and invested with the utmost difficulty by Satan himself, in order to drive poor Missionaries mad, and hinder the progress of the faith.

educated. Our officers, who visited the country as late as the year 1845, ascertained that there existed at Nagasaki a college, in which, additionally to the routine of native acquirements, foreign languages were taught. Among the visitors on board our ship, many spoke Dutch. Some understood a little French. One young student understood English slightly, could pronounce a few English words, caught readily at every English expression that struck him, and wrote it down in his note-book. They all seemed to be tolerably well acquainted with geography, and some of them appeared to have some acquaintance with guns, and the science of gunnery. The eagerness of all of them to acquire information greatly delighted our officers.

‘The Japanese printers keep the market well supplied with cheap, easy books, intended for the instruction of children, or people of the poorer classes. The editions or impressions of books of a higher order appear to be uncommonly numerous. Most of these books are illustrated and explained with frequent woodcuts, which are engraved on the same wood-blocks with the type. Like the Chinese, they only print on one side of their thin paper. An imperial cyclopædia, printed at Miako, in the spiritual emperor’s palace, is most copiously embellished with cuts.

‘All are agreed that reading is a favourite resource and recreation with both sexes, and that the Dairi, or court of the Mikado, is eminently a bookish, literary court.

‘It is said that few sights are more common in Japan, during the sunny seasons of the year, than that of a group of ladies and gentlemen seated by a cool running stream, or in a shady grove, each with a book in hand. Whatever their literature may be, it is evident that it delights them, and that it has polished their manners.’—*Mac Farlane’s Japan*, pp. 372—375.

It is added, also, that every Japanese, of whatever rank, is sent to school. It is said that there are more schools in Japan than in any other country in the world; and that even the peasants and poorest persons can read;—that, contrary to oriental practice, the minds of the women are equally cultivated with those of the men. Many of their authors are female; and travellers are enthusiastic in praise of their courtly manners and refinement. The national vice, among the men, is incontinence; but female chastity is in universal esteem. We conclude with an account of the national amusements, which presents very pleasing elements of a high and almost incredible civilization:—

‘In the great world the young ladies find delight, at their social meetings, in every description of fine work, the fabrication of pretty boxes, artificial flowers, painting of fans, birds, and animals, pocket-books, purses, plaiting thread for the head-dress, all for the favourite use of giving as presents. Such employments serve to while away the long winter evenings. In the spring, on the other hand, they participate with eagerness in all kinds of out-door and rural amusements. Of these the choicest are afforded by the pleasure-boats, which, adorned with the utmost cost and beauty, cover their lakes and rivers. In the enjoyment of society and music, they glide in these vessels from noon till late in the night. . . .

‘This is an enjoyment which can only be shared under the advantages of such a climate and scenery; viz. the climate of Nice and the scenery of

Lugano. Their lakes and rivers are, after sunset, one blaze or illumination, as it were, with the brightly-coloured paper lanterns displayed in their vessels. They play meanwhile that game with the fingers, which has been perpetuated from classic times in Italy. A floating figure is also placed in a vase of water; as the water is stirred by the motion of the boat, the figure moves. The guests sing to the guitar the strain "Anataya modamada,"—"He floats, he is not still," till at last the puppet rests opposite some one of the party, whom it sentences to drain the sackee bowl, as the pleasing forfeit of the game. All this stands out in cheerful contrast to the dull debaucheries of the men, and the childish diversions of the women, among other oriental nations. The female sex, at least, have greatly the advantage over the scandal of the Turkish bath; and the man has, equally with the Turk, the resource of his pipe, in the intervals of those better enjoyments which the admission of the female sex into society affords him, and which are prohibited to the Mussulman.

'Assuredly, these are captivating, delicious pictures of life and manners.'—*Ibid.* pp. 329—331.

NOTICES.

MR. MASTERS has projected a new series—generally speaking, a new series is not much in favour with us—of which we augur well. It is to be devoted to biography: not, as it seems, so much in the way of a Hagio-graphy, but in a more practical and simple form. Dismissing legend, the lives proposed are to be rather those of practical persons, living in historical times, and illustrating by their virtues the religious life. The notion is good, and it is one the value of which, very early in the revival, was pointed out by one concerned in it, and which has been very inadequately and partially fulfilled by Mr. Newman's 'Lives of the English Saints.' We presume that the present collection will be partly original and partly selected. The volume, well-known and valued, 'The Life of James Bonnell, Esq.,' appears as the first volume of the series. We could have wished another inauguration, as the book is rather dull, and is already on the S. P. C. K.'s list.

The able—unusually able—writer of the 'Restoration of Belief,' (Macmillan,) will not expect any judgment of ours in the present stage of his argument. By the way, we should, as a mere matter of literary moment, regret were this author's practice of fragmentary publication followed; and it is one which in previous works he has adopted: we mean that a theological argument ought not to be delivered to the public in instalments, like Mr. Dickens' stories. It is unjust both to reader and writer.

A vigorous 'Sermon on Church Music,' (Masters,) by Mr. Gresley, has caught our attention. The preacher does not talk at random: and when he says from experience, that 'the choral service is one of the most effectual instruments for the conversion of sinners as well as for the perfection of saints,' (p. 10,) some prejudices ought to be arrested if not removed.

Mr. Bennett's 'Second Letter to Lord John Russell, in which some Debates in the last Parliament are considered,' (Cleaver,) most persons will think out of time. Mr. Bennett might either have met Mr. Horsman's attacks simultaneously with their appearance, or have left him where the session left him—in ignominy. To review the matter now is, we think, superfluous. We speak only of the time, not of the substance, of the publication, with most of which we are in general accord. To abridge the right of English Churchmen to attend foreign services is a purism as hypocritical as mischievous. But when Mr. Bennett goes on to say that it is absolutely unlawful to attend the worship of the so-called English chaplains in cities and towns where the Catholic Church in another branch is legally settled and has jurisdiction, many will part company with his argument. Admitting, for a moment, that the letter of the ancient Canons is with Mr. Bennett, yet it is obvious to observe that they were constructed during the entirety of a state of things which has ceased. As a fact, the gift of unity, external unity, has been withdrawn: as a fact, Mr. Bennett at least admits, the grace of sacraments survives in the fragments

of the broken Church. What then we have to seek for in the ancient Canons is whether any principle is contained in them which might meet the present state of things were it known, or could it have been known, to antiquity. The letter of antiquity does not help us. The royalty of Judah was simply forbidden in the old law, yet it was divinely recognised. Theocratic regulations then became, from the necessity of the case, suspended; they were of force as principles, not in details. They were modified by facts, though those facts were exceptional and anomalous, and had been proscribed. Here then is a state of things not provided for, which required an adaptation of the old letter. It would have been sin in a pious Israelite to have refused obedience to David, because theocracy was the unabrogated divine institution. Here is an actual case in Sacred History, which may lead us to understand how a broken and divided Church, though never contemplated, may, in the counsels of God, legitimately suspend certain canonical rules, which were not essentially normal, but only by accident imperative before the division, and which cannot therefore be binding in particulars under a new but false, yet permitted, state of things. Mr. Bennett is most happy and ingenious in his use of the attendance on foreign services by Dr. Townsend, Mr. Stowell, and their friends. We could have helped him to a more decisive instance: we once saw a prominent Protestant and English dignitary not only present at a Roman Catholic baptism, but hold a taper during the service. But Mr. Bennett does not get over the theoretical inconsistency: he, while abroad, regularly ministered in prayers and sacraments to himself and his own domestic party and personal friends, apart from the Roman Communion and Church. Any nomadic Chaplain may take the hint that his flock are for the time to him what Mr. Bennett's friends and companions were to him. We do not say that there is no distinction, but it is not one of canonical order. And this we say, even while admitting that English chapels on the continent are most objectionable—much in theory, but more in fact—and yet more, assuming that it is not a matter of clerical obligation to attend them.

Mr. Chancellor Harington's able argument against the Nag's Head Fable, 'The Succession of Bishops unbroken,' (Rivingtons,) has reached a second edition.

We are not exactly aware what unoccupied ground Mr. Whitaker's new Monthly Magazine, 'The Christian Student,' proposes to cover. If, however, it has a distinct aim and fulfils it, and it certainly desires to do so loyally, we shall sympathise with its success.

We select from single sermons two of especial merit; 'Christian Unity a Practical Christian Duty,' by Mr. Harness, of Knightsbridge, and 'Cost an Element of Sacrifice,' by Mr. Philip Hale, preached at Camberwell. (Whitaker.) Mr. Harness' sermons are an admirable specimen of style as well as substance, and why they are 'not published' we cannot conceive. Mr. Hale is known as an active and very diligent worker; he has done much, and attempted more, for Tenison's (mismanaged) Library, which is under his care. We are glad to welcome him as a parochial teacher.

The great dispute which is raging in the daily papers on the stability and solvency of Life Assurance Institutions, would seem to be one little

calculated for discussion in these pages. But, from experience, we know how sedulously the secretaries and touters for new policies set upon the clergy. There are, perhaps, more insurances effected on clerical lives than on those of any other class of British subjects: and, for various reasons, the clergy are more likely to be imposed upon. They know little of business, and from their small means are disposed to close with the offer of small premiums. We do not go to the extent of saying that no new offices are safe: but we say this distinctly,—that offices with the very largest business, and of the most confirmed security, are enabled to do little more than justice to the assured. But the expenses necessary for a small office, though they do not equal, yet approximate to, those of the largest. It follows, then, that if two offices could do all the business which it is now proposed to spread over twenty, eighteen twentieths of the business expenses are in fact contributed at the risk of the assured. In other words, offices which are unnecessary, are dangerous. That many of the existing concerns are insolvent there can be no question: if our advice, therefore, on such a subject is of any weight, we recommend the older Institutions. At any rate, before a young clergyman insures his life, let him read Mr. Christie's 'Letter to Mr. Henley,' (Edinburgh: Constable.)

Messrs. Longman have published a collection of 'Rounds and Catches,' which we welcome heartily. Everybody knows, and when they try to sing them everybody finds that everybody does not know, the traditional 'Three Blind Mice,' and 'White sand and grey sand,' &c. This cheap and unpretending publication supplies these and the like famous melodies within reach and within voice of all. Surely Harington's famous 'Twas you, Sir, 'twas you, Sir,' wears a new, and, we do not mind owning, uncalled-for adaptation in this collection. As a whole it bears evidence of unpretending research: at any rate, it brings together what was needed—the scattered tunes which no other publication, to our knowledge, has done, at least in this cheap form.

'De Zangschool: Keus van Gezangen voor de School en het Leven: door H. B. Waterkleyn, Professor te Leuven. Thienen: by P. J. Merckx. (*The Song School: Songs for School and Life: by H. B. Waterkleyn, Professor at Louvain.* Tirlmont: P. J. Merckx.) This is a rather curious example of the vernacular efforts which Rome is making in every part of Europe. It was not to be expected that Mechlin, one of her best regulated dioceses, should be behind-hand in the work; and it is highly creditable to the zeal of the Professors of Louvain that one of them should have become the 'Watts' of the movement. Here, for two-pence, we have thirty songs, with their music; the latter partly consisting of national melodies, partly of German airs. Here is a specimen of the words—the striking analogy between Flemish and English may interest such of our readers as have never seen the former language:—

'Ik geloof in God den Vader

Die door t' Woord geschapen heeft

Aerde en Hemel, en te gader

Al wat is, en al wat leeft:

En in Zynen een'gen Zone,

Jesus-Christus, onzen Heer;

Die uit's Hemels hoogen troone

Is gedaeld ter aerde neêr.'

'I believe in God the Father

Who, through the Word, shaped has

Earth and Heaven, and together

All that is, and all that lives:

And in His only Son,

Jesus Christ, our Lord,

Who, from Heaven's high throne

Is come down to earth.'

The thoroughly Wesleyan cadence of another hymn is really remarkable:—

'U minnen, Maria, gedenk ik altyd.
Myn heet zy, Maria, op nieuw U gewyd!
Wees myne beschoomster, Maria zoo rein!
O! wees myne moeder, uw kind wil ik zyn.'

Having mentioned the Diocese of Mechlin (and that of Liège, under its late excellent Bishop, was at least on a par with it), we cannot but express our admiration of the indefatigable energy which the Cardinal Primate Sterckx throws into the affairs of his Church. One day we find his imprimatur to the noble Gregorian music which Hanicq is so incessantly pouring forth; next day, to one of the 'Little Catechisms of Malines,' which are beginning to be regarded as catechetical models in north-western Europe; directly afterwards, to a new volume of the *Theologia ad usum Seminarii Mechliniensis*: then, again, to such a most needful little book as *Instructions sur la manière de Baptiser les Enfants Nouveau-nés à l'usage des Accoucheurs et des Sages-Femmes*, approved also by the medical faculty of Louvain; and presently afterwards to its Flemish counterpart. Such energy contrasts strangely enough with the majority of Episcopal operations in England.

'Strife for the Mastery,' (Murray,) is the title of two Allegories. They are sumptuously printed, and excellently illustrated by some wood-cuts exhibiting rare artistic powers in an amateur. The tales themselves—but we have said our say about allegories, and if ladies will write them we are only glad that they embody principles as good as those in the volume before us.

'Sunlight in the Clouds,' (Mozley.) Much of what we have just said applies to this volume. It is a collection of religious tales written with considerable pathos and entire good taste. The successive appearance of such volumes, and so good, answers the difficulty that the market may be overstocked. If it were, they would not appear; and that they are in demand is in itself a good sign.

Bishop Forbes' 'Explanation of the Nicene Creed,' (Masters,) aims high, and secures its aim. Into a small and unassuming compass much of pure dogmatic theology is compressed, and we know no English work which fulfils the same object. We should have preferred a somewhat more technical form. The work is for students, and students ought always to be reminded that they are not perusing an essay or a disquisition, but mastering settled points. Systematic theology should not be presented in the essay form. If a stiff arrangement cannot escape the look of formality it is a step towards accuracy. We thank the writer for his acceptable publication.

Mr. William Jackson has brought together, into a single volume, his 'Stories and Catechising Illustrative of the Collects,' (Mozley.) The notion was ingenious, and we have spoken favourably of the series as it has progressed—to use an Americanism, which it seems impossible to eradicate from popular use. We are really quite surprised at the skilful variety which the illustrator has thrown on a subject apparently unpromising.

There is much that is calm and pleasing about Mr. Isaac Williams'

'Biography of Mr. R. A. Suckling, of Bussage,' (Masters.) The interest derived from the treatment of the subject, perhaps exceeds that of the subject itself. Still, Mr. Suckling's was the type of a life which ought to be known—with nothing great or striking about it, incapable of exercising a large influence on society, yet doing a great work, and the greater because the less prominent. Still quiet landscapes have a very important share in the great economy of things. The world is made up of unromantic home scenes. Mr. Suckling moved and worked among such. His power was over individuals, and by example; and his character was one of remarkable personal influence. It is well that the Church and the world should, by occasional pictures of such a life, be reminded of its secret but more efficient strength. Where it must be the exception to rival the saint or the hero of the Gospel, the life of the soldier trains while it teaches.

To criticise a book which everybody has read and formed a judgment upon seems quite superfluous; and to give an opinion on 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' may be thought an unnecessary intrusion. No reviewer can superciliously set aside the public verdict, and a book which sells by its hundred thousands must have some value, and some influence for good or for evil. As a work of art we cannot give a high estimate of Mrs. Stowe's production. With the single exception of St. Clair, which stands out with remarkable prominence as something like a definite moral conception, there is not a character which is not common-place and second-hand to a degree. There is a coldness and rigidity in the execution which betrays the copyist. The pathos of the tale is of a low order, because founded chiefly on the physical emotions. Uncle Tom is simply tedious; Legree unnatural; and St. Clair's wife only the typical fine lady of the circulating library. In depicting scenery the authoress fails; in drawing character, she makes the dramatic error of representing a class by its extreme cases. The Creole who reaches Canada is not above the melodramatic hero of a very minor theatre. And perhaps the most original sketch—that of Topsy—not uninfluenced by the exquisite creation of Fenella, and unpleasantly recalling a trace even of Undine, is entirely marred by her dismal and impossible mission as a Sunday-school teacher in Liberia. Of course, as answering a purpose which has a political as well as a humane end, the coarse brush and unscrupulous induction of Mrs. Stowe have told wonderfully; and there is quite enough of powerful writing, and a dangerous facility in agglomerating horrors, to account for much of its unquestionable, and, with serious deductions, its deserved success. A system which, even in a single case, can, without a violation of the statute law, produce these results, is of course simply accursed; but, even on Mrs. Stowe's statement, most of the cruelty depicted was, even in the Southern States, illegal. As a picture of the Slave-State life, it is exactly as true as a Borgia is a fair specimen of Christianity. This we hold to be a moral fault in a writer: and, to go further and to extend, as this book seems to do, the fact of American depravity in the treatment of slaves, as a proof of the absolute and entire unlawfulness of slavery—say in its Oriental form—is to betray a bad logic of the heart rather than the head. The curiosity of the book to ourselves is the strange picture it gives of Negro religion; but, from Mrs. Stowe's untrustworthiness in class painting, we know not how far she has drawn a

species from a variety, or even, to speak botanically, from a monster. As to the religious profession of the authoress, we fancy that we detect a serious error—it is that of making every charitable person a redeemer of others, by vicarious suffering; this is of course a subtle form of developed Socinianism. This is called 'the Christ-like character,' and is the repetition by man of, or rather his substitute for, the work of redemption. Our readers will not have missed this as the leading idea of Longfellow's 'Golden Legend.'

'Walks after Wild Flowers, or the Botany of the Bohereens,' (Van Voorst,) is by 'Mr. Richard Dowden (Richard).' This reduplication puzzles us. A more delightful monograph of the Botany of a single locality (Cork) it would be impossible to conceive: the writer's profuseness of quotation and illustration, chiefly poetical, is embarrassing, from its richness. Mr. Dowden is equally generous in his general anecdotes. Kindliness of character, a healthy and genial estimate of the moral value of a naturalist's studies, and a glowing, reverential feeling towards 'Him who has so clothed the flowers of the field,' belong to all the writers whom Mr. Van Voorst so pleasantly introduces to us. His publications are among the most delightful of the day, even to unscientific readers; and our Irish botanist takes a good rank in his publisher's corps. Some, indeed several, inaccuracies in the Latin and Greek, as we are disposed to be uncritical, we shall attribute to the press.

Mr. Evans' Sermons, preached at S. Andrew's, Wells Street, are styled 'Christianity in its homely Aspects,' (Masters.) Passing over the exact propriety of the phrase 'homely' as equivalent, which it is not, to domestic or personal, Mr. Evans' written sermons scarcely convey the familiar aspect which belongs to them in delivery. This volume is anything but a plain one; it is original and interesting—highly so—but not homely, in any sense. Mr. Evans' mind is rich in illustration; and he is pointed in expression, with a considerable range of thought; and the collection is far above the average. But his cast of character leads to occasional exaggeration: *ex. grat.* after p. 168, pointing out clearly and well the peculiar force of the remarkable expression, 'a weaned child,' he goes on with this language, and we question whether it can be reconciled with physiological, or rather physical, facts: 'So soon as the child is weaned, the idea of separate existence is conveyed to his tender mind; the child feels that himself is not his mother . . . he begins to infer,' &c. We doubt the fact: infant consciousness is a mysterious subject; but the use of technical words, such as ideas, comparison, and inference, suggests that we have mastered the difficulty. If Mr. Evans has done so, he is in advance of masters in mental philosophy.

We have received from Mr. Darling, so well known for his Theological Reading Library, the first number of a work of considerable promise and immense research, 'Cyclopædia Bibliographica.' It is a catalogue of theological writers, with a brief account of their works. A 'Cave,' modern as well as ancient, a 'Watt,' English and foreign. It seems to be most rich and explicit in recent literature, and is conducted with an especial regard to sermon-making, as in the case of a volume of sermons the text of each is given. All the pamphlets of living writers are faithfully chro-

nicked. We observe very few errors: one is, that our contemporary, Mr. Armstrong, appears twice, as of Exeter and of Tidenham. We wish the undertaking, and it is an important one, all success.

We cannot be so charitable as to impute the blunders in Mr. Stark's 'History of the Bishopric of Lincoln' (Longmans) to any other cause than that of entire ignorance of the languages which he professes to translate. There is much information in the volume; and Mr. Stark has been well assisted. But we do protest against the presumption of writing, or assuming to write, a work founded upon ancient documents without the slightest knowledge of Latin. The book is in its present state a disgrace to literature. *Ille Missa Est*, p. 64. *Ac post Romani usque perrexit et per longum spatium ibidem mansit ad legendum scrutandeque mysteriæ Dei, Sanctasque perearrit Scripturas*, p. 180. *Habitu in veta monachi insignes*, p. 185. *Juxta ritus Lindisfarnensem*, p. 215. *Pæda princeps Mediterranean Anglorum*, p. 216. *Pro omni a quitonali parte Britanniae*, p. 284. Every page betrays the same ignorance.

Mr. Gresley has reprinted an Essay on 'Confession, Penance, and Abso-
lution,' by Mr. Roger Laurence, a Layman of Queen Anne's time. (Masters.) It is designed, we presume, as a supplement to this writer's able 'Essay on Confession,' which we have already commended. Mr. Gresley is of course aware that Laurence was consecrated a Bishop in one of the non-juring lines, and that he is the author of the work on 'Lay Baptism.'

'Romanism, an Apostate Church,' by Non Clericus, (Longmans,) represents a style of book which we thought we had outlived. A glance at the index will give a sufficient notice of this Florilegium: 'Romanism a curse to the world—Tractarians and Sleepy Bishops—No peace for England while a Popish Cardinal remains here—Why lags behind a certain Oxford Doctor?—Letters of Mr. Dodswell [sic] to the Oxford Doctor—Father Spencer—Father (!) Wilberforce—Rome's inculcations the dreams of a maniac,' &c. The author 'reposes confidence in our [late] noble Premier,' (p. 35.) He assures us that 'the whole Protestant population are sleeplessly alive to the future. Lord John Russell stands enwreathed on a pinnacle.' This unpleasant and unsafe position which we find that his Lordship occupied accounts more satisfactorily than any other reason we have met with for the fall of the late government.

Lieut. Burton's 'Falconry in the Valley of the Indus,' (Van Voorst,) is nicely illustrated. But though it contains some amusement, it is offensively and flippantly written, aiming at wit which it never reaches—a remarkably bad copy of 'Eothen.'

Mr. George Gorham, Scholar of Trin. Coll. Cambridge, has printed his Burney Prize Essay on 'the Eternal Duration of Future Punishment,' &c. (Deighton.) It is dedicated to Mr. Gorham, sen. of Brampford Speke, the essayist's father. That a young man has treated this subject with the learning and thought evinced by Mr. Gorham deserves great praise. It is a production full of promise.

The close of the Jubilee celebrated by the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel* in Westminster Abbey, was exactly the sort of subject to call out the Bishop of Oxford's oratorical powers. In his sermon preached on that occasion, 'The Shouts and Weeping of a Day of Jubilee,' (Rivingtons,) the Bishop has sustained his reputation; but the sermon, as might have been expected, told more in delivery than in its authorized form.

To complete the case as regards the Sisters of Mercy and their establishment at Plymouth, we must call attention to Captain Sellon's affecting and positive 'Contradiction,' &c. (Masters,) founded chiefly upon documentary evidence. The recent and distressing investigation in Mr. Prynne's case is only a separate proof of the rancour with which Church principles are assailed, and, we regret to say, by the Clergy in this place.

The author of 'The Coming Man' (Green) has got hold of a vague and illiterate notion, that Scripture and the complexion of the times seem conjointly to indicate some great and serious apostasy. But whether the 'falling away' shall be developed in a system or an individual—a philosophy or an empire—he does not seem to have settled. He is clearly perplexed about the matter. Possibly some sectarian views, or, more probably, sheer ignorance, have kept him from the doctrine of a personal Antichrist. But in the case of a person well-meaning, though distressingly ignorant both of science and reason, we can only regret that an acquaintance with settled theology has been denied him.

Mr. Benson's 'Sermon on Christian Education,' preached at S. James's, Westminster, (Skeffington,) interested us for more reasons than one. It treats ably, and in excellent language, the subject of education on first principles. This is now an uncommon mode of treating the subject. Mr. Benson's sermon has somewhat the value of a noble fossil. In this way wrote—we know this from sad experience; and in this way preached—happily, this experience has been denied us—the great English preachers, Tillotson and Balguy, Atterbury and Clarke: such as were these silver-tongued orators, such is Mr. Benson. Sentence after sentence rolls on like a procession; faultless in its members, correct, uniform, and apparently capable of scansion in its arrangements. Indisputable are the thoughts, for they are elementary, undeniable, and perfectly clear. Take an example. Mr. Benson, who keeps carefully to the broad path, is illustrating the necessity of education, because Christianity itself is a matter of instruction. The fact is elementary; the inference of the plainest. Here is about the most common-place thought that could suggest itself to an educated person; and yet how sonorous is Mr. Benson's exposition of this most undeniable truth:—

'For as to the religion of the Lord Jesus, men are not, in consequence of their fallen nature, at all likely, when left to the devices of their own hearts, either to study it with such careful impartiality, or so early in life, as is necessary to make it believed with that faith which worketh by love unto obedience. In their earliest youth they *could* not do this; nor unless taught to do so, *would* they do it at any time, before the lusts of the flesh, and of the eye, and the pride of life, had pre-occupied their minds, and led them into many acts of sin. And then their sins, by teaching

'them through their conscience that God's wrath was to be feared, would 'make them averse to look upon Him; and the hold that the flesh and the 'world's vanities had obtained over their heart, would, together with the 'habit of self-indulgence, make them most unwilling to take upon them the 'yoke of so pure, so spiritual, so self-denying a course of life, as that 'which the Gospel prescribes. Because their deeds were evil, they would 'not naturally come to the light that would reprove them. Before all 'things, therefore, in point o time as well as of importance, it is neces- 'sary that, from their very infancy, the young should be taught the nature, 'truth, excellence, and duties, as well as privileges, of the Gospel.'

This is what the French would call the grand style: there is a breadth and massiveness in the ornate collocation of words which tells on the ear, if not on the intellect. This sort of sermon had its value physically, if not spiritually: it does not teach a single Christian duty, or animate to an evangelical act of sacrifice: but it soothes—it sweetens—it mollifies. It conduces to good temper, if not to good works. It asks no effort to comprehend, but it has a rich, grand, full, satisfying sound. We can quite understand the popularity of this sort of sermon. As we have said, it has a virtue of a literary kind: it dignifies platitude, and is thoroughly respectable and solemn. And we are by no means satisfied that, in the way of sermons, we have made a good exchange in the new style of empty sermons. If we are to have empty sermons, we like the old vacuity better than the new. When a preacher has nothing to say, we like his nothing clothed in good grammar, and choice language, and an elegant style. But when a preacher has nothing to say, and pours his nothing out in the vulgar, familiar style—half conversation, half cant,—of a more recent class of sermons, we must say that we look with regret to the eighteenth century preachers. They were insufferably dull, but they had a respectable well-to-do dulness. Our preachers are as dull as their predecessors, and as empty and threadbare; but then they display their vulgarity with a forward, pretentious, swaggering air. The last century preachers were like decayed gentlemen: the present popular preachers are of the avowed mendicant class. We will illustrate our meaning from a recent volume of sermons. There is no occasion to specify the writer's name, as we are engaged with a style and system, rather than with individuals: it will be enough to say that he has won high promotion, and, as it is said, mainly by his 'pulpit-powers.' Besides, the talk has been talked a thousand times.

'It may be there are some here to-day, who still cling to their own 'righteousness, and think it more glorious to be saved by their own doings 'than by the righteousness and blood of Jesus. To such I can only say, 'If you still continue thus wilfully ignorant of God's righteousness, the 'Lord of Hosts is not a crown of glory unto you, nor will be till you submit yourselves unto the righteousness of God. But, thanks be to His 'holy Name, there are others who can join with the Apostle, and say, '“God forbid that I should glory,” &c. But believe me, dear brethren, if 'any such are here, and I trust there are, it requires a deep and abiding 'conviction of the reality of these things, to enable the believer to glory 'in the cross of Christ. Oh! may He more and more unite us to Himself,' &c.

This is a fair example of the popular Evangelical sermon: it is the sum and substance of this class of teaching. The terms are scarcely varied; but this is the theme which is repeated week after week where 'the Gospel' is said to be exclusively preached. If the passage conveys any meaning, its obvious one is, that righteousness is wrong. For did the preacher ever meet with one single person who 'thought it glorious to be saved' by 'righteousness?' which was, in fact, even to him, never presented as righteousness, or anything else of a religious character. But would such teaching as this ever attract or direct men to religious activity? Does it convey any meaning? Is it not rather a collection of religiously-sounding phrases disguising emptiness of thought? The danger of the old sermons was, that they substituted pleasing language for direct applied personal warning: the danger of the latter is, that religious words stand in the place of religious actions.

A third class of sermon-emptinesses comes nearer home. Many Plain Sermons which we meet with are simply plain because they are without an idea. Plainness of this sort does no good. The simplest people must, if they are talked to at all, have not only articulately-sounding language addressed to them, but language which has a meaning and thought in it. A Sermon is not plain because it says nothing. English Sermons want a great reform. Orthodox or heterodox, they seem for the most part to labour under the same fault of having nothing to say.

The Convocation question has brought out a very sensible 'Letter to Mr. Walpole' from Mr. Harold Browne. (J. W. Parker.) We make one or two extracts, which will be more acceptable than our criticism:—

'3. It will perhaps be said, the Bench of Bishops can do everything that is wanted. But, in the first place, they have themselves felt the difficulty of their position, and the impossibility of agreeing in any measures of practical reform. From many causes, they cannot always have the most extensive practical knowledge of the Church. I may add, that an assembly of Bishops has never been the recognised and constitutional form of Synod in England. There is good reason to think that it was not the most primitive form. The Council held by the Apostles at Jerusalem (Acts xv.) had certainly elders as well as Apostles present at it; and I doubt not had laymen too. The earliest provincial Synods appear to have been attended by all the three orders of the clergy; and though in later times only Bishops, or Bishops and important and dignified presbyters assembled, yet, the very theory of our Reformation being, that the Church should be restored to the greatest possible likeness to the Church of the very earliest ages, it is far more accordant with our principles, that a mixed Synod should legislate for us, than that Bishops only should have a voice in our councils.'—P. 9.

'5. And still, sir, I repeat it, we want something done; something more than private efforts and private benevolence can do. Our system, adapted for the wants of the sixteenth century, and untouched since the seventeenth, has become cramped, rigid, wooden. Expansion, elasticity, life must be infused into it, or it will not work, but will only grow rustier. Without, therefore, being blind to the dangers attending Convocation,

'since, under God, there seems no other plan of improving us available, 'why may we not at least be permitted to make trial of it, in trust that He 'whose presence still is with us, will say, "Peace, be still!" if waves or 'storms seem threatening to break over us?

'The newspapers have told us, that the inevitable tendency of Convo- 'cation will be to the disruption of the Church, and the destruction of that '“compromise” upon which the very existence of the national establish- 'ment has been permitted. For “compromise” allow us to read “com- 'prehension,” and I trust the very opposite may prove to be the truth. 'Compromise is a word which sounds ominously like unfaithfulness to the 'truth; and if the Church of England stands upon that, it can be no true 'church, and had better fall. But I do hope and believe that, so far from 'the comprehensive character of the national Church being destroyed by 'Convocation, the practical reforms likely to be introduced by it will be 'calculated to conciliate and comprehend, not only the two great schools 'now but imperfectly united in the Anglican communion, but also some of 'the bodies which unhappy circumstances have hitherto estranged from us. 'I trust and hope that, for the present at least, no effort will be made 'to discuss points of doctrine, or anything materially and inevitably lead- 'ing to points of doctrine. The reforms we want are practical, not doc- 'trinal; for, divided as churchmen may be, all sides are happily agreed, 'that the doctrines of the Prayer Book are orthodox and evangelical.'— Pp. 10, 11.

'7. I will not trouble you, sir, with detailing the many measures which 'I think Convocation might debate on, and which might tend to unity 'rather than division. I will only mention, in passing, one or two more 'which seem to me real and obvious necessities.

'The providing some theological and pastoral instruction for the candi- 'dates for Orders is one. My impression, from somewhat considerable 'experience, is, that our university education, however excellent in itself, 'is insufficient to prepare men for the work of the ministry. They come 'from it raw and unsuited for the task they are to engage in. The quicken- 'ing of our missionary operations is another. Then, again, the putting 'forth an authorized collection of hymns for public worship. The want is 'felt so generally, that it needs no comment. Our Prayer Book, the 'guardian of truth amongst us for three hundred years, I should hope to 'see untouched and sacred; but some division of our services might very 'probably be desirable; and some short and earnest forms of prayer, for 'particular occasions, might be composed and authorized with much benefit. 'There is one more subject, and it is a very delicate one, which I shall venture 'to allude to. Individual exertions, however full of zeal and piety, have ren- 'dered Protestant nunneries, Sisters of Charity, unpopular amongst us. 'If such had been organized by the whole body of the Church—persons 'with no strong ties of domestic duty might have given themselves for 'a time, if not perpetually, to a more than commonly self-denying devo- 'tion, in tending those bodily and spiritual necessities of which our great 'towns present such a fearful accumulation. The Sisters of Mercy and 'Wesleyan Methodism are two opposite yet concurring witnesses to the 'wooden and unaccommodating condition of a synodless church. The one

'was an evangelical, the other an Anglo-Catholic movement. Both had 'good objects; both were full of zeal; both organized by persons of deep 'piety and fervent self-devotion. But the Methodists found no response, 'and so have long since separated from us. The Sisters of Mercy, isolated 'and suspected, have much to tempt them to leave us too. I am in no 'degree prepared to stand up in defence of the imprudence or extravagance 'which may have characterized either of these bodies, but I deeply regret 'that wherever unusual zeal presents itself we seem powerless to direct it 'rightly, but of hard necessity must cast it off.

'If, then, our gracious Sovereign, by the advice of yourself and your 'colleagues, and especially of that illustrious nobleman who is your leader, 'should be pleased to permit the two houses of Convocation to sit and 'deliberate, there are many practical subjects (and many more to which 'I have not alluded) which may well occupy its attention, without neces- 'sity for bringing in disputes on doctrinal differences. Of course, some 'fiery spirits may find their way into our assemblies; but there is no rea- 'son to fear that they should do more mischief in them than in Church 'Unions, at Exeter Hall, or in the meetings of our religious societies. Nay, 'there is good reason to hope that they will find in Convocation much more 'restraint than they can meet with elsewhere. I believe, too, that if the 'clergy be fully and truly represented, but very few, if any, of such spirits 'will be returned as their representatives.'—Pp. 18—20.

The value of Mr. Boothby Barry's 'Thoughts on the Renovation of Cathedral Institutions' (Ridgway) will now be tested by the Commission, which it is announced that the Government is prepared to issue. Mr. Barry's suggestions are not new, or where new, as, for instance, that service should be celebrated in the nave of the Cathedral, not desirable. Still his pamphlet condenses useful hints and reflections. By the way, we wish that scholars would remember that the term 'sinecure' is a technical one in ecclesiastical matters. It does not mean a preferment and income to which no duties are attached: but an ecclesiastical function to be exercised *sine cura animarum*.

'A Few Words on the Progress of Socialism and Infidelity: a Letter addressed to the Earl of Shaftesbury,' (Rivingtons,) by Mr. Brudenell Barter, is one of the most calm and severe appeals, to one on whom every appeal embodying principles of moral truth and justice is thrown away, which we can recal.

A good cause, that of protesting against the absurd and wasteful fattening of cattle for prizes at the agricultural shows, would have stood a better chance in other hands than in those of the Rev. Henry Cole, B.D., who has addressed a 'Reflective Letter' (Seeleys) on the subject to the various patrons of these institutions. With Mr. Cole's position we entirely sympathise: but his style is very odd, especially in a schoolmaster. He thus describes a fat pig:—'The pitiable swine were so distorted by swollen 'obesity, that the shape of their heads as swine, to except the extreme 'nostril circle, could not possibly be traced. And as to the eye, it was utterly 'hidden by large lumps of overlaying fat, which it appears had rendered 'them utterly blind for several of the last weeks of their inhuman pingu-

tion.' (P. 7.) One is tempted to inquire whether Mr. Cole desires porkers of human 'pinguition.' In his narration Mr. Cole, challenging, sensibly enough, the cattle-show people to prove that such a process of fattening is scientific, useful, or justifiable, uses this language:—'That the 'important and serious subject-point may not be lost . . . I would admonish 'the responding defender of these procedures,' &c. (P. 14.)

We cannot concur with Mr. Paul much further than in his amiable temper and good feeling. No contribution to the cause of 'Christian Union,' on which he has printed 'Six Sermons,' delivered at Blackheath, (Rivingtons,) can be passed over without sympathy and acknowledgment. We fear, however, that compromise rather than comprehension would be the result of this writer's suggestions. He fails to see that in some very important particulars, such as the constitution of the Church, the matters of discipline are matters of doctrine, and involve the purity of faith, once for all delivered to the saints.

We can never have an 'excess' of such works as Mr. Stretton's 'Guide to the Infirm, Sick, and Dying,' (Masters.) It is not designed as a substitute for the valued 'Visitatio Infirmorum;' but is a more condensed, and, in its introductory part, a more literary work. It has been felt that some devotions to accompany the act of confession would be useful in such a manual. Different tastes require different aids; and it is a platitude to say, that a multiplication of such aids is an incontrovertible proof of the growing inner life of the Church.

A Review of the voluminous, and, we may be pardoned for saying, occasionally tedious, 'Reports of her Majesty's School Inspectors,' has been published by Messrs. Longman, under the title of 'Extracts from the Reports,' &c. It is specifically addressed to school managers not receiving Government aid;—by way of bait, we presume.

Mr. Sandham Elly has published a reply to the work, 'Quakerism, or the Story of my Life,' which it is announced is the work of Mrs. Greer. Mr. Elly's work is to come out in parts, of which we have seen No. I., under the title, 'Ostentation, or Critical Remarks,' &c. (Dublin: Hodges and Smith.) The reply, as far as it has gone, is destructive rather of the authoress than constructive of the systems which she attacks. We make the announcement because we reviewed the original work: not, as will be remembered, without distinct strictures on the writer's tone.

The clever and condensed history of England, which we have spoken well of under its unpretending title, 'Kings of England,' (Mozleys,) has reached its fourth edition, judiciously enriched with examination questions.

A Hymnal, from the same publishers, is far above the average; and to those who can reconcile themselves to the use of unauthorized hymns, entirely to be recommended. We ask for hymns, and we suffer loss by their absence from the public service. But whether this loss is so great as the danger of countenancing bad hymns by the surrender of the principle of authority, is a mooted point, and one of no little practical difficulty.

'Landmarks of Ancient History,' (Mozleys,) is by the author, or

authoress, of 'Kings of England,' and the care and accuracy which we have commended in the former we find in the present publication. A companion on Modern History is promised.

Mr. Jameson's 'Norrisian Essay on the Analogy between the Miracles and Doctrines of Scripture,' (Macmillan,) though clever, we thought too much in the style of sermons.

The 'Anticleptic Gradus,' [Anti-Crib, as schoolboys say,] (Rivingtons,) is one of Mr. Kerchever Arnold's useful school-books. Its value is in its richness and precision; it omits the collection of epithets, so useful to boys and so annoying to teachers in the old manual. The old Gradus ad Parnassum, if we remember, was a Jesuit production. It is quite a reflection on the Protestant institutes that they have so long allowed it to corrupt the hope of rising England.

We have received the second edition of Professor Archer Butler's 'Sermons,' (Macmillan.)

Mr. W. Spark, 'Organist and Choir-Master, Leeds,'—we presume at S. Peter's Church,—has just published (Novello) a 'Lecture delivered before the Yorkshire Architectural Society, on Choirs and Organs, their proper Position in Churches.' It is a cheering sign to observe the general attention paid to all ecclesiological questions. Mr. Spark seems very well intentioned, but a little too much inclined to the theory that services are made for organs. His ritual views are somewhat vague, as he is a patron of antiphonal services, but stickles at their being said in the chancel. We note with interest that he singles out the position of the organ in S. Mary Magdalene, Munster-square, as the most successful example he can adduce of the position of an organ near the choir and not in a gallery.

We have so frequently in these pages called attention, in various ways, to the 'Irvingite' theory of the Church—we use the word in no offensive sense, but simply because we can find no other—that we have perused with great interest the recently published 'History of the Christian Church' by Dr. Thiersch, son of the Greek Grammarian. Our excellent contemporary, the 'Theological Critic,' has commenced a translation, but Mr. Arnold has been forestalled by 'Mr. Carlyle, of the Scottish Bar,' in a version of which we have received the first volume, published by Bosworth. A notice of the work, which has appeared in a newspaper, speaks of the translator's notes as indicating 'Irvingism;' but Dr. Thiersch himself belongs to the same body. His History—and it is an extremely able and interesting composition—comes before us under circumstances of the greatest interest. He grapples with the difficulty which has always been urged against these views. If the Church has for seventeen centuries been suffering under the abeyance of the Apostolate, how came it, we have asked, that the Apostles made no provision for the continuance of their special and paramount office?—how came it that the Episcopate, without protest or complaint, superseded it? Did the Apostles neglect their duty—we desire to speak reverently—or did the Church conspire to prevent the transmission of their special authority

and gifts? These are questions which have been hitherto answered or evaded in a very declamatory fashion. Dr. Thiersch; however, as an historian, could not escape the difficulty: the transition from the Apostolic to the post-Apostolic age must compel him to speak out. We turned, therefore, with the greatest anxiety to the conclusion of the first volume, where this period is discussed. We looked for documents and authorities to prove the fact; and we examined Dr. Thiersch's disquisition under the influence of the dilemma which has always presented itself to our minds as fatal to the Irvingite claims—Either the Church submitted to the greatest possible loss and fall in spiritual and hierarchical powers, by permitting the Apostolic Office to glide away without an effort to retain it, and this without a protest or murmur against this treason in the matter of a Divine ordinance; or, it was not part of the Christian economy to preserve the Apostolic Office in such distinctness as the Irvingites claim for it. Dr. Thiersch's point, therefore, must be to show that the transitional Church did know its loss, and did reclaim against it, and did something to retain the Apostolate. It is only fair to this writer—especially as he is the first to acknowledge the pinch of the argument—to let him plead his own cause. And the importance of the subject will excuse the length of our citation, which we present without comment, simply remarking that this is what we have so long looked for, the historical evidence which the 'Irvingites' have to produce for their claims.

'The time came when the rule of the Apostles was either to cease or to pass into other hands. Each individual Church, which had received a bishop from the Apostles, was protected and provided for, as long as he lived. But who was to undertake the oversight of all Churches, and of those set over them? From whom, in the event of uncertainty or discord among Bishops, could instruction in the truth, and decision as to right and wrong, go forth, in a way which should both bind and satisfy all? Who had authority to ordain elders and bishops, as the Apostles had hitherto done, and to found new bishoprics? Who had confidence to impart, with the same power and efficacy, that establishing grace and seal of confirmation, which the first believers had received from the Apostles themselves?

'The primitive Church knew nothing of the confused and confounding modern doctrine, that all ecclesiastical power rests in the multitude, and that a majority can elect, commission, and empower to all spiritual functions. There is, in all antiquity, no trace of the idea, that, when the Apostles died out, their authority devolved upon the whole body of the faithful, to be by them committed afresh to individuals. And men were then too cautious and scrupulous in holy things, to interpret any inward impulse to labour for the good of the Church, however powerful and genuine, into a divine commission, legitimate call, and adequate endowment, for such momentous functions.

'The majority of apostolic functions had been performed by apostolic delegates, as well as by Apostles. Else the Church could not have been planted in so short a time throughout the whole Roman empire. The commission of these delegates, however, was not only personal to them, but not even for life, being limited to certain occasions and services. Hence we nowhere find that, on the death of John, any survivors, who

had been used as delegates, undertook the care of the Church universal. The most of them, as Mark, Luke, and Timothy, were indeed, by later writers, called Apostles. But this was evidently in that vague use of the name which is common to this day. It is, indeed, not impossible that one or other of these men may, like Paul or Barnabas, have been actually called to and qualified for apostolic labours. Yet there is no proof whatever of this. Tradition informs us, on the contrary, that the most of these delegates afterwards laboured as bishops. Their calling, to serve the Church as a whole, fell into abeyance; and they became exclusively chief shepherds of particular Churches. For this is the difference between a bishop and a delegate; that the former is permanently set over and wedded to a particular Church, as Christ to the whole. That ancient canon which provides, that no bishop shall be taken from one Church to be set over another, save on the most special and urgent grounds, was, doubtless, founded on apostolic recollections.

Thus we see also the difference between apostles and bishops. The former are bound to no one diocese; the latter are. Each bishop has authority in Christ's stead over his own Church, to teach, exhort, bless, exercise discipline, and send out the Gospel; but not to judge other bishops, or labour in a foreign diocese. It is well known how clearly the principle, that no bishop was responsible to another, was expressed by Cyprian, as late as 256, in the Council of Carthage. And that certainly implied that none could be regarded as set over the whole Church.

If it were true, that the Apostles had appointed bishops, in consequence of feeling that they were about to depart, or in other words, had made the institution of the episcopate part of their testament to the Church, so that, by their dying directions, their power should be inherited by bishops, the usual episcopal theory would be well founded. But the fact is not so. This episcopal office was, in its essence and origin, no continuance of, or substitute for, the apostolic. The absence of Apostles was not the condition of its origin or agency. It did not come into life as apostleship died. On the contrary, it existed simultaneously with apostleship. It was instituted to co-exist with apostleship. And the condition of its right operation and development was that it should be upheld by apostleship. While John was yet in the plenitude of his authority and labours, he had seven bishops, at least, under him in Asia. Episcopacy, therefore, is not only quite a different thing from what mere Episcopalians would make it, but is, in this respect, a much higher thing, that it is properly no accidental substitute or surrogate for any higher office, but an essential and distinct member in the original organization of the Church according to the will of God, with functions as definite as, yet wholly different from, those of Apostles. Apostles, bishops are not. Although they have been in fact successors of Apostles, they were not appointed to be so.

Equally erroneous is the opinion that episcopal government was introduced by the surviving Apostles, after the fall of Jerusalem, to provide a basis of unity for the Church, and bind the many congregations into one corporation. The very Apostles who are supposed to have done so, were the basis of unity themselves. The Church, as an organic whole, is as old

‘ as the apostleship itself. Bishops of equal rank, whose number under
 ‘ Trajan probably amounted to hundreds, were by no means the fit instru-
 ‘ ment for making or maintaining the unity of the Church-Catholic ; partly
 ‘ because at that time an episcopal council was all but impossible ; yet
 ‘ chiefly because, after it became possible, the bishops themselves were,
 ‘ each of them, one with his own flock ; and the question, how the flocks
 ‘ were to be kept in unity, really resolved itself into the question, how
 ‘ the bishops were to be kept in the same. The Apostles could maintain
 ‘ unity, because they formed a central power, and each belonged to the
 ‘ whole Church, and none were identified with any one flock. When they
 ‘ disappeared, the Church demanded some higher substitute for their uni-
 ‘ versal central authority, than an aggregate of those very local elements
 ‘ which needed to be kept together.

‘ But there was no such substitute to be had at the time. Therefore, by
 ‘ necessary consequence, those apostolic functions which were necessary for
 ‘ the existence of every flock, such as confirmation of the baptized and
 ‘ ordination of elders, devolved on the bishop of each Church. They could
 ‘ not be given up, and they could not proceed from any but the highest
 ‘ existing ordinance, *i.e.* the episcopal. Now this took place universally,
 ‘ and without contradiction, save in the single case of Egypt. To explain
 ‘ so remarkable a fact, we must have recourse to the supposition, that,
 ‘ already during the life of the Apostles, and not without their approba-
 ‘ tion, the chief shepherds had been accustomed in many churches to con-
 ‘ firm and ordain, under reservation of the subsequent apostolic sanction.
 ‘ We cannot imagine that John, in those years in which he alone repre-
 ‘ sented the apostleship, was personally at work in all provinces of Chris-
 ‘ tendom. The bishops could not suddenly have undertaken, say in the
 ‘ year 100, that which had been invariably done by Apostles before. An
 ‘ enlargement of the episcopal functions must have accompanied the
 ‘ gradually increasing rarity of the apostolic.

‘ The remnants of antiquity have very little to say as to what provision
 ‘ the Apostles made for future generations in this matter. Paul indeed
 ‘ commanded Timothy (2 Tim. ii. 2 ;) “ What thou hast heard of me, before
 ‘ many witnesses, commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach
 ‘ others also.” These words no doubt establish a succession ; and a por-
 ‘ tion of apostolic authority must have passed from Paul through Timothy
 ‘ to these faithful men, and to their successors throughout. He must be
 ‘ destitute of all esteem for history and authority, who is not impressed by
 ‘ the proof of an uninterrupted apostolic succession. But all this says
 ‘ nothing as to the extent of the power which so descended through
 ‘ Timothy. And it is impossible, from this text alone, to justify, as normal
 ‘ and right, all the ecclesiastical order which the second century presents
 ‘ to us.

‘ On the extinction of the apostolic office, without an adequate surrogate,
 ‘ Christendom was certainly neither so blind nor so indifferent, as not to
 ‘ feel its loss. And the New Testament itself affords to us the most accre-
 ‘ dited testimony as to the feelings of the faithful at that time. This is the
 ‘ addition made to the Gospel of John by his disciples after his death.
 ‘ (John xxi.)

‘ Christ had already said, before His transfiguration on the Mount, ‘ There be some of them which stand here, who shall not taste of death, ‘ till they see the Son of Man coming in His kingdom.” (Matt. xvi. 28.) ‘ After His resurrection, when He appeared to the seven disciples on the ‘ sea of Tiberias, He spoke a word full of mystery to John, which came to ‘ the ears of the faithful, and especially occupied those among whom John ‘ spent his last days. “ The saying went abroad among the disciples, that ‘ this disciple should not die.” (John xxi. 23.) Many expected, therefore, ‘ to see fulfilled in him the above prophecy given by our Lord. And, on ‘ the decease of all the other apostles, the expectation became more lively, ‘ that John, who had been so wonderfully preserved, should witness the ‘ return of the Lord. But it happened otherwise. He also went to his ‘ rest after attaining the utmost limit of man’s age. He did not die as ‘ a martyr—for, as the saying went, he did not need that purgation. ‘ He died in Ephesus. His tomb stood outside the city. We may imagine ‘ the deep impression made by his death upon the faithful. The fact was ‘ then unquestionable. Was, then, the word of Christ to go unfulfilled? ‘ The last chapter of John’s Gospel meets this question. It is, in our ‘ opinion, chiefly written by John himself. The last verses only are added ‘ by the elders of Ephesus, who had the keeping of the sacred book. Christ ‘ had foretold to Peter his martyrdom. Then asked Peter, concerning John, ‘ “ But what shall this man do?” Jesus answered, “ If I will that he ‘ tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me.” Then comes ‘ the notice by the elders, “ Jesus said not,” This disciple “ shall not die; ‘ but, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?” The elders, ‘ therefore, give no interpretation of this remarkable saying. They merely ‘ remind us of what Christ had not said. He had spoken only condi- ‘ tionally; If I will. Still His language was that of one who did entertain ‘ such a thought, and yet had reason to withhold a positive assertion. It ‘ was no meaningless abstract assertion of a possibility which no one would ‘ question. Nor was it solely a rebuke to Peter. It evidently expressed ‘ a special purpose in regard to John, although its literal understanding ‘ by the disciples was erroneous. As to this the elders are silent. Their ‘ addition to the Gospel was intended merely to obviate the troubles ‘ created by the death of the Apostle, not to give a full solution to the words ‘ of Christ, which the Church should lay up in her heart.

‘ And it is no wonder that the above idea as to the destiny of John kept ‘ its ground in the Church. It reappears in the form of two traditions, ‘ that John had not really died, and that he had died and was risen again. ‘ The former is reported by Augustine in his 224th Homily of the Gospel on ‘ John, not as giving credence to it, but the reverse. Some, he says, assert, ‘ that John descended into the grave, which he had caused to be made for ‘ himself, seemed dead, and was shut in—but that he had only fallen asleep, ‘ to awake at the day of judgment, and that the earth of his grave is ‘ lifted by the action of his breathing. On the other hand, the Greek ‘ tradition is, that God, immediately after John’s death, raised him again, ‘ and keeps him, that he may come in the last times to testify for the ‘ truth, and along with Elias and Enoch, to overcome Antichrist. (Ephraim ‘ of Theopolis ap. Photion in Myriobibl. cod. 229, p. 797 c., p. 800 b. c.

'Ed. 1653.) This idea, which stands in evident connexion with a literal understanding of two well known texts in the Apocalypse (Rev. x. 11; xi. 3), became very prevalent among the later Greeks. Nay, it is expressed in their ritual. And some Latin doctors, both of the middle ages and of later times, have inclined to it.

'Why do we cite these fancies of a period subsequent to that of which we treat? Because they were the last relics of an opinion as old as the apostolic age. And whence sprang this primitive tradition with all its offsets? From the persuasion of the Church, at the death of John, that the apostolic office should be preserved to the Church, in the last at least of those who possessed it; that the Church still needed it; that it could not be wanting at the end of the days; that it had yet the works to do, of conquering Antichrist, and of completing the yet imperfect preparation of the faithful for the coming again of Christ.

'A longing for the preservation of the peculiar blessing of apostleship is thus shown to have been felt by the primitive Church, and must have been increased by the conviction that the internal progress of the Church to perfection did not keep pace with its outward extension. Widely as the Church extended under Trajan, it betrayed a marked decay of its original light and power, to which all that still remains from that time, the writings of all the so-called apostolic fathers, bears sorrowful witness. So great is the difference between their best productions and the apostolic writings, that a glance at the respective worth and contents of the two classes of documents is sufficient to remove all uncertainty as to the boundary between canonical and uncanonical Christian literature. The subsequent experience of the Church confirms the verdict of antiquity in this matter.

'It is said that John, enfeebled by great age, being carried into the meeting of the Church, merely repeated the words, "My beloved children, love one another." (Hieron. Comm. ad Galat. c. vi. p. 100, d.) This exhortation the Church laid to heart and followed, as we may judge from the unity in which it lived during the succeeding generation, being kept together, no longer indeed by the Apostles, but by the love which they had shed abroad in it, and by the careful observance of what it had received from them. The heads of the flocks felt themselves like orphans on the death of Philip, Andrew, and John. But those orphans only kept the closer together. Faithfulness to their trust, reverence for tradition, was their motto. But, with all this, no more could be preserved than what the Church, as a whole, had really laid hold of and appropriated as a part of her life. She could never thus ripen into perfect maturity for the kingdom to come. That which she lacked, from that time forward, was the progress of that spiritual growth, which Peter, Paul, and John had both exhibited and commenced.

'Whether such a progress should again be seen, was a question on which the Church had as little light as on the duration of time which should elapse before she should reach the goal of her race. We could not expect to find any definite views among the teachers of that time as to a future revival of a proper apostolic action, unless it had been plain to them that centuries should elapse before the second coming of the Lord, and that

the work then fresh wrought by Apostles should thus utterly decay. The 'work of progressive building did stand still, even as Hermas saw it in vision, that many might in the interval have space for repentance. But no one could guess the duration of the interval. It was not known, that whole nations should stream into the Church, and that a Christian family of peoples should take the lead of the human race. The depth of the fall of Christendom was very much hidden from the eyes of the first fathers, and therefore it is not wonderful, that the ultimate deliverance from declension and ruin, and a return to an apostolic condition, was the object rather of their desire and indefinite presentiment, than of their intelligent expectation and endeavours.'—Pp. 335—351.

We have in our extracts omitted Mr. Carlyle's notes, which are weak in themselves, and, in connexion with his author, quite out of place. Dr. Thiersch will scarcely thank his annotator, Mr. Carlyle, for reminding us of what was sufficiently plain, that the cardinal argument for the especial claims of his co-religionists is to be detected in the romantic tradition of the Wandering Jew, which he assures us embodies that peculiar clinging to S. John and to his solitary position as the last of the apostolic college, upon which historical 'Irvingism' builds so largely.

Mr. William Fraser's 'Constitutional Nature of the Convocations of the Church of England,' (J. H. Parker,) is a pamphlet unusually replete with research and information. We have received it at the last moment, otherwise we should have willingly transferred the results of much of its learning and soundness to our own article on the subject.

A very good paper read by Mr. Arthur Baker at the Bucks Architectural Society's anniversary has reached us. It treats of Seats in Churches, and the writer has adopted, and well expresses, sound views of his subject.

Among single Sermons—we have already taken detailed notice of several—we may point out for especial commendation one preached by Mr. J. Powell Marriott at Leicester, at the Annual Meeting of the Religious Societies: its title is, 'The Common Prayer of the Church, a means of advancing Christ's Kingdom.' (J. H. Parker.)

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OCTOBER.—Masters's *New Biographical Series*—Gresley's *Sermon on Church Music*—

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